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GROWTH OF A METROPOLIS

Harold M. Mayer and
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With the assistance of Glen E. Holt

This is the story of giant Chicago—how it grew in little over a century from a mere frontier outpost to one of the world's leading population centers. Such care has been directed to the book's production that the total design—research, photographic documentation, bookmaking—is unified to a degree seldom seen before. The result is a rich and absorbing visual experience, as fascinating as Chicago itself.

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This volume, however, tries to do more than show physical development—it attempts to suggest how the city expanded and why it looks the way it does. This broad purpose explains the dual authorship, for the task required the tools of both the historian and the geographer—the former with his emphasis on the texture of life and the latter with his concern for spatial relationships. It is the joining of the land and the people that makes the city, and the partnership of two disciplines was felt to be an appropriate strategy in approaching this process.

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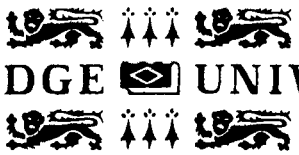

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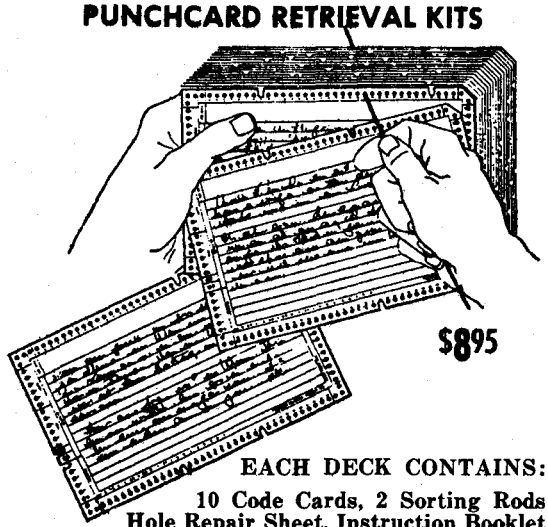

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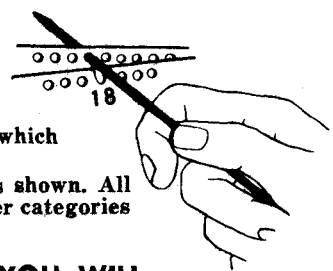

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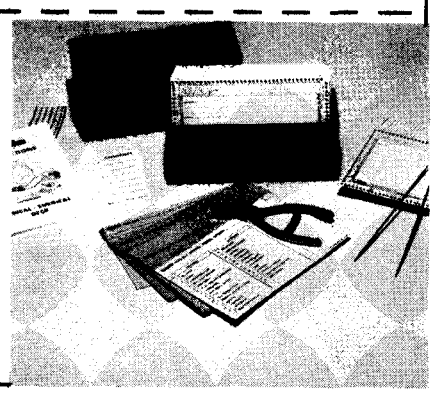

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

It was the opinion of that dubious statesman Charles Talleyrand that no one knew how agreeable life could be unless he had lived under the *ancien régime*. Of a less restricted group, it might now be said that no one can know how certain, secure and comfortable a future could look unless he was adolescent, or older, before World War I.

We really did believe that there would be no more major wars; that freedom "broadening down" in Tennysonian fashion would presently prevail over the world; that medical triumphs would conquer all mankind's most destructive plagues; that science would solve all mysteries; and that technology would provide abundance for everyone. We never dreamed that know-how might become a threat; that America might grow disastrously populous; that resources were exhaustible; or that our own country which was then teaching the world the importance of pure water would so pollute its rivers and lakes that the food fishes would die and a stench arise from streams that could barely flow. We were living in what you may call a fool's paradise or, as Sir Charles Galton Darwin has put it, at the end of one of mankind's few golden ages.

Since most present-day historians subscribe to one or both of those characterizations, we can only wonder how history (assuming that there is any) will describe the quarter century just past. Some, I suppose, will say that it was the age that prepared for the take-over by rebellious youth. And perhaps they would be right, although I remember how quickly the rebellion of the twenties faded as a quite different one took over the thirties and rumbled on until it disappeared during the war years.

To me what seems most likely is that the historians' account of the years between the close of World War II and the present will be something like this: "They were the years marked on the one hand by the most spectacular triumphs ever achieved by pure science and by technology; on the other hand, by a conspicuous deterioration in the human condition, which was to a very large extent the unexpected result of increased knowledge and increased power. Before that time mankind had always suffered from lack of knowledge and a consequent lack of power. Now, for the first time, the greatest threats to man's future were his successful pursuit of both knowledge and of the power that came with it."

Of this fact many people, including many scientists, are increasingly aware, and many proposals have been made to put our knowledge and our techniques to work in restoring what they have damaged or threatened. But to date the damage has continued to outrun the reparations. Ten years ago when conservation became a widely discussed subject, it meant, for the most part, the preservation of beauty spots, the safeguarding of the national parks, a concern for the natural scene, and a belief in the benefits of outdoor recreation. Today concern over such amenities seems to some almost frivolous since we realize, as only a decade ago we did not, that there are more desperate threats and problems. How can we save the urban population from poisoned air, poisoned water and the overwhelming accumulation of wastes ranging from junked automobiles to atomic by-products? We used to speak with distaste of our "disposable civilization" and complain about such minor annoyances as discarded pieces of Kleenex defacing the road-

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sides. Now we realize that our civilization is not nearly so disposable as we thought, and the seeming impossibility of disposing of the things we have created has become a major threat. Next to poverty and overwork the greatest of our unsolved problems are abundance and leisure.

When Thoreau said of all material possessions, "These things are more easily acquired than got rid of," he spoke a truth, one aspect of which we are just beginning to realize. There are many things we have learned how to produce in such abundance that for years we have been throwing them away, in such increasing quantities that our earth is becoming one great junkpile even where the water is still drinkable and the air is still usable. The very skies are polluted by noise to which we are promised large additions by the approaching triumph of supersonic transports.

The failure of proposed remedies to keep pace with problems is equally evident in connection with overpopulation. Most of us are just now beginning to agree that it is not always wicked to limit the number of births in a family that cannot decently care for the children it has already produced. And although this is a minor aspect of the problem, Planned Parenthood does not dare go further than the slogan "Freedom to Choose"—which may be of some help to individual families but is by no means enough, since too many people from Kennedys on down to the untouchables in India simply *choose* to have too many children.

As in the case of so many other problems, our failure to solve this one is not due to any lack of technical knowledge but to an unwillingness or inability to use it. Once we assumed that all we needed was a reliable method of controlling birth; then that we must see to it that it would be available to all. Now it is evident that knowledge plus availability are ineffectual. "All evidence," as one student has pointed out, "indicates that our population problem is being caused by well-educated, middle- to upper-class families, confirmed contraception users, having the number of children they want." And if, he added, the poor should have no children at all, "the U. S. growth rate would be reduced by only one tenth of one percent."

Planned parenthood, then, is helping to alleviate the situation of individual poor families but is not contributing significantly to the solution of the population crisis in either the world as a whole or the United States. Over-population will continue to increase as long as audiences are invariably inclined to applaud when the victim of a television interview says that he has eleven children. There may be hope if the time ever comes when they will hiss instead.

Just ten years ago a public relations advertisement from North American Aviation read: "Supersonic supremacy is the absolute condition of America's future security. It is a day-to-day thing. It must grow with major advances." At the time I made a comment that seems to me even more obviously appropriate today:

"What we are being told—truthfully enough, it seems—is that we must run as fast as we possibly can if we are to remain where we are. The reward of heroic effort will not be some boon we never enjoyed before, and it will not be the conquest and enrichment that proponents of military might used to promise. It will be merely the possibility of staying alive. This seems a rather insecure sort of security, although security is what it is here being called."

Since then it has become increasingly evident how truly is supremacy of this kind a day-to-day thing. At the moment we are being told that the next step we shall be compelled to take (far more elaborate and far more expensive than anything previously urged upon us) is the antimissile program, which the President has approved. That our enemies will be inspired to respond with an anti-antimissile program and that we will respond to that with an anti-anti-antimissile program seems a foregone conclusion. And by that time the economic consequences may easily be imagined.

Today we are told that military expenses have made it necessary to curtail the programs for aid to the underprivileged, but it

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looks as though the time is approaching when those who are now privileged will be privileged no longer. In Egypt the obsession with pyramid building reduced nearly the whole population of one of the most productive nations of the ancient world to life on the level of the barest subsistence. Our obsession with security threatens to reduce us all to the same level. I have never subscribed to the slogan "Better red than dead," but I am ready to accept a certain degree of insecurity if even a very doubtful safety can be purchased only at a cost that will include abandoning all of those attempts to create a good life we are now rich enough to promise at least a majority of our people. And I am more inclined in that direction by the suspicion that the military technicians are intoxicated, like technicians in many other fields, by their own ingenuity.

The government-appointed group that has been studying the proposed supersonic transport plane has split down the middle in its report. But John Volpe, the Secretary for Transportation, who can break the deadlock, has already said, "I don't see how the U. S. can afford not to go on with this ship. I don't want to see our country play second fiddle." Note that he does not even pretend to base his decision on any necessity or even any utility. Like the $24 billion that the moon project is said to have cost so far, what he urges is merely a keeping up with the Joneses on an international rather than a neighborhood scale. Would it not be better to play second fiddle in some respects if we could make the United States not only the richest and most powerful nation but also the one in which the best good life could be lived?

Many people no doubt still believe what nearly everyone believed before World War I, namely, that our civilization, unlike every other that has existed, will never decline and disappear. Thanks to knowledge and techniques, we can manage, as no people before ever could, the world we live in. But history, whose repetition is often a repetition with unexpected variations, seems determined to catch us unaware. Former civilizations died because they did not have sufficient know-how; ours may fail because we have too much.

It is not enough to recognize, as many now do, that such indeed is our situation. We will not escape from it by any such halfhearted proposals to deal with it as are now being made; not as long as we have hang-the-expense programs for getting to the moon ahead of the Russians and only cautious "study groups" to determine whether or not the air really is polluted and, if so, whether or not we can do anything about the fact without its costing too much to somebody, whether it be government or industry. Certainly not so long as we lament pollution loudly and then, as in Pima County, Arizona, where I live, pass a smog-control bill specifically exempting the copper smelters, which are responsible for at least ninety percent of one of the most offensive pollutants. To deal adequately with this situation we will have to accept a radically new scale of values, in which the human condition is given the first and not the second priority: a scale that makes the first question not "Can we afford to play second fiddle in connection with this or that technological achievement?" but "Can we afford to put that sort of prestige ahead of human needs?"

We will not be able to accept such a revised system of values unless we first cease to assume that the best measure of a civilization is its wealth and power rather than the human conditions that its wealth and power have produced; until, for example, we no longer assume that ours is a successful civilization because it has conquered outer space while the space in which human beings live is in many important respects a less suitable space for living a good life than it was in 1914.

To me at least it becomes increasingly clear that man has been too clever and too little wise for his own good. If he had been less clever, he wouldn't have created the industrial society with all its blessings. If he had been wiser, he would not have permitted that society to poison the air and pollute the streams. If he had been less clever, he would not have learned so well how to keep people alive. If he had been more

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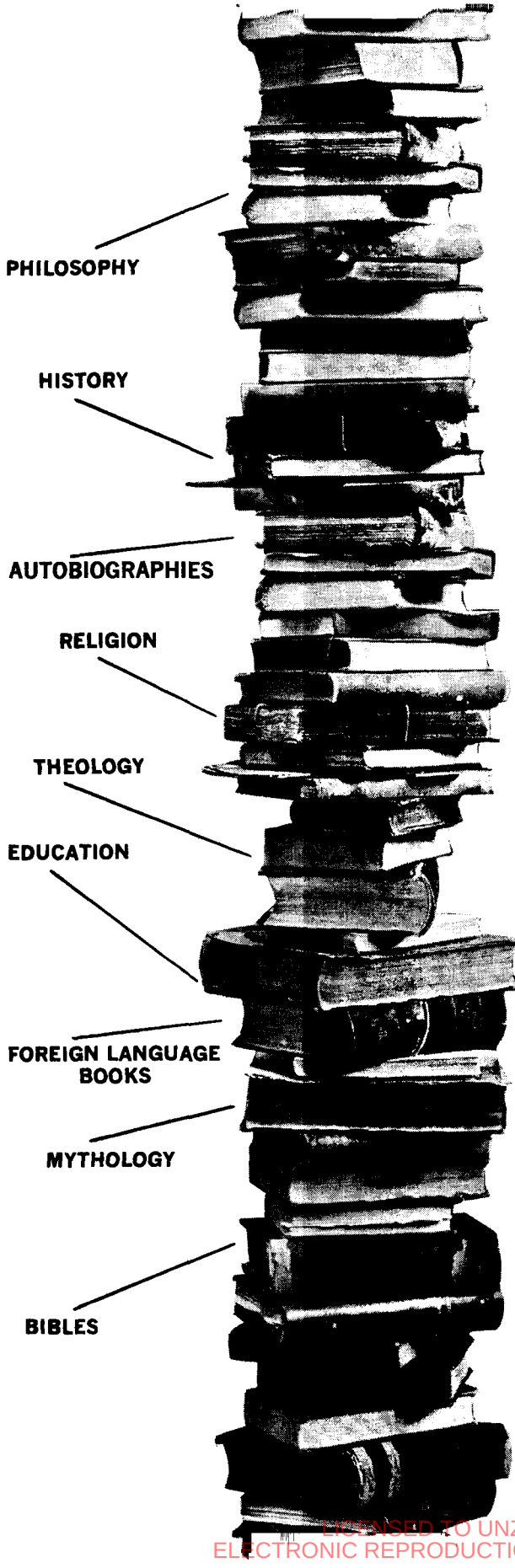

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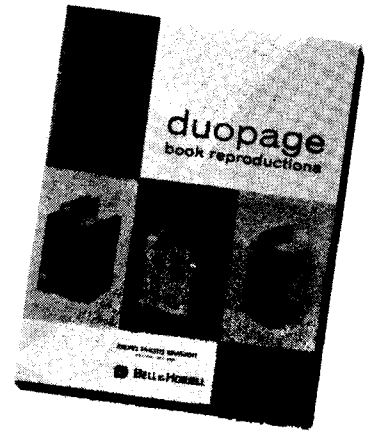

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wise, he would not have allowed the earth to become overcrowded.

One might continue indefinitely to enumerate such contrasts and it is obvious that cleverness (which is another name for technology) has created most of our present-day problems, even though it was at the same time solving the problems of our ancestors.

Is there any evidence that we will ever think differently; that we will ever again ask, not merely, "What can we do?" but "What should we do?"

So far, I do not think that there are many evidences that anything of the sort is happening. But there *is* evidence that many people really ponder the question, especially many of those high in technology and science, and are now aware of the paradoxes that science and technology have created.

We boast that we have become "men like gods," but we worship ourselves and our powers as part of a false and dangerous religion, the religion of power and cleverness for their own sake. When I think of the possible self-destruction of mankind as the result of its subjection to this false religion, I think of a line in a poem by Swinburne—who was applying it to something quite different. I think that humanity may destroy itself "Like a god self-slain on its own strange altar."

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Vertical Is to Live—Horizontal Is to Die

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

MEMORIES OF BEING CRADLE-SONGED CIRCA 1896—Rock-a-Baby . . . tree top . . . wind blow . . . cradle fall . . . down come baby . . . cradle all—at which critical moment the baby was zoomed at arms' length to above the grown-up's head and thence swung almost to the floor for a thrill ride often to shock-stop its crying. A popular 1920s song was titled "Baby fa down and go boom." Babies live horizontally for months before they spontaneously take the initiative and, coordinating their own complex of control facilities, stand vertically. Vertical is objective. Horizontal is subjective, yielding. In extreme, the vertical characterizes life and the horizontal characterizes death.

From a continuous multiplicity of inadvertent bodily falling and deliberately dropped objects, children learn from birth onward that no one force operating in their lives is so constant, unforgiving and relentless as gravity. Verticality opposes gravity. Behavioral science finds that fear is most powerfully inculcated in children by unexpectedly punishing falls. Horizontal travel is easy and relatively safe. Vertical ascent by tree or mountain climbing is arduous. Gravity clings at the climber. Vertical descent yielding to gravity is hazardous and tends to accelerate to an uncontrollable degree. Horizontal collisions can be painful but, if visually anticipatable, are easily avoided—by putting on the muscular leg brakes. There are no brakes the child, falling vertically from a height, can use. Because their early walk-and-fall "sit-downs" shock their rumps and communicate important informa-

✪ R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER, designer of the geodesic dome, inventor of synergetic-energetic geometry, engineering innovator, philosopher and poet, is the author of numerous magazine articles and fifteen books. This year he received the Humanist of the Year award and in November gave the Nehru memorial lecture in New Delhi.

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tion to the children, their rumps are instinctively employed by the punitive type of parents for spank-shocking the child into learning additional lessons. The rumpshock admonishes the brain to signal the mind to discern what it may be that Universe is trying to induce the child to comprehend—not in words, but as a pure abstract, subconsciously recognized principle. Early experiments teach the child that he can't walk on water. Getting water in their noses when they put their heads under, plus their sinkability, arouses fear of deep water in many, but not all, children. Discovery of their ability to swim converts the fear into thoughtful respect for great waters. The data of experience make it scientifically demonstrable that the more dramatically conceptual and imaginatively feelable are both the threat of death, for self or others, and the experience-informed means for avoiding death or serious injury, the more integrity of thought and action humanity invests in its explorations, experiments, inventions and design science. Most powerful of all the subconscious factors unwittingly dominating humanity's teleological invention and design of vehicles of the land, sea and sky is its sense of relentless gravity.

Automobiles operate most frequently on horizontal surfaces or are oriented at approximately ninety degrees to gravity; when there is a "blowout" the vehicle can fall to the roadway no farther than the few inches of its maximum pneumatic tire elevation. Having little preconditioning experience with bad brakes, man operates horizontally without apprehension even though he always drives his autos within the linear "tubes" formed by the highway, roadside trees, bushes and buildings. Within these "tubes" his automobiles move in opposite directions at speeds often compounding diametrically to 150 m.p.h., while spaced only a few horizontal feet apart. No single behavior of man, including his sum total killing during eighty centuries of known warfaring, has taken as great a toll of human lives as has his automobile in its only two-thirds of one century existence. Unheeding potential accidents, hour after hour, day after day, around the clock and around the world, hundreds of millions of human beings hand-guide their automobiles in the lethally dangerous diametric proximity. With common labor now earning three dollars an hour in

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the United States, and rating humanity's auto driving time at that level, three hundred billion annual dollars' worth of time is being invested by humanity in the nerve-disciplined concentration on death-dodging steering. This concentrated human effort properly directed could produce a more desirable means of getting privately from here to there than by automobile.

The lesson we are being taught by experience is that man does not act with spontaneous wisdom when the gravitationally imposed hazards are not dramatically obvious. On the other hand, he becomes ever more comprehensively responsible and capable as the degree of gravitational hazard is visually evidenced. Suddenly confronted with a precipitous descent of the road, man quickly heeds the highway danger sign to put his car in low gear —although he will speed by a danger sign on horizontal pavement. When his auto tire deflates, however, there is only a four-inch fall—"that's nothing," says man, "I can brake my car swiftly and safely to a roadside stop." It is also the lack of dramatic gravitational hazard that leaves people in trouble parked beside the highway unaided by thousands of passersby. The passerby autoist sees them standing safely on the ground and excuses his nonsolicitude by assuming that some official will soon come along and attend to their needs.

Men in ships traveling at sea behave quite differently from automobilists. With watery depths below, sometimes as great as five miles, humanity is constantly reminded by many dramatic factors that it can fall into the sea at any moment and thence from the rough and hazardous water's surface into the multi-fathomed, lethally suffocating depths. Frequently surfaced with vertically cresting mountainous waves, the sea is gravitationally unforgiving. Consequently, men have designed their ships with continually increasing competence. Men also navigate their ships on a vast almost totally unoccupied surface, instead of within the one-dimensional tubes of the high speed, exclusively linear, land travel. Ships at sea can maneuver in any lateral direction and any two ships in a given vicinity usually allow great distances to separate their respectively steered courses. The fog hazards of sea traffic are great but nowhere nearly so great as are the fog hazards

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of man traveling diametrically only a few feet apart in the "tubular" highways on dry land.

The ever-present, subconscious hazard-awareness affecting the conceptioning of humans in the design of ships of the sea relates most prominently to the gravitational pull inward toward Earth's center. When a great ship's ends are elevated by two separate mountain waves, the ship acts as a beam between two end supports and the ship's tonnage at center is pulled by gravity with enormous force. When a moment later one great wave supports the ship at midpoint, then gravity reverses the stresses by pulling the cantilevered bow and stern toward the Earth's center. Thus ships get wracked by ever-alternating stresses as they roll and pitch complexedly. While big buildings on land may and do sometimes, but very rarely, experience the wave motions of earthquakes, the latter are so rare as to have been unanticipated by building designers. Most of the ruination of the great B. C. Greek architecture was caused by centuries-apart earthquakes. Seaquakes occur daily and the designers of ships have to anticipate them. Thus great engineering had its beginning in ships. So great is man's subconscious awareness of gravity as the number one social threat that sailors at sea, distressed by storms, radio-apprised of the lethal dilemma of another crew whose ship is out of control and sinking, will rush to the aid of that sinking ship despite the peril to themselves. Millenniums of sea experiences demonstrate that this vital concern of sailors of all nations for the peril of others on the same sea holds true from the earliest days of wind- and oar-propelled boats to the present days of the great power-driven steel vessels.

Rising in diametric defiance of gravity, sky ballooning engaged the most thoughtfully anticipatory designing competence of scientists. The Chinese in 400 B.C. invented non-man-carrying hot air balloons. Lighter-than-air gas-filled balloons to carry men intrigued inventors for centuries. Anyone familiar with the tediously long task of filling a balloon with gas knows that with even a large rip it takes a very long time for a balloon to deflate, so it always settles gently to the ground. Because strong fabrics could be used and there were no sharp objects in the sky to pierce them, balloons were what is known in engineering as "fail-safe." Balloons obeyed

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the same principle of *displacement* as that discovered by Archimedes to account for ships floating upon water. When an *enveloped mass* weighs less than the mutable liquid or gaseous medium in which it is immersed, gravity pulls center-of-Earthward so mightily upon the heavier liquid or gaseous medium surrounding the lighter enveloped mass that the latter is emitted vertically outward from Earth's center into the ever-lesser pressures, densities and weight of the Earth's liquid and gaseous oceans until the weight of the locally surrounding air or liquid volume displaced by the *enveloped mass* weighs the same as the latter.

Balloons floating in the atmosphere, like wooden rafts on the sea, had to go where the winds and currents floated them. Seeking favoring winds at different altitudes by alternately dumping either sand or gas, the balloonists could maneuver their spherical vehicles only very meagerly and had to yield to their meanderous driftings. Lacking the threat of unexpectedly swift vertical descent, neither rafts nor balloons excited public apprehension of *fatal falling*. But airplanes did excite that sense. Airplanes could not float in the air. They were much heavier than the air. They could climb at a gradual angle into the sky but only as their wingfoils were pulled through the air at sufficient speed to produce a negative pressure—or lift—above their wing surfaces. It must be remembered that gasoline engines were notoriously unreliable for many of the automobile's and the airplane's early years. The velocity at which a heavy gasoline engine and its heavy fuel tanks had to pull the wingfoil in order to produce lift was approximately that of a hurricane. Moving such a complex through the air produced enormous drag. All those considerations of the design-scientist-inventor-experimenter meant that the structure must be strong enough to withstand super-to-hurricane and super-to-earthquake stress capabilities yet be light enough to permit the total airframe and power plant ensemble plus the weight of pilot and fuel to be lifted by the wingfoils' maximumly induced lift. The possibility of power plant failure or of a too greatly reduced structural dimension was so great as to invoke not just the pilot's and the engineer's gravity consciousness but also all of humanity's apprehension of the nonrestrainable falling by tailspun aviators.

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So constantly present in everybody's imagination were aviation's early fliers and so constantly conscious was society of the unrelenting gravity peril that every aviator of the early days of airplane flying became known intimately by their names and personalities to vast numbers despite there being at that time no radio—let alone TV—broadcasts. Newspapers published telegraphed and cabled news, but the news network was then so meager as to be able to serve less than one-quarter of humanity. So imaginatively stimulating to society was the gravitational hazard ever-present in heavier-than-air flying that the highest engineering and scientific integrity developed theretofore exclusively by the designers of water-borne vessels was greatly sharpened and spontaneously invested by all concerned in any phase of the production, maintenance and flying of the airplanes. Airplane science introduced not only wind tunnel research but a host of new instrumental measurements of every aspect of strength and power requirements, as well as chemical, physical and mathematical means of providing ever greater performance of all parts and of the whole airplane for each fractional ounce of physical chemistry invested into the complex aircraft organism. It was gravity that the aircraft scientists always struggled most strenuously to overcome. Finally we get to multigravity magnitudes of stress to 3 g's, 4, 5 . . . 8 g stresses to be withstood by ever less g's invested in the power plant and airframes. We even get to "g" suits for the high-speed, high-altitude diving and pull-out pilots themselves.

Without knowing of Galileo's discovery of the accelerating-acceleration progressively compounding the velocity of falling bodies, children dropping objects to the floor and later out of windows and catching high-fly baseballs become intuitively aware of the lethally multiplied speed of falling from ever greater heights. As a consequence, the difference in degree of design-science integrity invested by humanity in its design and production of the only four-inch fallable, blowout experiencing automobiles and the multi-thousand foot fallability of the airplane pilot or passenger is illuminatingly disclosed when we review the relative weights per each developed "horsepower" of the automobile's and the airplane's reciprocating engines—which started

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with a mutual weight of seven pounds per horsepower at the outset of World War One. Fifteen years later the automobile's engine still weighed seven pounds per horsepower, but the airplane's had been reduced to one pound per horsepower. This reduction in weight, time and energy units invested in each and every function of the aeronautical airframes, power plants and instruments accelerated compoundingly throughout the first sixty years of the airplane to transform it from a vehicle capable of flying only one man, nonstop, for only one mile in one minute at great risk, to an aeronautical vehicle capable of flying three hundred people nonstop across all major oceans at ten miles per minute at far less risk of life—with but one exception—than by any other historically known mode of locomotion per each accomplished mile, including man's walking on dry land. And whereas in his total record of automobiling man has demonstrated his most horrendously lethal record, his total record of flying has proven it to be—with only that one exception—the most spectacularly safe mode of travel known to us. This safety has also been multiplied by the fact that whereas auto traffic is one-dimensional and the ship of the sea two-dimensional, the airplane is three-dimensional and its flight paths are negotiated at great vertical as well as horizontal distances apart. The airport approach zones are also four-dimensional, for the airplanes are separated by controlled time intervals as well as by the other dimensions of space.

What is that one exception in traveling that is safer than the airplane? It is humanity's extraterrestrial space travel. Up to the time I was born average man in his whole lifetime moved to-and-fro about the surface of Earth for an average total of thirty thousand miles. Historically, average man has seen only about one millionth of the surface of his spherical planet Earth. The year I was born the automobiles were born. When I was nine the first airplane was flown. Both modes of travel have multiplied so fast that at seventy-three years of age I have now covered three and one-half million miles around Earth's surface, which is over one hundredfold the average total lifetime travel of those living before us. And I am only one of ten million human beings who have traveled such a distance. Every air hostess is now out-mileaging

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me to a considerable degree. But each of the Gemini astronauts of a few years ago accomplished my three and one-half million miles in only one week. In the short span of only eight years since Yuri Gagarin became the first Earthian human to travel extra-terrestrially, the U.S.A. astronauts, with a group total of approximately two thousand hours of space-travel time—taking off vertically against gravity at a speed two hundred times that of a hurricane's devastating velocity—have traveled in Earth and Moon orbiting terms a total of thirty million miles—without one in-flight loss of life. And, to be realistic, those mileage figures have to be very greatly multiplied because all the while they were orbiting the Earth or the Moon these two great spherical bodies also were flying in formation around the Sun at 60,000 m.p.h. When the astronauts are launched at an additional acceleration of 15,000 m.p.h, to break out of Earth's gravity by speeding 15,000 m.p.h. faster than Earth's 60,000 m.p.h., they are traveling at an independent solar system speed of 75,000 m.p.h., which is just sufficient extra speed to be able to shuttle back and forth between the 60,000 m.p.h. Sun orbiting Moon-Earth, space-vehicle team. This means that the astronauts' two thousand in-space hours have taken them safely through the solar domain a total of one hundred and fifty million miles without one in-flight loss of life and only three preflight deaths.

"Countdown" at Cape Kennedy is not from *ten* to *one*. It is from *ten million* to *one* of tasks that have to be meticulously accomplished in an overall countdown spanning several years—all with such integrity of execution by each of hundreds of thousands of humans participating in the realization of the task that not one fatal flaw has been admitted into the fail-safe designed system.

And so important is the integrity of humanity's investment of its all-time inventory of knowledge and highest mental and physical capability in gravity-mastering, *ergo,* in astro-travel accomplishment, that when three human beings were destroyed before the start of one of its flights, three billion humans around Earth's surface had learned of their deaths in a few minutes and the gravity-invoked imagination of all humanity felt utter anguish for those three unfulfilled astronautical lives. Critical consternation

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over the total space system's first and only failure was universal—while on the same day around the world three thousand humans died in auto accidents almost unnoticed. Auto-travel is horizontal. Astro-travel is vertical. Those three were trapped in their horizontal to vertical pre-blast-off transitional state. Countdown had not been completed.

And all the while some of our politicians and many tax-abhoring citizens say, "Never mind that space stuff—let's get *down to Earth?* Let's take care of housing the Chinese!" And we reply: "*Where* and *What* is *DOWN TO EARTH?* Where is that non-space, infinitely extensible only one- and two-dimensional horizontality wherein their out of this world, squarely-reflexing brains percolate—in a *specialization* exonerated, socioeconomic realm of utter irresponsibility for anything but this year's exclusively ego-centered profits?"

In which direction of Universe is DOWN located? Science has found no such region in our celestial events theater. The *UP* and *DOWN* concepts were invented by yesterday's inadequately informed humans to accommodate their concept of a substantially flat and four-cornered Earth to whose unitary, planar, sea-level surface all perpendiculars had, of geometric necessity, to be parallel to one another, wherefore they were all extendable only in two opposite directions—*UP* and *DOWN*. Spherically operating aero-astronautics recognized that none of the perpendiculars to different points on a sphere are parallel to one another; wherefore, separate verticals lead outwardly into space in an infinity of different directions, all of which orientation becomes progressively changed as the Earth sphere spins and orbits and the solar system shifts its galaxy positioning, and our galaxy travels in respect to other revolutions. Aviators have wisely learned to speak of "coming *IN* for a landing" or "going *OUT*" into circumferential flight.

But the public is not so enlightened. The President of the United States, as most typical of societies' geometrical illiteracy, congratulated the 1968 Christmastime astronauts for going *UP,* to, around the Moon and back *DOWN* to Earth; and even scientists still think they "see" the Sun "going down" at twilight. And everybody goes on thinking and talking UP and DOWN unreality.

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So all humanity's reflexing is as yet so ill-conditioned by years of optical illusion, self-deception and general-education-dispensed misinformation, that it goes right on coddling its own ignorance as well as overwhelming its children with the inventory of formally tolerated errors, thus perpetuating and increasing the polluted information.

In the great Cape Kennedy "countdowns" of ten million uncompleted essential tasks to be reduced to one, then to none, then blast-off—the "critical path" controlling of the complexedly overlapping, start-to-finish, time-spans of each of the prelaunch tasks to be faultlessly accomplished—99.9 percent of these tasks must be performed within realms of the electromagnetic spectrum, or within dimensional error-control tolerances, which are completely invisible to humanity's naked eye.

When at Christmastime 1968 the Moon-circuiting Earthian astronauts pointed their television camera at the planet Earth and the "live" picture was electromagnetically transmitted at the speed of light (and of all radiation) of 186,000 miles per second, it took the picture approximately two seconds traveling to come into view in our one billion (approximately) Earth-around TV sets. As the planet Earth's cloud-bewreathed, sapphire-watered blueness was dramatically displayed against the x-trillions of time years of nothingness (whose incredible depths appear to us only as pure no-light, a quality of blackness never before experienced), America's senior TV commentator exclaimed, "There she is—floating there!" Floating in what? Man, unable to see the hands of the clock move or the growth motion of a tree or boy, or the motion of the stars, or the atoms, as yet thinks in exclusively static single frames, isolatingly extracted from his scenario Universe. With no recognized scenery behind it, the Earth seemed motionless "back down there."

In *reality,* of course, which anyone will agree is the "practical" way to think, the astronauts were pointing their camera at a third of a million-miles-away Earth from aboard their seventy-five thousand solar-system miles per hour space-speeding vehicle as it circled the 60,000 m.p.h. speeding space-vehicle Moon and, together with their space-vehicle-team-mate Earth, all three, Earth, Moon and

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Cape Kennedy Capsule, zoomed soundlessly, windlessly at a group rate of 60,000 m.p.h around the Sun—their group mass being tethered coheringly by the incredibly great gravitational force of our prime energy-supplying space vehicle—the Sun's massiveness.

Because Universe and its inexorable evolutionary scenario operates everywhere under utterly invisible rules that are 99.9 percent unsensed and unheeded by man, his yesterday's inventory of exclusively "sensible" behaviors is disclosed as being approximately irrelevant to scenario—evolution's real "shooting script," and the heedlessness fortunately has been, thus far, approximately innocuous to Universe. If the irrelevance and misinformation persist, however, and are further multiplied, they are destined to bring about lethal malfunctioning of the complement of human passengers that evolution placed—separately and experimentally —aboard our almost negligible-in-Universe-sized, space-vehicle Earth.

Space-vehicle Earth was so superbly well designed, equipped and supplied as to have been able to sustain human life aboard it for at least two million years—despite humanity's comprehensive ignorance which permitted a fearfully opinionated assumption of an infinitely extensive planar *World.* Humanity also spontaneously misassumed that its local pollution could be dispelled by the world's infinite extensiveness. Humanity also misassumed that an infinite succession of new and pleasing varieties of abundant, vital resources would be disclosed progressively as man exhausted first one and bespoiled another of the as yet known valuable, because vital, resources. Man must learn in a spontaneously self-enlightening manner to discard many, if not most, of yesterday's false premises, and axioms only believingly accepted; and he must, on his own, discard false premises and learn that only the nonsense Universe is reliable and that a lunatic is not a crazy man but one so sane, well informed, well coordinated, self-disciplined, cooperative and fearless as to be the first Earthian human to have been ferried to a physical landing upon the Moon and thereafter to have been returned safely to reboard his mother space-vehicle "Earth."

Long, long ago—little bands of humans seeking fish and fruits,

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or following animals, frequently became permanently lost and separated from one another. Endowed with the procreative urge, those of the few males and females surviving in company inbred for generations in their respective remotenesses utterly unaware of one another's tribes and separate tribal evolution—and thus evolved a plurality of superficial differences in appearance through special chromosomic concentration brought about by the special characteristics of the survival adaptation process. Thus have developed hundreds of only superficially different human types, some very numerous and powerful, some successfully monopolizing specific land areas and others as yet wandering. In their ignorance, all of humanity's national governments assume, misinformedly, that there is not and never will be enough of the vital resources to support all or even a large number of humans, *ergo,* that they must automatically fight one another to the death to discover which government might survive. Often to encourage their respective peoples, political leaders evolve partly expedient and partly idealistic ideologies suitable to their viewpoints, but all the ideologies misassume an only-you-or-me—not both—survival premise as having no axiomatic alternative. Because of the invisibility of 99.9 percent of the source information that contradicts the assumption of a fundamental inadequacy of resources, the probability is that if man is left exclusively to political contriving, he will become embroiled in approximately total self-destruction. While the top speed of the intercontinental ballistic rocket is many times that of a bullet, its 20,000 m.p.h. is as nothing beside radar-sight's speed of 70,000,000 m.p.h. The speed of information is now so swift that for the first time in history the lethal missile is no longer faster than man's ability to apprehend both its coming and its specific course—twenty minutes before it can reach him. But the ability to see it coming does not confer the capability to dodge it. Now every one of the opposed political systems' swiftest rocketry attacks can be detected so far in advance that each and every side can dispatch, retaliatorily, not only its full arsenal of atomic warheads but also all its rocket-borne chemical and biological warfare missiles. All opposed sides can and will retaliate automatically *in toto,* thus bringing about approximately total human destruction of

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vast millions immediately, with the balance to be destroyed soon thereafter by the radiational, biological and chemical contamination.

Shifting abruptly from consideration of such a negative conclusion and seeking to understand some of the alternative options to such a fate, let us select any two averagely healthy and well-dispositioned young men from among the world's professional airplane-flying and maintenance population. One of the two we will select from among those licensed airplane pilots who have not only qualified to fly their own, land and sea, single and dual engined aircraft but also have gone on to get both their *commercial* and *flying instructor* licenses. The other young man selected will be from among the airport personnel who have qualified under United States regulations to be licensed as an airframe or power plant mechanic. Let us follow through intimately the behavior patterns of both the flying instructor and the mechanic at work and during off-duty waking hours. We find the instructor at work with a student flyer, behaving with the utmost integrity of which he is capable, having in common with all such instructors an overwhelming and spontaneously induced subconscious awareness of the split-second span of time within which a noncorrectable error or situation leading to fatality—if not understood and instantly corrected—could be inadvertently initiated by the student, which could lead to the fearfully imaginable vertical acceleration by gravity inward toward Earth and almost certain death. The airframe or power plant mechanic working on an airplane we find to be inspired by the same imagination-vivified awareness of the fatal predicament of the flyer, were he, the mechanic, to fail to perform his maintenance and repair tasks in the most experience-proven and safety-guaranteeing manner. When the airplane maintenance mechanic certifies in writing, as is routinely required, that he has performed any given structural, mechanical, repair, tuning or testing task, his certification is as reliable as (if not inherently more so than) certification by a great surgeon that he, the surgeon, has performed any given physiological operation. The surgeon cannot certify, as can the mechanic, that the system he has operated on, if supplied with routine fuels and handling, will operate re-

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liably for a given period of forward time. There is far more opinion and guess work residual in the human surgery arts than in aeronautical technology.

But let our average flying instructor and his friend the average airplane mechanic check out from the airport and ride into town together in one of their automobiles and their behavioral integrity begins to fall off. One is liable to mutter to the other that the driver of another car who crowded his way is the offspring of a dog, to which the other agrees—although both know that this is biologically impossible. The same mechanic working for an automobile service station may perform a sloppy job or leave some job unattended, for he envisions at worst the auto driver's stopping unexpectedly and having to push his car to the roadside.

Measureable data concerning the relative reliability of the human factors operative throughout the almost *horizontal* (and often glide-recoverable) aeronautical arts—compared with those comprehensively operative throughout the *vertical,* nonglidable, approximately zero-recovery potential art and service of astro-rocketed human travel—disclose a multifold step-up of inherent integrity of spontaneous behavior, as well as of intellectual integrity, of the comprehensively anticipatory design science with which its every undertaking is initiated and maintained, both throughout and retrospectively of every such undertaking. This super-to-previous level of integrity holds true throughout the whole air-space industry's production and delivery of every item of equipment. It is operative in equal degree of relative perfection of behavior and knowledge to that invested in the selection and training of the astronauts, as well as in the launching, flight, control, and advance research design and general administration.

The spontaneous advance of both metaphysical and physical integrity of the astro-art over the already magnificent aeronautical science and technology is inherent in the nature of the minimum standards within either areo-flight or space-flight that could be attained and maintained.

Heisenberg's principle of "indeterminism" prohibits any *exact* measurement or "absolutely exact" physical agreement of mechanical or structural fitting. As a consequence, engineering and

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mechanics can only *reduce* the degree of error to be tolerated. Scientists must be content with "relatively elegant agreements." "All the truth and nothing but the truth," as pledged under imposed oath-giving in courts of justice in many countries, is vainly pledged, for, contrary to indeterminism, absolute "truth" is assumed to be legally demonstrable in the eyes of the administrators of humanly invented law. Detection of any natural aberration, witting or unwitting, may bring prosecution and conviction for false testimony. For a long time mechanics have known what Heisenberg—and science through him—so recently discovered to be true: that Universe forbids realization of *exactitude*. The Heisenberg indeterminism implies *eternity* to be persistent within the physical and metaphysical, ever-evolving, continuity-finiteness of scenario universe, in which the myriads of nonsimultaneously shaken kaleidoscopes are never either simultaneous or identically repetitious. Having both the *finiteness* discovered by modern physics as well as *eternity* imposes a limitless change, *ergo*, a never repeating and irreversible omnievolution. Although he had never heard of Heisenberg, the skilled machinist could see long ago that the best he could do was to reduce the amount of error he might tolerate and with very surprisingly desirable results.

For instance, when we reduce the tolerance of error in the relative exactitude of the manufacturer's sizing of individual rivet diameters and of the interpositioning of the holes and the diameter of the holes that are to receive the rivets, with which two metal sheets are to be drawn together to act as one structural piece, the strength of the integral assembly, provided by the riveting, increases rapidly. The human hand guided only by the human eye, unaided by a magnifying glass, cannot interposition the centers of a plurality of rivet holes or visibly discern the magnitude of the spaces lying between the holes, nor observe and thereby control the diameter sizing of the holes to a degree finer than 1/100 of an inch. By the use of instruments and mechanical tools, such hole interpositioning and diameter dimensioning can be held to a tolerance of error of less than 1/10,000 of an inch in airplane fabrication and assembly work. In the electromagnetically monitored astronautical technology, however, the error tolerances are

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often reduced to a reliability within 1/1,000,000 of an inch. Using only the automobile industry's relatively crude tool-making tolerances and *reducing* the degree of error to be tolerated from that of the best skilled metalworker's naked-eye layout work, of 1/100 of an inch, to a machine-tool-controlled 1/1000 of an inch, I was able to gain much strength increase in the riveted assembly of an aluminum structured ninety-three-foot diameter geodesic dome, to cover the Court of the Ford Motor Company's Dearborn, Michigan, Rotunda Building in 1952. Thereby I was able to produce and install a dome weighing only one-half as much as would the lightest dome of equal strength that could have been produced and assembled at that time—even by a team of history's most skilled sheet metal workers, if they were confined to operating only with the optimum naked-eye tolerance-discerning capability. This is to say that automated, industrial, mass-production controls could produce *two* domes, of equal strength and quality, for every *one* that could be turned out by the best craft manufacturing techniques, and thirty domes for each that could be produced by the tolerance of our present building business. When we *million-fold* the degree of accuracy, the strength and reliability are multiplied to an even more important degree. The astro-vehicle technology operates at so phenomenal an increase of performance per pound of engine and fuel consumed as compared to airplanes, which in themselves are not only sometimes thousandsfold more efficient than automobiles in accomplishing man-miles per units of invested physical resource, that it makes *possible* doing what it was *impossible* for the lesser art *to do at all.* The rocket can go to the Moon whereas the airplane cannot, and the airplane can cross the ocean under its own independent power and controls, which an automobile cannot.

Whereas in the mechanics and structures of autos and airplanes the physical principles employed and the intertiming of cycles are conceptually comprehensible, in the electromagnetic world, where the activity speed is stepped up to seven hundred million miles an hour (which is thirty-five thousand times faster than the fastest rocket, three hundred and fifty thousand times faster than the fastest airplane and three and one-half million times faster than

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the fastest automobile), the scientific explorer-inventor has no visualizable concept of how nature does what gets done. In electronics, the designer does his circuitry layout work mathematically, and all opinionated decisions give way to mathematical integrity. In the astro-vehicle technology, dial-read electromagnetically levered needle movements, rather than physical size gauges, take over, and the mathematics of the entirely invisible process-controls are derived from electromagnetically operated computers whose reliability is provided by the invisible, but fantastically reliable, circuitry behaviors of the self-interstructuring and invisible transaction atoms.

In coordinating the ten-million-to-none order of magnitude reduction of essential tasks to be pre-accomplished before each blast-off at Cape Kennedy, a whole new era of industrial intercourse integrity has been established. As a happy but popularly unrealized consequence a new and large section of our economic system has been elevated to an entirely new level of incorruptible reliability. (This is the level of integrity manifest today in our high school youth.) Hence we see the passenger-miles safely accomplished per each pound of astro-engine as well as by each ounce of astro-fuel, ten thousandfold over the airplane's and its fuel's best performance. To demonstrate this fantastic improvement in performance, we witness that one communications-relaying satellite of only one quarter of one ton of material is now outperforming the transoceanic communications message capacity and fidelity capability of 175,000 tons of copper cable. This constitutes a seven hundred thousandfold step-up in communications performance per pound of invested resources. And don't forget that we were already favorably impressed with the sevenfold increase of horsepower per pound accomplished by the manufacturers of the light private-airplane engine over the pounds per horsepower of the auto engine.

As in our industrio-social age we now design everything *except* the astro-vehicle paraphernalia, all the metals that have ever been mined and put to use have an average quarter century recycling, invention-to-obsolescence periodicity which includes the scrap, melt, redesign and re-use cycling time. All the metals ever mined

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and so put to use are now invested in structures and machines that, if operated at full capacity, could take care of only forty-four percent of humanity. The rate at which we have been finding and mining new metals is far slower than the rate of increase of human population. This means that if we freeze the world's design standards at their present levels, which are far below the standards of the astro-vehicle technology, fifty-six percent of humanity, which means humanity's political majority, is doomed to premature demise, and to want and suffering enroute to that early death. There is nothing that politics, per se, can do to alter that condition; only a design revolution—such as that which is already "made to order" in the potentially thousandfold performance per pounds, minutes and kilowatts advancement to be realized by the astro-vehicle industry—can change those fundamental conditions of humanity overnight from failure to comprehensive world-around, human success.

Between 1900 and 1969 our space-vehicle Earth's passengers have experienced an increase of from less than one percent of its total population to forty-one percent of total world population now enjoying a standard of living superior to that either experienced or dreamed of by any monarch before 1900. During that time the material resources per each world man were continually decreasing so that the advancement was not accomplished by exploiting more resources. This historical forty-folding of the percentage of humanity's "haves" can only be explained as the fall-out of ever higher performance per pound technology as developed for the ships of the world's water and air oceans. That an overnight advancement from forty to one hundred percent is possible can be understood when we realize that the technological fall-out into our domestic economy of ships of extraterrestrial astrogation have not had time to have important effect on the standard of living because their technological fall-out has not yet had time to occur.

We have discovered that the higher the speed and the more angularly contradictory to gravity humanity's communicating facilities have become, the higher the integrity of total thinking, as well as behavior, and the higher the performance realized per each

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unit of resource invested. At the bottom of the technological ladder lies the massive, inert, superstition-corruption-misery-and-strife-ridden, subindustrial, craft-and-graft building activity. No architect, let alone the public and its politicians (who keep their real estate, bank and construction interests rolling along with government financed inefficiency), has the slightest idea what buildings weigh, yet without such weight knowledge humanity cannot possibly start providing more housing with less resources, thereby ultimately to take care of everybody and thus eliminate the fundamental cause of war, which all youth now intuits could be done if the grown-ups would get their sights elevated and forsake preoccupation with this year's profit, this year's election and each with his own special survival intrigues. If the myopia were dispensed with and the whole of humanity were to become cooperatively engaged in learning realistically that we *are* aboard a space vehicle that is not going to get any new equipment yet could be operated successfully for all, we would have to allow the space program to continue and also to accredit it above all other officially sponsored and financed activity. If on the other hand we were to heed the tax-itchy "down to earther" and confine ourselves to trying to "house the Chinese," as he puts it, we would soon find that his idea of housing couldn't be stretched to take care of the ill-housed balance of humanity. Since the "down to earther" doesn't know how much houses weigh, he obviously does not know what he is talking about. The kinds of pipes and sewers he now thinks of as constituting adequate housing can't be stretched to accommodate fifty percent of humanity, let alone his disdainfully referred to "Chinese."

While no scientist has ever been retained by any patron to look at the plumbing, no improvement other than colored plumbing fixtures has been realized in the last five thousand years in our five-gallons-to-get-rid-of-one-pint systems for shunting rivers through our toilets and sewers and thence back into our ever more polluted water-supply streams.

Shifting our attention for the moment from our urgent urbanism, we realize that, in order to have humans live for any protracted period of time in space where there are no streams or

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sewers in which to flush, nor air to be breathed, nor gardens, nor fish, nor fruit to be eaten, the problems to be solved are far greater than those already frustrating our Earthbound living. To maintain men in space, with four billion people watching them constantly over the soon to be completed world-around satellite relaying communications system, without invoking the consternation and dismay of all humanity, we are going to have to learn, for the first time, all about the chemistry, physics, ecology and metabolics of the total life-regenerating system of our space-vehicle Earth. We are going to have to learn how to pack into a little portable electrochemical system about the size and weight of one large air-travel suitcase all the life-supporting technology necessary to complement man's integral organic processing, with possibly an additional weekly milk bottle-full of metabolic essentials rocketed to each astronaut from his mother-spacecraft Earth. When and if humanity learns how to support human life successfully *anywhere in Universe,* the logistical economics of doing so will become so inherently efficient and satisfactory that then, and then alone, we may for the first time make all humanity a success back here aboard our space-vehicle Earth. The U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. have each appropriated multibillions toward accomplishment of this task. The United States has already had an experimental team operating successfully under semiautonomous conditions in a simulation operation lasting successfully for more than one whole year of such isolation. When that actual, protracted, semiautonomous living has been accomplished in space, the prototype apparatus may easily have cost the United States and Russia a combined fifteen billion dollars. But that fifteen billion dollar prototype can then be mass-reproduced and distributed on board Earth at a cost per person of only a few dollars a year while doing away with sewers, waterlines and approximately all pollution.

Among the most difficult administrative tasks the U. S. Space Administration experienced in initiating the first Cape Canaveral (now Cape Kennedy) space-vehicle launching was the problem of the over-zealousness of its dedicated and inspired scientists and engineers who weren't "going to leave it to the machine to get things done right"—they had to "do it themselves." But these over-dedicated individuals couldn't possibly operate with their

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senses and muscles at the magnitudes of precision and velocity essential to the invisible coordination of the computer-monitored electromagnetic relay systems. *All those involved in the space program* had to be convinced that the only place and time in which their personally disciplined options of thought and action could be safely engaged were in improving the original reliability of each and every item that went into the complexedly automated system. They must concentrate anticipatorily in the design, production and installation of the basic tools and leave it to the tools to do man's comprehensive bidding.

It seems eminently clear that we not only must put our space programs on highest priority of attention and resource investment but that all humanity must be accredited and financed to enter into a new re-educational system that is geared to develop our most prominent awareness, that we indeed *are in space* and that all of our concern is with the fact that our space-vehicle Earth and its life-energy-giving Sun, and the tide-pumping Moon can provide ample sustenance and power for all humanity's needs to be derived from our direct energy income without further robbing our fossil fuels energy savings account. In reality, the Sun, the Earth and the Moon are nothing else than a most fantastically well-designed and space-programmed team of vehicles. All of us *are,* always *have been,* and so long as we exist, *always will be—nothing else but—astronauts.* Let's pull our heads out of the brain benumbing, mind frustrating, misinformedly conditioned reflexes. If it is going to be "All ashore who's going ashore," once more intent to return to nonspace DOWN HERE ON EARTH, humanity is doomed.

But there is hope in sight. The young! While the university students are intuitively skeptical of the validity of any and all evolution-blocking establishments, *ergo,* negatives, the high school age youth thinks spontaneously and positively in astro- and electromagnetic technology and their realistic uses. The young of all age levels abhor hypocrisy. They are bored with obsolete UP and DOWN dancing, with bureaucratic inertia, bias of any kind or fear-built security. They disdain white, gray, black and blue lies. The students and school children around the world have idealistic compassion for all humanity. There is a good possibility that they may take over and successfully operate SPACESHIP EARTH.

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Voices Answering Back: The Vampires

Lawrence Raab

Rising in lamplight dying at dawn
grim burials in sheds and cellars
the rats scuttling through holes
and the days following in their tracks
exiled here we named the hours
since you first forgot to be afraid
once departed we became
only ourselves
with the salt on our tongues
and the cold for company
so deft in escape so practiced in dying
you might have learned from us
but each time the easiest trick worked
the brandished cross the empty mirror
you could not see us our steps upon the stairs
and while you stumbled after bats in the garden
we climbed quietly
from the upstairs window down the drainpipe
and through all the parties
you never heard what we were saying
it was something about desire
what we had in common even then
in your silence you feared us

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always winning at the end but do you think
nothing lingered past dawn
shadowed among the gathered elms
do not be mistaken
we heard you walking through our dreams
we felt death moving between your hands
now we are waking early
practicing with sunlight
now we pass unharmed beneath your terrible star
eyes covered hands in our pockets
for the rules have always said
if you stop believing in us
we inherit everything

✪ LAWRENCE RAAB's poems have appeared in *Poetry, Poetry Northwest,* the *Denver Quarterly* and the *New Orleans Review.*

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Program for the Mini-Intellectual

GERALD W. JOHNSON

WHEN THE UNIVERSITY OF BASEL celebrated its five hundredth anniversary in 1960 Karl Jaspers delivered an address containing a passage that is curious, considering the time and place of its enunciation. It reads:

> Having the will to know is not a harmless business. The consequences of knowledge are not within sight. The beginning of modern science is also the beginning of a calamity. . . . From time to time terror has come over investigators and caused them a tormenting conscience.*

At a casual glance Jaspers' words seem to deprecate research, strange doctrine to preach at the semimillennial of an institution of learning as distinguished as the University of Basel. But Jaspers knew his audience. "Whoever has had the experience of knowledge," he said, aware that that included them all, "is acquainted with the appeal of the *sapere aude,* the appeal to the courage not to stop." This resembles an academic version of Hillary's reason for climbing Everest: "because it was there."

But the references to calamity, to terror, and to the "tormenting conscience" are not in that category. They reflect the philosopher's conviction that scientific research today gives far too much of its time and energy to producing ever more efficient instruments of destruction. Evidently, not all research scientists are troubled by a tormenting conscience, or, if they feel it, are not deterred by it. This is partly explained by the fact that when one does revolt, he may expect to be rewarded by being officially branded as untrustworthy, as Oppenheimer was when he balked

* The translation is that of Professor Don Travis, Jr. It appeared in the University of Texas' *Graduate Journal,* Spring issue, 1962, and had limited circulation for in those days the *Journal* was not available by subscription and was distributed only to those persons to whom the editors chose to send it.

✪ GERALD W. JOHNSON describes himself after the fashion of H. G. Wells: "a journalist exploiting history." He lives in Baltimore.

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at helping develop the hydrogen bomb. Honors and decorations are reserved for scientists who feel nothing but pride in the feat of packing the horrors of hell into portable containers that are themselves, like their contents, disposable with great malignancy.

Einstein, Fermi, Szilard, as well as Oppenheimer, and a host of their scientific colleagues only less prestigious have cried out against this practice, but thus far they have cried in vain. Even with the backing of Jaspers and practically every other philosopher of any real eminence, they have been impotent. It is clear that if they are to accomplish much they must have massive reinforcements, and the only available source seems to be the very large body of Americans who are intelligent without being austerely intellectual—people who have brains, but customarily use them for other purposes than the extension of knowledge.

They outnumber manyfold the scientists and philosophers, and their influence on the conduct of public affairs is greater than their numbers, which makes them a potentially effective force. But they are hamstrung by the belief, widespread among them, that they have no armament that would enable them to give any worthwhile support to the Einsteins and the Oppenheimers in intellectual warfare. To engage in battle without a weapon is obviously not intelligent; so this large class of the citizenry tends to stand aside.

They delude themselves. To oppose maleficent science they have already in their hands a deterrent more efficacious than both terror and a tormenting conscience. Its name is disgust. If the procedure described in academic language as the rejection of value judgments, and, in the vulgate, as denial of moral responsibility, were smitten by widespread public disgust, its popularity among scientists and technologists would decline precipitately.

It is not so simple to wield as the broadax, for disgust implies some acceptance of moral responsibility by the disgusted, and the intellectual middle class finds the acceptance as burdensome as do the scientists. But the burden cannot be evaded except by relinquishing any claim to competence in self-government. Science, considered apart from the scientist, is neutral, capable of operating indifferently to better or to worsen the human condition. But the

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scientist who undertakes to be as neutral as science becomes, not neutral but a neuter, characterless, commanding no consideration favorable or unfavorable, because his quality is not his own but merely a reflection, a sort of mirror image of the purpose that he serves.

Although he has always been with us, only within the past twenty-five years has this neuter figured importantly in the conduct of public affairs in this country. But he is now very important indeed, so his correct placement in the scheme of things becomes urgent, not to Jaspers and his colleagues only, but to the commonalty as well, for by the selection of its heroes the quality of a society is indicated and to no small extent determined. Learn the accepted archetypes of a people and it is easy to deduce its present types. Among us it is considered an accolade to call a physician a modern Galen, or an astronomer a new Galileo. Of course, the prosaic truth is that, enriched by the accumulated knowledge of the centuries, the modern is a far better physician than Galen ever was, and the astronomer than Galileo. Nevertheless, the honorific bestowal of a famous name is assuredly no insult.

Those scientists whose genius is applied to devising instruments useful only to make life shorter and more miserable also have their archetype, although the bestowal of his name falls short of being an accolade. It is Jack Ketch, eponym of hangmen and other professional executioners. But if the fabricator of megaton bombs and superlethal gases is hardly flattered by being dubbed a present-day Jack Ketch, in fairness it must be noted that neither is he thereby condemned to the stake or to the galleys. Jack's operations were perfectly legal. He was merely the agent, not the principal, in his transactions, playing no part in deciding who should die, merely seeing to it that they did die. Yet his occupation exuded an effluvium not grateful to sensitive nostrils. Generations before there was any widespread opposition to capital punishment, only a man of dull sensibility coveted an invitation to dine in the hangman's house.

In a world as ill-managed as ours still is, it may be that Jack's services remain indispensable, but not so his society. The aversion to accepting Jack as a boon companion is now becoming strikingly

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apparent in American youth. The company that produces napalm has found that of late its recruiting agents are definitely and increasingly unwelcome on many a college campus. It has been reduced to issuing plaintive explanations that it produces dozens of other items of commerce that are harmless and useful. No doubt this is true, but the fact remains that it also produces napalm, a weapon exceptionally dreadful because, for one thing, the death that it inflicts is excruciatingly painful and, for another, its use cannot be restricted to the elimination of combatants, for it as readily roasts alive women, children, and old people incapable of bearing arms. The upperclassman who contracts to participate in that business now finds his classmates regarding him with a fishy eye, and even the prospect that he will be well paid cannot restore any warmth to their sidelong glances. It has always been customary to grant Jack Ketch a handsome fee.

To the brassy this is a triviality to be brushed aside, which, perhaps, is not altogether regrettable. The thoroughly brassy are now, as always, a minority, and in a world insanely turbulent and therefore copiously productive of garbage, there may be need of a small caste of Untouchables to do the kinds of work so dirty that they sicken the more civilized. The drawback is that too complete tolerance of these tends to induce the greater numbers who are not really brassy but only thoughtless to "first endure, then pity, then embrace" the craft of the devisers of ever more scientific death. The thoughtless will refrain, however, if the business carries a touch of odium.

This reaction of youth is one of the few encouraging signs of the times, for the ruling generation, case-hardened by lifelong exposure to war, cannot be expected to take the lead in a profound reconstruction of our thinking. A man of fifty-five has not even a childhood memory of world peace, for war has raged somewhere as long as he has lived. It calls for a profound reconstruction of his thinking to wrench his mind from the dubious theory that war is a necessary condition of survival and concentrate it on the indisputable fact that war is the summation of all evil. Historically, such extensive reconstructions have almost always been initiated by youth, from which it is a reasonable inference that they are a

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function of youth. Thus an indication that American youth is on the job is emphatically no occasion for discouragement.

The fact remains, however, that the air is burdened with forebodings of revolution voiced by people who consider "revolution" a synonym for ultimate disaster. This adds interest to a comment of Walter Lippmann in an interview occasioned by his eightieth birthday last September. In answer to a question Mr. Lippmann remarked briskly that he does not anticipate the early coming of a revolution, for the simple but sufficient reason that the revolution is already here, although not many recognize it for what it is.

He might have added, using terms to which he was partial in earlier days, that most of us fail to recognize it because of our addiction to thinking in stereotypes. The American stereotype of revolution includes a Robespierre and a Saint-Just followed by a Bonaparte, or a Lenin and a Trotsky followed by a Stalin. Since none of those stigmata have appeared in this country, so the stereotyped argument goes, Lippmann must be wrong, and what we have cannot be a revolution. But revolution, correctly defined, covers any change in manners and customs so profound and far-reaching as to amount to a reorganization of society. It is commonly, but not necessarily, associated with violence and bloodshed. In the Industrial Revolution, for example, disorder was a minor factor, but the changes it induced were of a depth and reach unprecedented in history.

Yet it was in fact a revolution, and its manner of developing highlights another of our stereotypes, and one perhaps even more solidly petrified. It is the delusion that government is primarily, if not exclusively, political. The so-called Industrial Revolution overthrew no political organization, beheaded no king, produced no incident comparable either to the Reign of Terror or to Stalin's purges, hence it was not revolutionary.

The fallacy in that argument is exposed by the common knowledge that he who persuades does rule, legally or extralegally. An example is furnished by this very man, Lippmann. It has become a cliché to remark that in fifty years he persuaded more Americans to change their minds than any President in the same period, the

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second Roosevelt perhaps excepted. In or out of office, a man who causes his ideas to prevail is a ruler. An influential journalist is one, in effect, if not in law.

It is fashionable to describe Lippmann as the most influential of his time, but that is doubtful. Among the intelligentsia, yes, but it may be that, numerically, Drew Pearson changed more votes than Walter Lippmann ever did. The point, though, is that both were among the *de facto* rulers of the United States, and in a high echelon at that, although neither held elective office.

As much may be said of various other types. For instance, what governor ever had half the power to produce and control action that was exercised for many years by the pedagogue, John Dewey? What official authority on any level changed the face of America as did both the technologist, Thomas A. Edison, and the technician, Henry Ford? Even among professional politicians, whose badge of success is supposed to be a majority vote, one finds not a few of the prime movers who shook up and sometimes eventually overthrew the existing establishment, not in the list of Whitman's "elected persons," but in that of O'Sheel's "who went to battle forth and always fell." Best remembered among them was Henry Clay, but there were also Representative—not President—John Quincy Adams with his constantly rejected petitions, the original La Follette, the eccentric Bryan, and, only yesterday, Adlai E. Stevenson. All were potent, all in their day were among the rulers of the republic.

Yet each of these attained power by a process that was not merely democratic, but quintessentially democratic. No outside pressure compelled any man to read Lippmann if he preferred to read Pearson. Only his own rational processes could drive a man to believe Dewey. One might despise both movies and the Tin Lizzie, but the presence of Edison and Ford was as undeniable as that of Pike's Peak. We are, we say, governed from Washington and from various State Capitols and City Halls, but it is true only within narrow limits. Four fifths of our active lives are directed and controlled, not by any part of officialdom, but by men in whom we, for reasons of our own—or perhaps for prejudices and superstitions of our own—have chosen to repose confidence. This

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is an admission that we are not a self-governed nation, but there is no such thing as a self-governed nation, because a nation has no self. There is only a self-governed man, and his authority extends only to choosing the ruler whom he will obey. But that choice is real, and it is effective.

Thus by a transition that, I do protest, is natural and easy, we come back to Jaspers and his *sapere aude*. He opened the way himself, when he insisted in this same lecture on the identity of truth.* His demonstration, it must be admitted, has a tendency to coagulate the thought processes of a brain not attuned to the subtleties of existentialism, but the principle that scientific truth and philosophic truth are organs of a symbiont that embraces all truth admits the hypothesis that even the plain citizen who is neither scientist nor philosopher and not much of an intellectual, may yet apprehend some fragment of the whole.

For instance, "the will to know is not a harmless business" is obviously a qualification. Otherwise it would be senseless, for the will to know has been the matrix of all civilization. The problem, then, is to define the qualification as sharply as possible so as to mark clearly the point at which the harmful element enters, and then to deduce what, if any, obligation lies upon nonscientists and nonphilosophers to erect a roadblock at that point.

I confess to being staggered by the suggestion that any obligation to correct science rests upon me, or upon the millions of Americans who are only slightly more intelligent, but a little thought reveals the dismaying possibility that it does. For what a nuclear physicist tries, or in fact accomplishes, I have not the slightest responsibility, but for my reaction to his purpose and his accomplishment I am responsible.

The difficulty comes in reconciling this responsibility with the salutary prohibition of intrusion by unskilled persons on the field of science—prohibited because it must be pernicious to the extent that it is not ridiculous. But frank disesteem is not intrusion. To learn "what" is the beginning of knowledge and to learn "how"

* "Are there perhaps two kinds of truth unrelated to one another, the truth of science and that of philosophy? Not at all. Rather in all sciences the separation and unification of both are consummated."

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is its continuation. As to the absolute value of both no question arises. But to learn "why" is higher education, in philosophy or in science, and the injunction, "know why" does evoke another question, to wit, "why know?"

If the end in view is the amelioration of the human condition in any respect, it is the plain obligation of us, the unilluminated, to applaud. Even if the effort is abortive, or perhaps harmful, the effort itself merits approval. But if the aim of the project is to devise means of destroying human life faster, more extensively, and with a greater measure of impunity, our equally plain obligation is not to applaud, but to hiss.

To what end? The answer is statistical. The influence upon science of any unschooled individual is too small to be calculated even by the physicist who can easily weigh the electron, but multiplied by a figure approximating two hundred million it becomes perceptible, and if it is possible that the figure may eventually be increased to four billion, the present population of the earth, it may become decisive.

The usual rebuttal is an assertion that the inventors of armament ever more scientific propose, not the destruction of Ah Sin, resident in Peking, or of Ivan Petruski Skavar, resident in Moscow, but the preservation of John Doe, resident in Washington. The rebuttal is vulnerable because it is based on an unproved hypothesis, namely, that the said Doe is endowed with an absolute value so much greater than that of the other two that their destruction to assure his safety is right. That is, of course, merely the ancient superstition of the *Herrenvolk,* the Master Race, a superstition proved iniquitous many times, most recently and most hideously by the Nazi regime in Germany.

Yet it continues to pervade the world, somewhat diluted and disguised under the name of nationalism, a euphemism for patriotism become paranoiac. Nationalism bears much the same relation to true love of country that Tantric Buddhism does to the doctrine of Gautama, or that the morality of John of Leiden did to that of St. Paul. The United States, unhappily, is as massively infected with this virus as any country in the world, and it will be correspondingly difficult to eradicate. But the task is imperative,

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for the thing is more virulent than the craziest political ideology dreamed up by lunatic utopians.

So the menace does apply whip and spur to every citizen who can read the newspapers, regardless of how ignorant he may be of nuclear physics and existentialism. To be sure, it is not within his province to judge among scientists which should be exalted and which hanged or jailed, but it is obligatory upon him to consider carefully which he shall applaud, and which regard with dubiety as very questionable associates for politicians in office. With the world in its present state he cannot dismiss the fabricators of napalm and new biochemical weapons as totally worthless. They have a certain value, but it is ambivalent. In one direction it points toward the value of Socrates, and in the other toward the value of a trained monkey, who also is worth money as long as his destructive capacity is kept under strict control.

The duty of the plain citizen, then, resolves into a negative one. He is not required to do anything, but it is incumbent upon him not to regard the intellectual heir of Jack Ketch as the successor to Aristotle, not to mistake a trained monkey for Socrates.

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Swinburne

A. E. HOUSMAN

In A. E. Housman A Sketch *(Cambridge, 1936, p. 21), Mr. A. S. F. Gow described how Housman, when he was a Professor at University College in Gower Street, would from time to time read to the College's Literary Society an essay on an English poet. "In their kind," said Mr. Gow, "[these essays] were excellent . . . and it is to be regretted that he refused an invitation from the Cambridge University Press to publish them, and gave his executors instructions that they were to be destroyed." "A friend," Mr. Gow continued (and we may surmise that he was referring to himself), "once expressed to Housman the hope that the paper on Swinburne might be published, and, on hearing that it was to be destroyed after his death, ventured to suggest that if Housman thought it bad he would have destroyed it himself. 'I don't think it* bad,' *said Housman; 'I think it not good enough for me.'"*

A copy of the Swinburne paper, however, survived, and has recently come to light. Mr. Russell Burlingham, going through the papers of the late Geoffrey Madan with a view to editing his commonplace books for publication, came upon the typescript of a paper bearing the title "Swinburne" but no author's name. Mr. Burlingham acutely noticed that the paper contained a critical comment on George Darley's poem, Nepenthe, *which Madan had put into one of his commonplace books over the initials* "A.E.H." *That paper is reprinted here, and no-one who is at all well acquainted with Housman's critical writings will doubt that he is the author of it.*

Geoffrey Madan was a man of discriminating taste, and himself a friend of Housman's Cambridge friend A. C. Benson, from

✪ JOHN SPARROW, who introduces this essay, is Warden of All Souls College of Oxford University. His books include *Independent Essays, Controversial Essays, Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University* and *After the Assassination.*

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whom (as his widow, Mrs. Marjorie Madan, plausibly conjectures) he may well have acquired his copy of the essay. His piety (or impiety?) in preserving the typescript and Mr. Burlingham's shrewdness in recognising its authorship have combined to bring to light something that is surely—whatever he himself may have said about it—"good enough" for Housman; and it is to be hoped that, even if he could not have brought himself to approve it, Housman would have forgiven its publication today.

JOHN SPARROW

THE publication, in 1866, of the late Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* may fairly be called the most conspicuous event in the literary history of the reign of Queen Victoria. We now see that it was not so important an event as it once appeared: its results were not permanent, nor even of long duration; but it was the most moving novelty that the world of letters had seen for many a day or is likely to see for many another. At a time when Victorian verse was at its very tamest, when the two most widely read of recent poems were *Enoch Arden* and *Hiawatha,* this trumpet of insurrection excited in young and ardent minds an emotion comparable to what Wordsworth and Coleridge had felt as they witnessed the beginning of the French Revolution. Mr. Thomas Hardy has told me that in those days, when he was a young man of six-and-twenty living in London, there was a whole army of young men like himself, not mutually acquainted, who nevertheless, as they met in the streets, could recognise one another as spiritual brethren by a certain outward sign. This sign was an oblong projection at the breast-pocket of the coat. To the gross world of London, enslaved by commerce, respectability, and middle-age, it might have been anything; but the sons of fire who had similar oblongs protruding from their own breast-pockets knew what it was: it was Moxon's first edition of *Poems and Ballads,* worn where it should be worn, just over the heart.

When Mr. Swinburne died, April 1909, at the age of 72, he might as well have been dead for a quarter of a century. For a quarter of a century and more he had written nothing that mat-

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tered. There were not many to buy his books, and fewer still to read them; the poetasters, except the very poorest, had ceased to try to imitate him; the literary world was much interested in many other things, good, bad and indifferent, but little interested in the poetry of Mr. Swinburne. He still commanded the lip-service of the journalists, who would describe him from time to time as our only great living poet; but this they said, not because they knew anything about such matters or even believed it to be true, but because they hoped, by so saying, to inflict mental anguish on Mr. William Watson or Mr. Stephen Phillips.

Swinburne in fact was one of those not very numerous poets whom their contempories have treated with justice. The different attention which he received at different periods very fairly corresponded to differences, at those periods, in the quality of his writing. He was neither steadily overrated, like Byron, nor steadily underrated, like Shelley, nor, like Wordsworth, derided while he wrote well and celebrated when he wrote well no longer: he received the day's wage for the day's work. His first book fell dead, as it deserved; his first good book, *Atalanta in Calydon,* earned him celebrity; his best book, *Poems and Ballads,* was his most famous and influential book; and the decline of his powers, slow in *Songs before Sunrise* and *Bothwell* and *Erectheus,* accelerated in his later writings, was followed, not immediately, but after an interval sufficient to give him the chance of recovery, by a corresponding decline, first slow and then rapid, in public interest and esteem.

There can be no doubt that the enthusiasm provoked by the *Poems and Ballads,* like the loud and transient outcry which frightened its first publisher into withdrawing it from circulation, was due in great measure to adventitious circumstances and to a feature of the book which is now seen to be merely accidental. The poems were largely and even chiefly concerned with a thing which one set of people call love, and another set of people call immorality, each set declaring that the other name is quite wrong, so that people who belong to neither set do not exactly know what to call it; but perhaps one may avoid extremes by calling it Aphrodite. Now in the general life of mankind Aphrodite is quite

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able to take care of herself; but in literature, at any rate in the literature of that Anglo-Saxon race to which we have the high privilege and heavy responsibility of belonging, she wages an unequal contest with another great divinity, who is called purity by her friends and hypocrisy by her enemies, and whom, again to avoid extremes, one may perhaps call Mrs. Grundy. In the year 1866 the vicissitudes of their secular conflict had brought Mrs. Grundy to the top: she appeared to be sitting on Aphrodite as firmly as the Babylonian woman on her seven mountains in the Book of Revelations; and Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* were a powerful and timely demonstration in favour of the under dog—if indeed I may apply such a term to either of the fair antagonists. Here was a subject which most poets had ceased to talk about at all, and here was a poet talking about it at the very top of a very sonorous voice: the stone which the builders rejected was become the head of the corner. And although the enthusiasm which this intervention evoked in one camp, like the scandal which it occasioned in the other, was excessive—for Aphrodite has the knack of causing both her friends and her enemies to lose their heads and to make more fuss about her than she is worth—still the stroke was both effective and salutary, and entitles Swinburne to a secure though modest place among the liberators of mankind. The reasonable licence which English literature enjoys today, and which it so seldom abuses, is the result of a gradual emancipation which began with Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*.

Those to whom this work appealed by its subject and contents, as distinct from its form, were of two classes: there were the simple adherents of Aphrodite, and there were many of those grave men, correct in behaviour and earnest in thought, who regard the relations of the sexes as the most serious and important element in human life. It was the irony of the situation that Swinburne himself belonged to neither class. He was not a libertine, and he was not an earnest thinker about life: he was merely a writer in search of a subject, and a tinder-box that any spark would set on fire. When he had written his book upon this subject, he had done with it, and it hardly appears again in the twenty volumes of his later verse: he was ready for a new subject. In *Songs before Sun-*

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rise, his next volume, his attitude towards Aphrodite was austere, and the finest poem in the book is the Prelude in which he takes his leave of her. *Poems and Ballads* were the effervescence with which a quick and shallow nature responded to a certain influence issuing partly from the Greek and Latin classics, partly from medieval legend, partly from the French literature of the nineteenth century. That effervescence subsided, and around a new subject, Liberty, a new influence, chiefly Mazzini's, provoked a fresh effervescence, not nearly so sparkling. The fact is that, whatever may be the comparative merits of the two deities, Liberty is by no means so interesting as Aphrodite, and by no means so good a subject for poetry. There is a lack of detail about Liberty, and she has indeed no positive quality at all. Liberty consists in the absence of obstructions; it is merely a preliminary to activities whose character it does not determine; and to write poems about Liberty is very much as if one should write an Ode to Elbowroom or a paneygric on space of three dimensions. And in truth poets never do write poems about Liberty, they only pretend to do so: they substitute images.

> Thy face is as a sword smiting in sunder
> Shadows and chains and dreams and iron things;
> The sea is dumb before thy face, the thunder
> Silent, the skies are narrower than thy wings.

Then, when they feel that the reader is starving for something more tangible, they generally begin to talk of Athens, which, as it happens, was a slave-state; and in the last resort they fall back on denunciation of tyranny, an abominable institution, no doubt, but at any rate less featureless than Liberty, and a godsend to people who have to pretend to write about her.

But even tyranny is an exhaustible subject, and seven thousand verses exhaust it; and Swinburne, since he could not be still, was forced to be eloquent about other things. He appointed himself to the laureateship of the sea; he cultivated a devotion to babies and young children; finally, under stress of famine and in desperation at the death of themes, he fled to what Johnson calls the last refuge of a scoundrel: he conceived a tardy enthusiasm for his native land, and wrote patriotic poems in imitation of

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Campbell. And, in addition to all this, he composed a great number of verses about the verses of other poets.

Not one of these subjects was well chosen. The sea is a natural object; and Swinburne had no eye for nature and no talent for describing it. Children and babies are not appropriately celebrated in verse so ornate and so verbose as Swinburne's. As for his patriotic poetry, it may be unfair to call it insincere, but certainly it has no air of sincerity: it is the sort of patriotic poetry one would expect from a man who had written volumes in honour of other nations before he wrote a line in honour of his own.

In truth there was only one theme which Swinburne thoroughly loved and understood; and that was literature. Here was the true centre of his interests, and the source of his genuine and spontaneous emotions. But literature, unfortunately, is neither a fruitful nor even an appropriate subject for poetry. Swinburne himself was uneasily aware of this; and consequently, when he heard it said that his work was grounded not upon life but upon books, it made him angry, and he began to splutter as follows: "The half-brained creature to whom books are other than living things may see with the eyes of a bat and draw with the fingers of a mole his dullard's distinction between books and life: those who live the fuller life of a higher animal than he, know that books are to poets as much part of that life as pictures are to painters or as music is to musicians, dead matter though they may be to the spiritually still-born children of dirt and dullness who find it possible and natural to live while dead in heart and brain." Well, of course it is a sad thing to be a spiritually still-born child of dirt and dullness, and it is peculiarly depressing to be dead in heart and brain when one has only half a brain to be dead in; but it is no use bemoaning one's condition, and we must pass on to consider the parallel which Swinburne draws. Books, he says, are to poets as much part of life as pictures are to painters. Just so: they are to poets that part of life which is not fitted to become the subject of their art. Painters do not paint pictures of pictures, and similarly poets had better not write poems on poems. And Swinburne did worse than take books for his subject: he dragged this subject into the midst of all other subjects, and covered earth

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and sky and man with the dust of the library. He cannot watch a sunset at sea without beginning to think of Beaumont and Fletcher. He walks along a country road at Midsummer, and it sets him talking about Chaucer, because Chaucer may possibly have done the same thing. He writes an ode for the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of his own school, Eton, in which he contrives to drag in Shakespeare (who was educated at Harrow) but mentions only one Etonian. And who do you think that one Etonian is? Shelley, whom Eton did not quite succeed in tormenting out of his mind: Shelley, who except for his father's influence and intervention, would twice have been expelled: Shelley, whose atheism was traced, by an Eton headmaster, to the difficulty which he found in reconciling the existence of God with the existence of Eton. In short, Swinburne was perpetually talking shop: the bookish spirit in which he looked on nature and mankind, with his head full of his own trade, is essentially the same as the spirit in which *The Tailor and Cutter* annually criticises the portraits in the Royal Academy, interested, not in the artist, not in the subject, but in the cut of the subject's clothes.

I have been speaking of the themes of his *lyrical* poetry, because it is only as a lyrist that Swinburne is important. The themes of his dramatic and narrative works were not ill chosen, and the unsatisfactoriness of those poems was not due to their subject but to Swinburne's lack of talent for narrative and the drama. His plays have a certain empty dignity, but he was not a dramatist nor even, like Browning, a psychologist: his characters are talking masks. In his only considerable narrative poem, *Tristram of Lyonesse,* the prologue, which in essence is lyric, is worth all the rest of the book put together; just as *Atalanta in Calydon* is raised far above his other dramas by the brilliant beauty of its very undramatic lyrics. It is of his lyrical poetry that I am speaking when I say that after the first series of *Poems and Ballads* he was chiefly occupied with bad subjects or with subjects not suited to his genius.

But it has long been a commonplace that the strong side of Swinburne's poetry was not its matter but its manner; and though the matter of *Poems and Ballads* had much to do with the celeb-

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rity of the book, it is to its diction and versification that it will mainly owe its place in literature. Of these it is very difficult to speak adequately and justly; to keep the balance between admiration for their extraordinary merit and originality, and due recognition of the fact that they belong essentially to the second order, not to the first.

If a man does not hear the melody of Swinburne's verse, he must be deaf; he would not hear the melody of any verse. But if, as many do, he thinks its melody the best, he must have a gross ear. The man who now calls Swinburne the most musical of poets would, if he had been born one hundred and fifty years earlier, have said the same of Pope. To the ears of his contemporaries Pope's verse was perfection: the inferiority of Milton's and Shakepeare's was not a thing to be disputed about but to be explained and excused. The melody of Pope and of Swinburne have this in common, and owed their acceptation to this, that they address themselves frankly and almost exclusively to what may be called the external ear. This, in different ways and by different methods, they fill and delight: it is a pleasure to hear them, and a pleasure to read them aloud. But there, in that very fact, you can tell that their music is only of the second order. To read aloud poets whose music is of the first, poets so much unlike one another as Blake and Milton, is not a pleasure but an embarrassment, because no reader can hope to do them justice. Their melody is addressed to the inner chambers of the sense of hearing, to the junction between the ear and the brain; and you should either hire an angel from heaven to read them to you, or let them read themselves in silence. None better understood their superiority than Swinburne himself, the finest of whose critical qualities was his capacity to admire excellence unlike his own. His devotees might call him the most melodious of English poets, but he thought that the most melodious lines in English were the first five lines of *Lycidas;* he acknowledged in the Border Ballads a strain of music which no later poetry could reproduce; and he recognised that the best versification of modern times is to be found in the irregular and simple-seeming measures of the *Ancient Mariner.*

Among Swinburne's technical achievements the most con-

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spicuous, if not the greatest, was his development of anapaestic verse. It was he who first made the anapaest fit for serious poetry. Before his time it had been used with some success for the lightest purposes, but when used for purposes other than the lightest it had seldom been managed with skill. At its best it had a simple and rather shallow music:

> The blackbird has fled to another retreat
> Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
> And the scene where his melody charmed me before
> Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

But it was notably unsure of foot, and seldom went without stumbling for more than four lines at a time: it was for ever collapsing into such meanness as this:

> There is mercy in every place,
> And mercy, encouraging thought!
> Gives every affliction a grace
> And reconciles man to his lot.

Yet this is almost the very stanza which Swinburne dignified and strengthened till it yielded a combination of speed and magnificence which nothing in English had possessed before.

> Out of Dindymus heavily laden
> Her lions draw bound and unfed
> A mother, a mortal, a maiden,
> A queen over death and the dead.
> She is cold, and her habit is lowly,
> Her temple of branches and sods;
> Most fruitful and virginal, holy,
> A mother of gods.
>
> She hath wasted with fire thine high places,
> She hath hidden and marred and made sad
> The fair limbs of the Loves, the fair faces
> Of gods that were goodly and glad.
> She slays, and her hands are not bloody,
> She moves as a moon in the wane,
> White-robed, and thy raiment is ruddy,
> Our Lady of Pain.

Other stanzas he invented for it, to display its capacities.

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In the darkening and whitening
  Abysses adored,
With dayspring and lightning
  For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with the
    wrath of the Lord.

There lived a singer in France of old
  By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
  There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
  And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

True, the anapaestic rhythm, even when invested by a master with these alluring splendours, is not, in English, the best vehicle for poetry. Better poetry has been written in iambics and trochaics than will ever be written in anapaests; but still it is an unparalleled achievement, at so late a period of the literature, to have added this new and resonant string to the lyre.

In the second place, not only did he create new metres but he re-created old; and in particular he resuscitated the heroic couplet. It might have been thought, after all the practitioners through whose hands this measure had passed, that nothing remained for it but decent burial. The valley was full of bones; and behold, there were very many in the open valley; and lo, they were very dry. The form which the couplet had taken in the seventeenth century it retained to the nineteenth; and the innovations or reactions of Leigh Hunt and Keats were not improvements. Upon these dry bones Swinburne brought up new flesh and breathed into them a new spirit. In the hands of the last considerable poet who had used it, the metre still went to the tune of Pope and Dryden:

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heaven, and life on earth;

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Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, they are thine.
Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

These lines are much above Byron's average; they say something worth saying, and they say it capably and with emotion; but their structure is still formal, and their vocabulary a trifle poor. Now take Swinburne:

Thee too the years shall cover; thou shalt be
As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
Nor any memory of thee anywhere;
For never Muse has bound above thine hair
The high Pierian flower whose graft outgrows
All summer kinship of the mortal rose
And colour of deciduous days, nor shed
Reflex and flush of heaven about thine head,
Nor reddened brows made pale by floral grief
With splendid shadow from that lordlier leaf.

It is hardly recognisable as the same metre. You are free to like it less: it is less brisk and forthright, but its fulness and richness and variety are qualities of which one would never have supposed the couplet to be capable.

In the third place he possessed an altogether unexampled command of rhyme, the chief enrichment of modern verse. The English language is comparatively poor in rhymes, and most English poets, when they have to rhyme more than two or three words together, betray their embarrassment. They betray it, for instance, when they write sonnets after the strict Petrarchan rule: the poetical inferiority of most English sonnets, if compared with what their

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own authors have achieved in other forms of verse, is largely though not entirely the result of this difficulty. Milton is embarrassed by it; Wordsworth, though probably the best of our sonneteers, is pitiably embarrassed, and driven to end the noblest of his sonnets with a wretched tag about "titles manifold"; Rossetti, our most determined workman in this line, dissimulates his embarrassment by inventing, for the purpose of sonnet-writing, a jargon in which every word is so unnatural that the words which form the rhymes are no more unnatural than the rest and so give rise to no special wonder. To Swinburne a sonnet was child's play: the task of providing four rhymes was not hard enough, and he wrote long poems in which each stanza demanded eight or ten rhymes, and wrote them so that he never seemed to be saying anything for the rhyme's sake. His preeminence was most remarkable in the mastery of feminine rhymes, as we call them, rhymes of two syllables. Before Swinburne, few English poets had used them much, and few without doing themselves an injury. They would start swimmingly enough:

> How delicious is the winning
> Of a kiss at love's beginning,
> When two mutual hearts are sighing
> For the knot there's no untying.

But unless they made up their mind to desert the scheme it would generally entice them to use words which they would rather not have used:

> Yet remember, midst your wooing,
> Love has bliss, but love has ruing,
> Other smiles may make you fickle,
> Tears for other charms may trickle.

The word *trickle*, in that verse, is not preferred to the word *flow* because of its intrinsic merit, but for quite another reason. Swinburne's language, no doubt, is often wanting in clearness and aptness, but that defect is never caused by any difficulty in finding feminine rhymes: they come at call as readily as the others. I will mention one significant detail. The ordinary versifier, if he employs feminine rhymes, makes great use of words ending with *ing:* they are the largest class of these rhymes, and they form his main-

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stay. Swinburne, so plentiful and ready to hand were his stores, almost disdains this expedient: in all the four hundred and forty lines of *Dolores,* for example, he only twice resorts to it.

The ornament of verse especially associated with the name of Swinburne is alliteration. This of course was no invention of his. Not to speak of the old poetry extinguished by Chaucer and his rhymes, whose very base was alliteration, this artifice had been used, and even used to excess, by many earlier writers than Swinburne. The greatest of our poets did not largely avail themselves of its aid; in Milton, for instance, its appearance is sporadic and sometimes even, one would say, unintentional: we are arrested and surprised at encountering now and then such lines as these:

> Fairer than feigned of old or fabled since
> Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
> By Knights of Logres or of Lyones,
> Lancelot, or Pellease, or Pellenore.

The first English poet to employ alliteration methodically and scientifically was Gray, and after Gray it was most systematically practised by Tennyson: in Gray it is perhaps less effective than one might expect, and in Tennyson, though very effective, it is rather too prominent and ubiquitous. Swinburne, in much of his writing, employed the artifice so profusely, so wastefully, and indeed so ignorantly, that in the end he brought it into disrepute and sent it out of fashion. The proper function of alliteration is to add speed and force to the motion of verse. How it should be applied, if it is to compass these ends, is a matter on which I might say a good deal; but that belongs rather to a paper on the artifice of versification than to a paper on Swinburne. From Swinburne I will take one example, and I might take hundreds, of how it should not be applied.

> Many a long blithe wave
> Buoyed their blithe bark between the bare bald rocks,
> Deep, steep, and still, save for the swift free flocks . . .

but that is enough. Those verses make on the ear and mind two immediate impressions: they are cumbrous and they are artificial; and if they are analysed it will be found that their unskilful artifice is the chief cause of their cumbrousness. They are the work of a

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craftsman who has forgotten his trade; who has lost sight of the end proposed, and who actually defeats the end by mechanically hammering away at the means. This is mere bungling; but in the celebrated stanza about the lilies and languors of virtue and the raptures and roses of vice, though the artifice is rather crude and obvious, the effect is nevertheless attained: the verse, though it pays a price for them, does gain force and rapidity. In his best time he used alliteration, never indeed with perfect art, but still with some rectitude of instinct: this he lost in his later years, as he lost almost everything else. He had deafened himself with his own noise, till his verse became downright unpleasant to ears which were still open. His growing obtuseness of perception showed itself most clearly in his employment of trochaic rhythms. This metre he had never written so skilfully as iambics or anapaests, and in the end he may be said to have written it worse than anyone had ever written it before. The parody of Laura Matilda in the *Rejected Addresses* is not exactly good verse; but it is better verse than Swinburne's poem on Grace Darling.

If you turn from his versification to his diction, the case is much the same, though it cannot be examined in the same detail. The first impression produced by his style, as it was in 1866, is one of great and even overpowering richness. He seemed to have ransacked all the treasuries of the language and melted the whole plunder into a new and gorgeous amalgam. In the poems of his later life his style was threadbare. It had not become austere: it was as voluble and diffuse as ever, but it had ceased to be rich and various. The torrent streamed on, but it streamed from an impoverished vocabulary, and consisted of a dwindled stock of words repeated again and again. A few favorite epithets were conferred on all manner of different things, instead of different and truly descriptive epithets. If he admired something very much he would not wait to find a word indicative of its quality, but he would call it "god-like"; upon which one of his critics observed that, in view of Mr. Swinburne's theological opinions, to call a thing god-like must be very much the same as calling it devilish good. If an epithet struck him as pretty in itself he would work it to death by associating it with objects to which it had no special

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appropriateness; and it would be interesting to draw up a list of the various unlike things which he has called "sun-bright" or "flower-soft," or "deep as the sea." This is a fashion of speaking which attains its legitimate culmination in the conversational style of the British workman, who thinks that no noun should be without an adjective, and that one adjective is suitable to every noun.

But even in the days of its early freshness and abundance his diction had the fault that amidst all its magnificence it did not ring quite true: it would not sustain comparison even with the best contemporary poetry, the best of Tennyson's and Matthew Arnold's, no, nor the best of Coventry Patmore's and Christina Rossetti's. Speaking broadly, it was a diction of the same cast as Pope's. The differences between the two are evident and striking; but their differences are less essential than their resemblance in this point—that they both run in a groove. They impose upon all thought and feeling a set mode of speech: they are mannerisms, and consequently they are imitable. Pope's diction was long imitated successfully; Swinburne's was imitated successfully, but not long, because those who were clever enough to imitate it were also clever enough to see that it was not well worth imitating.

In fact, what Swinburne wrote, and what Pope and Dryden wrote, was not, in the very strictest sense of the word, poetry. It was often capital stuff, and to the taste of many of their contemporaries it was better than the best poetry. But time went on, and the power of its spell was found to wane; its appeal was not to the core of the human mind and the unalterable element in its constitution. I suppose that most people, while admitting that Swinburne's poetry is less poetical than Milton's or even than Tennyson's, would maintain that on the other hand it is much more poetical than Pope's or even Dryden's. Well, I think so too; but I cannot feel sure that I am right in thinking so. The atmosphere of taste in which Swinburne's poetry grew up is not yet altogether dispersed: we ourselves grew up in it, and we have not all grown out of it. But if permanency is any test of merit, then we must remark that the poetry inaugurated by Dryden was supreme for a century and a half, while the influence of Swinburne spent itself within five and twenty years. It began in 1865, it reached its height

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before 1880, by 1890 there was not much left of it. Here of course it must be borne in mind that Pope and Dryden had two strings to their bow and Swinburne had only one. If Pope's and Dryden's verse were not poetry at all, they still would be very great men of letters and representatives of their age. Their sense, their wit, their knowledge of life and men, and their eminence in those merits which poetry shares with prose, would still preserve for their verse a high place in literature. But if Swinburne's verse had not poetical merit, it would have no merit at all.

Poetry, which in itself is simply a tone of the voice, a particular way of saying things, is mainly concerned with three great provinces. First, with human affection, and those emotions which we assign to the heart: no one could say that Swinburne succeeded or excelled in this province. The next province is the world of thought; the contemplation of life and the universe: in this province Swinburne's ideas and reflections are not indeed identical with those of Mrs. Hemans, but they belong to the same intellectual order as hers: unwound from their cocoon of words they are either superficial or second-hand. Last, there is the province of external nature as perceived by our senses; and on this I must dwell for a little, because there is one department of external nature which Swinburne is supposed to have made his own: the sea.

The sea, to be sure, is a large department; and that is how it succeeded in attracting Swinburne's attention; for he seldom noticed any object of external nature unless it was very large, very brilliant, or very violently coloured. But the sea as a subject of poetry is somewhat barren. Those poets who have a true eye for nature and a sure pen for describing it, spend few words on describing the sea; and their few words describe it better than Swinburne's thousands. It is historically certain that he had seen the sea, but if it were not, it could not with certainty have been inferred from his descriptions: they might have been written by a man who had never been outside Warwickshire. Descriptions of nature equally accurate, though not equally eloquent, have actually been composed by persons blind from their birth, merely by combining anew the words and phrases which they have had read to them from books. When Swinburne writes thus—

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And the night was alive and anhungered of life as a tiger
from toils cast free:
And a rapture of rage made joyous the spirit and strength
of the soul of the sea.
All the weight of the wind bore down on it, freighted with
death for fraught:
And the keen waves kindled and quickened as things trans-
figured or things distraught.
And madness fell on them laughing and leaping; and madness
came on the wind:
And the might and the light and the darkness of storm were
as storm in the heart of Ind.
Such glory, such terror, such passion, as lighten and harrow
the far fierce East,
Rang, shone, spake, shuddered around us: the night was an
altar with death for priest—

it would be cruel to set against such a passage a single line of Tennyson's or a single epithet of Shakespeare's: I take instead a snatch of verse whose author few of you know and most of you never heard of:

Hurry me, Nymphs, O, hurry me
Far above the grovelling sea,
Which, with blind weakness and bass roar
Casting his white age on the shore,
Wallows along that slimy floor;
With his wide-spread webbèd hands
Seeking to climb the level sands,
But rejected still to rave
Alive in his uncovered grave.

Admirers of the sea may call that a lampoon or a caricature, but they cannot deny that it is life-like: the man who wrote it had seen the sea, and the man who reads it sees the sea again.

If even so bare and simple an object as the sea was too elusive and delicate for Swinburne's observation and description, you would not expect him to have much success with anything so various and manifold as the face of the earth. And I am downright aghast at the dullness of perception and the lack of self-knowledge and self-criticism which permitted him to deposit his prodigious

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quantity of descriptive writing in the field of English literature. That field is rich beyond example in descriptions of nature from the hands of unequalled masters, for in the rendering of nature English poetry has outdone all poetry: and here, after five centuries, comes Swinburne covering the grass with his cartload of words and filling the air with the noise of the shooting of rubbish. It is a clear morning towards the end of winter: snow has fallen in the night, and still lies on the branches of the trees under brilliant sunshine. Tennyson could have surveyed the scene with his trained eye, made search among his treasury of choice words, sorted and sifted and condensed them, till he had framed three lines of verse, to be introduced some day in a narrative or a simile, and there to flash upon the reader's eye the very picture of a snowy and sunshiny morning. Keats or Shakespeare would have walked between the trees thinking of whatever came uppermost and letting their senses commune with their souls; and there the morning would have transmuted itself into half a line or so which, occurring in some chance passage of their poetry, would have set the reader walking between the same trees again. Swinburne picks up the sausage-machine into which he crammed anything and everything; round goes the handle, and out at the other end comes this noise:

> Ere frost-flower and snow-blossom faded and fell, and the splendour of winter had passed out of sight,
> The ways of the woodlands were fairer and stranger than dreams that fulfil us in sleep with delight;
> The breaths of the mouths of the winds had hardened on tree-tops and branches that glittered and swayed
> Such wonders and glories of blossom-like snow or of frost that outlightens all flowers till it fade
> That the sea was not lovelier than here was the land, nor the night than the day, nor the day than the night,
> Nor the winter sublimer with storm than the spring: such mirth had the madness and might in thee made,
> March, master of winds, bright minstrel and marshal of storms that enkindle the season they smite.

That is not all, it clatters on for fifty lines or so; but that is enough and too much. It shows what nature was to Swinburne: just some-

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thing to write verse about, a material for making a particular kind of sausage.

This inattention or insensibility betrays itself very plainly in his imagery, which is at once profuse and meagre. It is profuse, for he constantly uses metaphors and similes where they are not wanted and do not help the thought; and yet it is meagre, for the same metaphors and similes are perpetually repeated. They are derived from the few natural objects which he had noticed: the sea, the stars, sunset, fire, and flowers, generally of a red colour, such as the rose and the poppy. However, the worst that can be said of them is that they are monotonous, perfunctory, and ineffective. But much worse can be said of another kind of simile, which grows common in his later writings. When a poet says that hatred is hot as fire or chastity white as snow, we can only object that we have often heard this before and that, considered as ornament, it is rather trite and cheap. But when he inverts his comparisons and says that fire is hot as hatred and snow white as chastity, he is a fool for his pains. The heat of fire and the whiteness of snow are so much more sharply perceived than those qualities of hatred and chastity which have heat and whiteness for courtesy titles, that these similes actually blur the image and dilute the force of what is said. But with such similes Swinburne's later works abound: similes to him were part of the convention of poetry, and he mechanically used them when they no longer served, and even when they frustrated, the only purpose which can justify their introduction. In fact he came to write like an automaton, without so much as knowing the meaning of what he said. Here are four lines from the *Tale of Balen:*

> A table of all clear gold thereby
> Stood stately, fair as morning's eye,

—the beauty of a table is not more clearly apprehended when compared to the beauty of morning's eye: that is the perfunctory simile, poor and useless; but let that pass, and proceed—

> With four strong silver pillars, high
> And firm as faith and hope may be.

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These four pillars are the four legs of the table: they were possibly five feet in height, probably less, certainly not much more; and they were high as hope may be. Now therefore we know the maximum height of hope: five feet and a few odd inches.

It is not then for mastery nor even for competent handling of any of the three great provinces of poetry that Swinburne will be known to posterity. And not only so, but he was deficient in some of the qualities which go to constitute excellence on the formal side of poetry: he had little power of construction and little power of condensation. His nearest approach to a good short poem is the *Garden of Proserpine,* and that contains 96 lines, though it is true that they are short ones: *Ilicet* has about 150, *The Triumph of Time* nearly 400, *Dolores* more than 400. Of course in this defect Swinburne does not stand alone among eminent poets: he stands with Chaucer and Spenser, whose shorter pieces give hardly a hint of their true powers and excellences. But the defect was a worse misfortune to him than to them, because they in the main were narrative poets, and he was a lyrist. Gray writing to Mason on January 13, 1758, has these words: "Extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous and musical, is one of the grand beauties of lyric poetry. This I have always aimed at, and never could attain." Much less did Swinburne ever attain, what he never even recognised as a mark to aim at, this grand beauty of lyric poetry. Again, the virtue of construction and orderly evolution is almost absent from his lyrics. To take three of his most impressive and characteristic poems, the three which I mentioned last, *Dolores,* and *Ilicet* and *The Triumph of Time:* there is no reason why they should begin where they do or end where they do; there is no reason why the middle should be in the middle; there is hardly a reason why, having once begun, they should ever end at all; and it would be possible to rearrange the stanzas which compose them in several different orders without lessening their coherency or impairing their effect. Almost the only piece which satisfies in this respect is the last good poem he ever wrote, the elegy on the death of Baudelaire, which indeed, if it has not all the fresh and luxuriant beauty of his earlier writing, may yet perhaps be reckoned his

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very best poem, in virtue of its dignity, and its unusual and uncharacteristic merit of structure and design.

It is therefore by two things mainly, his verse and his language, in the vigour and magnificence which at his best period they possessed, that Swinburne must stand or fall; and by those two things he will not fall but stand. I have said that neither is of the first order; but there is no need that they should be: to things so novel and original it suffices that they should be good; you cannot demand that they should be the best. Henry the Seventh's chapel is not the most beautiful part of Westminster Abbey; but it is beautiful, and the fabric is more enriched by the addition of that new and different beauty than if the chapel had been built in the purer style of the choir and transepts. Who is the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century it is difficult, gloriously difficult, to say; assuredly not Swinburne; but its two most original poets are Wordsworth, who began the age, and Swinburne, who ended it. And when Swinburne died last year, thirty years later than he would have died if the gods had loved him, and my memory took me back to the heart of that movement in literature which he created and survived, I thought that Wordsworth had pronounced his fittest epitaph in the sonnet on the extinction of the Venetian Republic:

> And what if she had seen those glories fade,
> Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
> Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
> When her long life hath reached its final day:
> Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
> Of that which once was great is passed away.

NOTE: *Half-a-dozen obvious slips in the typescript have been silently corrected, and one emendation made: "the tune* [for *time*] *of Pope and Dryden," p. 68.*

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Reflections on Leaving America for Good

RICHARD HUELSENBECK

WHEN I LIVED WITH MY FAMILY IN BERLIN before 1933, in the wake of Germany's defeat, we had no idea of the approaching danger of Hitlerism. The Social Democrats who then ruled Germany were goodnatured masters of the former Reich, if a bit sloppy. What culture was left flourished: the theaters were filled, the writers wrote, and the musicians played at their best. The Social Democrats really did not depart from capitalism, although they introduced some social reforms. But they never used force. They had, it seemed, no moral backbone, and this atmosphere of *laissez-aller* jibed very well with the general postwar fatigue. It soothed Germans' shame; it helped people to forget the million deaths the Kaiser's will had caused. The dead slept in the bullet-torn fields of France and Russia, and the people in Berlin pulled the shroud of what they call *"Kultur"* over the graves. "Noble be man, helpful and good," Goethe and Schiller had said, and Hegel had declared that the highest human goal was spiritual, the *"Geist."* The dismal defeat was really the fault of a decrepit *"Geist,"* and not the fault of the German people.

That was the way we lived, without *"Geist,"* accepting *"Kultur"* as a form of entertainment. We lived on social promises, while the prices rose and the number of poor and desperate people increased by the hour. Then came the hour when the Brownshirts marched through the streets. Their sentimental and aggressive songs aroused the people. In their precariously neurotic state of mind, they found the Hitlerites interesting, but for the most part never believed them dangerous until they were in

✪ The Dadaist RICHARD HUELSENBECK recently moved to Switzerland after spending thirty-four years in New York, where he practiced psychiatry under the name of Charles Hulbeck. Dr. Huelsenbeck edited the book *Dada Almanach* (1966).

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power. I was then a doctor, but had been a Dadaist and journalist before. I changed my domicile and my address, and it was my good fortune that when Hitler came to power his agencies could not make sure that the Dadaist Huelsenbeck and the doctor were the same person. That saved my life.

Hitler, in his psychotic writings, in *Mein Kampf*, had said that Dada was one of the most anti-German, destructive and unpatriotic movements. (He was right.) What this meant practically, though, was that any person who had been active in Dada could expect to be destroyed in a concentration camp, scientifically—smoothly, so to speak, not brutally.

I certainly did not look forward to that end. Each time that a Gestapo voice came over the telephone, asking whether the doctor Huelsenbeck and the former Dadaist Huelsenbeck were the same person, my wife broke into tears. So, after a period of waiting, I went to the American consulate and asked for a permit to enter the States. It took this man (I have happily forgotten his name) about a year to agree to give it to me. His primary reluctance was based on the fact that I had two children and no money. Finally, he yielded, and I left Germany and my family. I thought I would never see them again, but by a sheer miracle they also succeeded in getting out of Germany. We were reunited in New York.

Why have I left America after thirty-four years in New York? I have not left America because I was disappointed in it. I left America after a comfortable life as a doctor and as a psychiatrist (America is the paradise for psychiatrists) because I felt I would never succeed in becoming an American in my heart. This is a complex matter, difficult to express, requiring a delicate precision in saying just what I want to say.

No other country, no other people have been so generous to me as the United States and Americans. In 1938, when the Hitler refugees arrived in New York, there were always helpful people, who gave not only advice but also money. I experienced many sorts of good luck. I was introduced to Karen Horney, and eventually founded with her the Association for the Advancement of Psychoanalysis. Horney was a marvelous woman, highly intelli-

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gent, creative, good-natured, and yet practical. What she did—and it really was a revolutionary thing to do—was to introduce the environment (men as well as things)—in other words, the "culture," politics, the way of life into theoretical psychoanalysis, as one of the possible causes of neurosis. Freudianism paled before Horney's activity. Man was looked at as a whole, and his behavior was a part of his own strength, no longer exclusively dependent on the possibility that Mama had touched the patient's genitals when he was very young. Psychoanalysis, through Horney, became a study of creativity, not only of intellectual findings.

Horney and I became very good friends, and as she was very successful in her own practice she sent me as many patients as I could take. From one day to another, I fulfilled the American ideal. I became rich (not really). I had a marvelous suite at 88 Central Park West, where old man Brill, one of Freud's first collaborators, had lived, and I could send my children to good schools, even to swanky schools—like the Dalton School and Choate. What a change through the will of God! the old Kaiser Wilhelm used to say. *(Welche Wendung durch Gotts Fuegung.)* But I said then, and I still say it today: my good fortune was not caused by supernatural forces. My success came through the spontaneity, the personal freedom, the generosity of Americans, who are the only people in the world able to treat foreigners like real people, similar to themselves. I unfortunately cannot say that about the Swiss, among whom I now live. There is no xenophobia in America, and this is a great thing, a very great thing.

But you see I was not the usual foreigner, seeking his fortune in the land of freedom. I was more—or you may say less. I tried to live anonymously, but I did not succeed.

The specter of Dada followed me wherever I went. In the beginning of my American existence—at a time when I was as poor and helpless as anybody can be—a man from the King Features Syndicate came to me and wanted some articles on Dada. The *World Telegram* had given some publicity to my entry into the United States. I was on the way to becoming a Dadaist again, but had to be a doctor and pursue my medical activities—because there is nothing that you could less live on, materially speaking,

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than Dada. This conflict between being a Dadaist and being a doctor has followed me all my life, and was present at all times in my American existence. I dare say that up to today the Americans have never understood Dadaism. They think of it as an art movement, as did Mr. William S. Rubin, a curator of the Museum of Modern Art, when he organized the last great exhibition "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage." The bringing together of Dadaism and Surrealism was to me perverse, but I could do nothing about it.

Here is one of the reasons that I left the States. I never succeeded in making clear to anyone the true meaning of Dada, which fights against a cultural ideology being used as a protective shield for social and political injustices. Dada fought for the freedom of the creative personality, for the absence of artistic snobbism and lies. This problem is so complicated that the Dadaists themselves could never really fully express it. Dada was the beginning of the revolution of the suppressed personality against technology, mass media and the feeling of being lost in an ocean of business cleverness. Dada is a form of humanism—not the humanism of the German classics, but a fight for the freedom and the rights of the individual.

I could never make this clear to Americans, and so as a doctor I was a success, and as a Dadaist (the thing closest to my heart) I was a failure.

The feeling of being a failure as a Dadaist followed me through my American existence, and it influenced—happily or unhappily —my medical activity. After some time I could not even stay longer with the Horney group, although I never left them officially. I became interested in existential analysis, the founder of which was Binswanger the Swiss. In New York we founded the New York Ontoanalytical Society and—I dare to say it—they gave me a prize: the Binswanger Award for Outstanding Achievements.

What kind of achievements? I tried to find that out myself. I never wrote a book on psychoanalysis; I never wrote a book on psychiatry, except for one called *Sexualitaet und Persoenlichkeit*, a German publication. I really was in a state of malaise. I tried to

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state that and to make clear that it resulted from the conflict between being a Dadaist and being a doctor. It more and more came to my mind that at the end of my life I had to be a Dadaist again. And to be a Dadaist, I had to go to a country where the creative personality had been and still now was a problem.

I think I have to make this very clear. First, I want to repeat that I have no resentment against America. I consider my leaving the States as a failure on my part to adapt myself to the situation in America—a failure that, owing to the fact that I am a Dadaist and will stay a Dadaist, became especially painful.

But as good as it sounds, I think I will still have to make the whole thing clear by explaining why I left America for good. I have already said that many outside circumstances played a role: my age, the fact that I wanted to retire and to write again, the fact that I wanted to go back to the place, the country, the situation where my Dadaist problem had arisen. To be clearer, I hope: there is no Dada conflict in America, while there is still such a thing in Europe, or there was at least until recently.

But is this really so? Isn't the world everywhere the same? Influenced by proud scientists, who are too stupid to understand that the differences are not less important than ubiquitous sameness? Don't I find the same nationalistic, depersonalizing, computerizing pride of scientists and pseudoscientists in Europe as in America? What a joy for these people that we went to the moon! But what will they say when it is found out that the dirt scratched from the moon is the same dirt that we find here on earth, and that we spent our billions more for the dreams of Mr. Wernher von Braun than for our own personal realities?

It is a fact that at heart I feel unhappy when I have to function well. And I more and more become aware of the fact that functioning well is the sickness of the American civilization—just about to kill the remaining stock of personal freedom and spontaneity. During my last years in the States, in spite of all my love for American ideals and for American reality, I became sick of my growing success and orderliness. I was in danger of becoming one of those handshaking "How are you" and "How do you do" types that I hate so much. I wanted to be a hippie again, a

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Dadaist hippie in my own style with short hair and with a good fitting suit—but a hippie anyway. My desire to be disorderly, chaotic and malfunctioning, although constantly thwarted by the A.M.A. and my colleagues, became overwhelming. I wanted to go back to some kind of chaos: not a chaos that kills, but a chaos that is the first step to creativity. I more and more hated the physician-businessman type who uses all the tests and all the tricks, but is not able to give the patient something substantial that gets him well. I hated the overall moneymaking attitude of the average physician, and I then even hated being a physician.

Here, gentlemen, is my conflict. Being unable to solve it entirely, I try to solve it by changing scenes. It is a mistake. I know it, but this mistake may have curative qualities. I see it from here in Switzerland, where I now live, very clearly: America is a tragic land, and the Americans are a tragic people. Their grandiose try to found a free society has failed, and now they are in an unsolvable conflict. The war in Vietnam, the Negro problem, poverty, and the bankruptcy of the cities—while the arms manufacturers thrive on their income. Gentlemen, America is bankrupt. But I don't claim to be in a much better situation. I want to be a hippy, a doctor and a moneymaking clever man at the same time. These are unsolvable propositions.

I sometimes try to help myself by looking at the famous mountain panorama, at the forests, and at the lake. But I think I am a realist, not a romantic. I will have to make it clearer and clearer to myself why I left the States, or else one day I shall rush to the station, buy a ticket, and go back to New York. I shall salute the Statue of Liberty with a melancholic smile, but I think I will then understand that liberty really never existed anywhere, and that the American attempt to bring it about (although it has failed) has been one of the most sincere attempts.

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Thoughts of a Voyeur

Richard Moore

Windows flatly dark. Others glowing
through drawn shades dumbly into the night.
There's one still hollowed out with light,
a carefree light,
looking out over the park
and not abashed to be showing
intimate spaces to the dark,
and there I see a woman pass
gliding behind her window glass.

She stops; and under silent shelf
her hands reach to undo herself.
Her knickknacks watch. The dress slips to a chair.
Her fingers clasp, rove in her hair,
flowing in gold above a lamp,
her eyes darkness, dark her brows.
And she is luminous, stands marble-clear.
I'll tramp
barren for months for this one vision here.

Unhouse
me, since you must,
and draw me to the park's dark dust,

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untouched, unreal.
Bright ghost, you give
nothing, only live
as in a mirror's counterfeited space
in which I see a creature face to face
and reach out, touch it—glass is all I'd feel.

And I, shadow like she!
I am her image of me, she, aware
of nothing . . . . Look there!
She swims to me
out of her mirror depth, up to her window,
looks down to me, into this night I'm in . . .
I'm safe. She can't know
I'm here, have been here—or have ever been.

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The Poets Have Resigned

STEFAN JOVANOVICH

the poets have resigned their voices
grown fat and green on holidays
in palace gardens at Peiping
resonant balanced with wine they
have mounted and ridden backwards
on burrows bounced along laughing
into their jugs about the mating
of rumps to asses
steps dissipate the limpid morning
in conversation hopscotch pairs
of feet trace pebble walks the children
bright with guilty secrets smile
at each other's eyes
are they to accept juggle memories
swallow goldfish answering
images in lotus ponds?
barges dress out silken sheets taste the wind
today the court will go to pleasure
islands far across the jasmine lake
for the Emperor the occasion
a courtesan is to be brushed on paper
and made beautiful as poetry

✪ STEFAN JOVANOVICH, a former officer in the United States Navy, is writing, in addition to poetry, a personal account of the Vietnamese conflict.

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American Historians and the Democratic Idea

IRVING KRISTOL

ALTHOUGH IT IS HARDLY A SECRET, I had better affirm it explicitly right at the outset: I am no kind of historian. I am a journalist, at best a man of letters, and I am keenly aware that, as Voltaire observed, a man of letters resembles a flying fish: "if he raises himself up a little, the birds devour him; if he dives, the fish eat him up." I take this to mean that insofar as I refer to general ideas, I shall be devoured by the scholarly eagles, and that insofar as I refer to particular details, I shall be eaten alive by the scholarly sharks. On the other hand, it is in the nature of a flying fish that he cannot for too long skim nervously along the surface. That suits neither his instincts nor his appetite. So, in what follows, I shall be at the historian's mercy, without really expecting any from him.

As a matter of fact the only reason I feel justified in proposing these thoughts to a scholarly public is that some years ago I set out to write a book. The book was supposed to deal with—God willing, it will yet deal with—the present state of the democratic idea in America, and with the way in which the ambiguities surrounding this idea have been the cause of many of our contemporary social and political problems. For obvious reasons, some background reading in American history seemed like a useful preparatory exercise. Well, that exercise turned out to be more strenuous and less satisfying than I anticipated. To my dismay, I discovered that, far from providing me with any convenient, ready-made historical perspective on the fate of the democratic idea in America,

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most American historians simply offered me further and quite unwelcome evidence of, first, how confused this idea has been during most of America's history, and, second, how confused American historians themselves have been about this idea. It is not that American historians are notably reticent about what has happened to democracy in America. They obviously have a great deal to say. But they appear to have given so very little thought to the various meanings that the idea of democracy might have. Perhaps it ought not to have surprised me that American historians, like other Americans, have so little aptitude for, or interest in, what is essentially a problem of political philosophy. But I confess that it did.

Let me give a couple of examples of what I have in mind. If one were to ask, "What is the most effectively conservative piece of legislation passed by the Federal government in this century?" the answer, I submit, is both obvious and incontestable. It is the Nineteenth Amendment, extending the suffrage to women. The voting habits of the American population are something we know a great deal about, and there is just no question but that women, to the extent that they do more than duplicate their husbands' votes, are to be found disproportionately in the conservative wing of the electorate. Yet in all of our history books the Nineteenth Amendment is regarded as a progressive and liberal action, not at all as a conservative one. This strikes me as being a curious state of affairs, and suggests that there is something odd about the way in which Americans go about writing their history. I can imagine someone arguing that female suffrage has contributed to a revolution in American morals. But I do not see why anyone should expect politically *liberal* consequences from that revolution.

Another example. If one were to ask, "What is the most effectively conservative piece of legislation passed by state legislatures in this century?" the answer—which I again submit is both obvious and incontestable—is the popular referendum. There must be hundreds of American historians alive today who, in their respective localities, have seen some of their most cherished and most liberal ideas—school integration, for instance, or less restrictive zoning laws—buried in a referendum. Yet when they enter their classrooms, or write their books, all this is forgotten and

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ignored. Almost invariably they regard the advent of the popular referendum as a victory for both democracy and liberalism. They are very upset when you point out that this seems not to be the case. And they get utterly bewildered if you dare to suggest that, on certain other conceptions of democracy or liberty, one need not regard it as a victory for either.

It is clear that something is at work here that is not to be explained by the ordinary canons of historical scholarship. What is involved, it seems to me, is an ideology so powerful as to represent a kind of religious faith. Indeed, we can fairly call this ideology "the democratic faith," since this term is frequently and approvingly used by members of the congregation themselves. Because it is an authentic faith, it is a very complicated and conglomerate affair. But I believe one can say two truthful and simple things about it.

First of all, it evidently cares much more about ascertaining the source and origin of political power than it does about analyzing the existential consequences of this power. Which is to say, like all faiths it places much more emphasis on men's "good" intentions —in this case, men's democratic intentions—than on whatever may follow from these intentions. And, of course, like all faiths it ends up grappling with the problem of evil—with the existence of disorder, and decay, and injustice, which ought not to exist in a society constructed on democratic principles, but which patently do. This problem itself is usually resolved in the traditional religious way—that is, by assuming that it flows from the conspiracy of wicked demiurges ("vested interests," in American jargon) or the undue influence of "alien" ideas that frustrate the perfection we are entitled to.

Secondly, and this is but a corollary of my first point, what we are dealing with is obviously *not* a political philosophy. The only reason I go to the trouble of pointing this out is that once upon a time, in this country, the question of democracy *was* a matter for political philosophy, rather than for faith. And the way in which a democratic political philosophy was gradually and inexorably transformed into a democratic faith seems to me to be perhaps the most important problem in American intellectual—and ultimately political—history. In this transformation, American historians

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have played a significant role—although, being themselves for the most part men of good democratic faith, they have been so busy playing this role that they have rarely got around to explaining it to us, or to themselves.

The difference between a democratic faith and a democratic political philosophy is basically this: whereas a faith may be attentive to the *problems* of democracy, it has great difficulty perceiving or thinking about the *problematics* of democracy. By "problematics" I mean those kinds of problems that flow from, that are inherent in, that are generated by democracy itself. These problematics change their hue with time and circumstance: the Founding Fathers would have been as bewildered by the current status of the popular referendum as are our progressive historians. But what makes them problematics rather than problems is that they are organically connected with the political system of democracy itself rather than with any external or adventitious factors.

It really is quite extraordinary how the majority of American historians have, until quite recently, determinedly refused to pay attention to any thinker, or any book, that treated democracy as problematic. Although our historians frequently quote from this source, and much effort has been made to determine who wrote which paper, it is a fact that no American historian has ever written a book on the Federalist papers. (As a further matter of fact, *no one* in America—historian, political scientist, jurist, or whatever—ever published a book on *The Federalist* until a few years ago, when a Swiss immigrant scholar rather clumsily broke the ice.) Men like E. L. Godkin, Herbert Croly, Paul Elmer More, even Tocqueville, have interested American historians mainly as "source material"—hardly anyone goes to them to *learn* anything about American democracy. And it is certainly no accident that our very greatest historian, Henry Adams, who did indeed understand the problematics of democracy, is a "loner," with no historical school or even a noteworthy disciple to carry on in his tradition. As Richard Hofstadter recently pointed out, there are plenty of Turnerites, and Beardites, and, of course, Marxists among American historians, but there are no Adamsites or Tocquevillians.

In this respect, the contrast between American historians and

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the men who created this democracy is a striking one. Although none of the Founding Fathers can be called a political philosopher, most of them were widely read in political philosophy and had given serious thought to the traditional problems of political philosophy. One of these traditional problems was the problematic character of democracies. The Founding Fathers were aware that, in centuries past, democracy—in the sense of the unfettered rule of the *demos,* of the majority—had been one of the least stable and not always the most admirable of political regimes. And this awareness—shared by practically all educated men of the time—caused them to devise a system that was more democratic than the "mixed regimes" that most political philosophers approved of, yet that also possessed at least some of the virtues thought to be associated with a "mixed regime." Such virtues pertained not to the *origins* of government but to its *ends.* In short, the Founding Fathers sought to establish a "popular government" that could be stable, just, free; where there was security of person and property; and whose public leaders would claim legitimacy not only because they were elected officials but also because their character and behavior approximated some accepted models of excellence. The fact that they used the term "popular government" rather than "democracy" is an accident of historical semantics. They were partisans of self-government—of government by the people—who deliberately and with a bold, creative genius "rigged" the machinery of the system so that this government would be one of which they, as thoughtful and civilized men, could be proud.

In establishing such a popular government, the Founding Fathers were certainly under the impression that they were expressing a faith in the common man. But they were sober and worldly men, and they were not about to hand out blank checks to anyone, even if he was a common man. They thought that political institutions had something to do with the shaping of common men, and they took the question, *"What kind of common man does our popular government produce?"* to be as crucial a consideration as any other. They took it for granted that democracy was capable of bringing evil into the world, and they wanted a system of government that made this as unlikely as possible, and that was provided with as strong as possible an inclination toward

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self-correction. And I should guess that they would have regarded, as a fair test of their labors, the degree to which common men in America could rise to the prospect of choosing uncommon men, speaking for uncommon ideals, as worthy of exercising authority over them.

The Founding Fathers, then, established what they thought to be—and what the world then unanimously thought to be—a democratic process for the American people. But they looked beyond this democratic process to the spirit—the ideal intent—that might animate it. This conception is very nicely expressed in words that Matthew Arnold a century later directed toward his American audiences:

> The difficulty for democracy is, how to find and keep high ideals. The individuals who compose it are, the bulk of them, persons who need to follow an ideal, not to set one; and one ideal of goodness, high feeling, and fine culture, which an aristocracy once supplied to them, they lose by the very fact of ceasing to be a lower order and becoming a democracy. Nations are not truly great solely because the individuals composing them are numerous, free, and active; but they are great when these numbers, this freedom, and this activity are employed in the service of an ideal higher than that of an ordinary man, taken by himself.

These words doubtless sound anachronistic to the ears of those who have in their lifetime heard a President of the United States declare that he would disarm the ideological opponents of democracy by distributing the Sears, Roebuck catalogue among them. But such words would not have sounded strange to the Founding Fathers, many of whom had occasion to say much the same thing. Between the political philosophy of the Founding Fathers and the ideology of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, there stretches the fascinating—and still largely untold—story of what happened to the democratic idea in America.

In the writing of our first major historian, George Bancroft, one can already see a clear premonition of things to come. His was a muted and rather covert operation: the Jacksonians, of whom Bancroft was one, were not eager to emphasize any ideological or philosophical differences they might have had with the Founding Fathers, whose memory was still revered among the electorate.

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Nevertheless, what was involved in Bancroft's work was a giant step toward the redefinition of the democratic idea. It is striking that in his voluminous writings Bancroft paid hardly any attention—gave only passing notice—to the *Federalist*. Indeed, in his *History of the Formation of the Constitution* he pretty much denied that the Founding Fathers had any serious political ideas in their heads at all. "Then men who framed it [the Constitution] followed the lead of no theoretical writer of their own or preceding times. . . . They wrought from the elements which were at hand, and shaped them to meet the new experiences which had arisen." It was important for Bancroft to assert this, because he did not seem to want to be taking issue with the Founding Fathers in articulating his belief that ". . . the common judgment in taste, politics, and religion is the highest authority on earth, and the nearest possible approach to an infallible decision." Bancroft's strategy was to defend Jacksonian democracy as a restoration of the original republic in the face of an "aristocratic" conspiracy. It was only if, as Bancroft claimed, the Founding Fathers had no political ideas that his own political ideas could be represented as the natural extension of their work. In fact, and of course, Bancroft's notion of popular infallibility was utterly alien to the Founding Fathers, and had been explicitly rejected by them.

It was, then, within less than half a century of the founding of the republic that this major revolution in American thought took place, that an original political *philosophy* of democracy was replaced with a religious *faith* in democracy. The sources of this revolution—in theology, in literature and in politics itself—are not at all mysterious, although they have usually been studied in quite other connections. And the impact of this revolution on American politics and American thought is no mystery, either. Still, the men who were involved in it were usually careful to play down its revolutionary character, and preferred to say—some in all sincerity, others with a seeming sincerity that I find suspect—that all they were doing was to draw some natural inferences from the heritage bequeathed to them by the Founding Fathers.

The nature of this new democratic faith was perhaps most candidly expressed, in political terms, by George Sidney Camp in his book, *Democracy* (1841). Camp claimed that his book was the

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first defense of democracy as the best form of government for all people, in all places, at all times, ever to be written in the United States. So far as I know, he is absolutely justified in this claim. No man who ever studied political philosophy, and seriously contemplated the problems of governing men, had ever said such a thing; certainly none among the Founding Fathers ever did. But Camp could and did say it because he and his contemporaries had abolished political philosophy, to all intents and purposes, and replaced it with a transcendental faith in the common man. The quality of this transcendental faith can be exemplified by quotations from dozens of writers of the time, of which the following—from the senior Henry James, in 1852—is not untypical:

> Democracy is not so much a new form of political life as a dissolution and disorganization of old forms. It is simply a resolution of government into the hands of the people, a taking down of that which has before existed, and a recommitment of it to its original sources . . .

In this mass endeavor at redefining the democratic idea, historians after Bancroft were much less involved than poets, publicists, and men of letters. On the contrary: American historians of the nineteenth century were distinctly more Whiggish and neo-Federalist in their ideological complexion than other classes of writers. Most of them were born in Whiggish households, were engaged in such Whiggish occupations as university education and the law, and had connections with the genteel Brahmin culture of New England and New York. One can understand, therefore, why they were not easy converts to the new transcendental faith of democracy. What is less easy to understand is how most of them —always excepting Adams—managed to dodge any kind of direct confrontation with the transformation of American democracy that was occurring before their very eyes. Perhaps they were intimidated by popular opinion; perhaps, as patriotic Americans, they were reluctant to look too hard and too closely at this matter; perhaps they really did believe that, although the democratic faith clearly represented a departure from the political philosophy of the Founding Fathers, nevertheless this was a temporary phenomenon, and that ultimately there would be an amiable convergence. Whatever the explanation, however, it is the case that the bulk of nineteenth-century American historiography has about it

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a curious evasiveness, what one may even call a lack of relevance. (In the case of someone like Parkman, who was perhaps the most gifted of his generation, it is not too harsh to use the term "escapism.") That this is more than a personal impression on my part is indicated by the fact that American historians of today have little occasion to refer back to these predecessors—and, indeed, most of their writings are out of print.

Such was the situation until the advent of Turner and Beard —at which point, of course, everything changed. Now, for the first time, the historical profession—the official guardians of our civic traditions—made explicit to the American mind what had conveniently been hitherto implicit in American life: the repudiation of the political philosophy of the Founding Fathers. The shock of recognition that this effected upon the American public was as profound as it was unwelcome.

In browsing through the literature generated by "the Turner thesis" and "the Beard thesis," I am impressed by the way in which most twentieth-century historians have managed to convert an important ideological debate into a matter of academic opinion. Much of this literature centers around the question as to whether Turner and Beard were right or wrong in the inferences they drew from their evidence. Only rarely will a historian poke around the premises on which Turner and Beard established their historical writings. Yet it is these premises that are the most interesting and important aspects of their work.

In Turner's writings, the various things he has to say about the frontier are really of no great significance compared with the way he uses the term "democracy." After all, no one has ever doubted that the frontier experience had an impact on the American character, that this impact was in the direction of egalitarianism, and that this egalitarianism in turn has had repercussions in all areas of American life. The exact degree of the egalitarian tilt that the frontier, as compared with other influences, did exercise is an issue that may be—and has been—debated. But Turner would hardly have created such a fuss, he would hardly be the major historian he is, if all he had done was to call attention in a somewhat exaggerated fashion to the influence of the frontier.

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To appreciate Turner's importance, I would argue that one has to see him not so much as a historian as an ideologue; and to understand his work fully, one should regard it as being primarily an ideological enterprise.

The point of this enterprise is indeed to be found in Turner's famous dictum that American democracy was born on the frontier —but that point is not to be found where we have customarily looked at it. Turner was not saying anything terribly novel about the frontier—but he *was* saying something new and important about the way we should use the term "democracy." In effect, he was redefining the democratic idea for the historical profession along lines that had already become familiar outside this profession. He was saying that by "democracy" we ought to mean the Jacksonian-egalitarian-populist transcendental faith in the common man, and he was further explicitly stating that this was something different from, and antithetical to, the kind of democratic political philosophy that the Founding Fathers believed in. Turner made Americans aware that the conventional republican pieties, which used the word "democracy" as little more than a synonym for "American," were—to say the least—ambiguous. And he offered to young historians the exciting prospect of rewriting American history in the light of a democratic faith.

To get a clear notion of what Turner really did, it is useful to turn to an earlier essay on the relation of the frontier to American democracy. I refer to the essay by E. L. Godkin entitled "Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy," which was published in 1865. The fact that this essay is not much read, and only infrequently referred to, even by historians of American democracy, indicates with what success Turner achieved his true intention—which was, precisely, to make essays like Godkin's as unread and unremembered as possible, even by historians of American democracy.

Godkin's essay is a thoughtful rejoinder to what he took to be Tocqueville's excessively pessimistic views of the prospects for American democracy. Whether or not Godkin was correct in his interpretation of Tocqueville is here beside the point. In any case, Godkin—who regarded himself as a perfectly good American democrat—was dismayed by what he took to be Tocqueville's

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assertion that the many virtues of American democracy were incompatible with a high degree of civilization, an elevated culture, and a noble conception of public life. He conceded that these were not yet to be found in America, but attributed their absence to the special material circumstances of American history—*and especially to the continual, pervasive influence of the frontier.* Although Godkin had many kind words for the frontier, he did allow that it was the aggressive, self-seeking individualism, the public disorderliness, the philistine materialism of the American frontier that prevented American democracy from achieving a more splendid destiny. And he held out the hope that, as the influence of the frontier inevitably declined, the quality of American civilization and of American public life would markedly improve.

Now, it is clear that Godkin's idea of democracy was not Turner's—was, indeed, very much at odds with Turner's. It was what we would today designate as a neo-Federalist idea, which regarded egalitarianism as not only an attribute of democracy but also a problem for it, which was very much concerned with seeing to it that the American democracy was deferential to certain high republican ideals—and, of course, to those republican institutions and those "best men" that represented these ideals. Turner never refuted Godkin; Turner—even in his later years, when his feelings about the frontier were more mixed—never really tried to come to terms with Godkin; he never really argued, in a serious way, with anyone whose conception of democracy differed from his own. He simply did what all successful ideologues do when they establish a new orthodoxy: he ignored, and persuaded everyone else to ignore, the very existence of these different views—and where this was impossible, he blandly excluded these views from the spectrum of democratic opinion, relocating them on another spectrum vaguely called "aristocratic."

I shall not discuss Charles A. Beard in any detail, since his originality, like Turner's, lay in persuading the historical profession to accept the new ideological redefinition of the democratic idea. Aside from imputing crudely self-interested motives to the Founders—a bit of malice that wasn't really crucial to his argument—Beard, so far as I can see, ended up with the aggressive

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assertion that the Founding Fathers were not Jacksonian democrats and were men of only partial democratic faith. He was right, of course. The really interesting question is *why* they were not, and whether perhaps they might have had good reason for being what they were. It was not until the end of his life that Beard addressed himself to this question, and in the course of answering it he tacitly abandoned his original thesis. But, by this time, American historians naturally ceased being interested in Beard.

Nor shall I say anything more about the "progressive" school of historical scholarship that has been the dominant orthodoxy of these past six decades. I am sure I have made it sufficiently clear that, whatever the merits—and they are often considerable—of particular "progressive" historians, their work seems to me crucially deficient by virtue of their *simpliste* conception of democracy. I find too much theodicy in their writings, and too little political philosophy. I have learned much from them—but only rarely have I learned what they set out to teach me.

As one might expect, I am far more sympathetic to the work of the so-called "revisionists"—such men as Richard Hofstadter, Marvin Meyers, Stanley Elkins and others—who have perceived that the democratic faith of progressive historiography does not really square with the facts of our democratic history. These are the historians of my lifetime whom I find most instructive and most "relevant." And yet—and yet, in the end I have to conclude that even they are curiously unsatisfying. They trouble me because they are, precisely, "revisionists" in their attitude and perspective. That is to say, they are excellent in pointing out the shortcomings of the standard, "progressive" account of such historical phenomena as Jacksonianism, abolitionism, populism. But it is never clear to me what they would put in its place—or whether, indeed, they really want to go so far as to put anything new in its place. They seem to see their task as primarily corrective, and while their corrections strike me as persuasive and pertinent, such revisionism leaves me with the feeling that many important things—perhaps even the most important things—remain to be said.

It is true that a few scholars, sometimes counted very loosely among the "revisionists," *have* offered such a perspective and gen-

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eral statement. But this only reinforces my uneasiness. Thus, in reacting against the notion that American history can be seen as one long conflict between those of true democratic faith and an ever-incipient "aristocratic" reaction, Daniel Boorstin has emphasized—quite correctly, in my view—the "consensus" in political attitudes that most Americans have, throughout their history, subscribed to. For him, the relative immunity of our society to ideological speculation is a fortunate circumstance, and he quotes with approval Edmund Burke:

> The bulk of mankind on their part are not excessively curious concerning any theories, whilst they are really happy; and one sure symptom of an ill-conducted state is the propensity of the people to resort to them.

Now I happen to agree with both Burke and Boorstin on the truth of this proposition. I dislike ideologically turbulent societies because they have a tendency to barbarize men who may previously have been at least modestly civilized, and to primitivize ideas that may previously have been at least modestly fine and complex. But I would go on to note that Boorstin is reading Burke carelessly, and that Burke does not mean what Boorstin seems to think he does. Burke, in this quotation, is talking about "the bulk of mankind" and "the people." He was *not* talking about political philosophers or historians or scholars—he was, after all, one himself. Burke thought it was a disaster when political philosophies became popular ideologies. But he never meant to suggest that truly thoughtful men should not engage in political philosophy and one can hardly doubt that he valued political philosophy and political philosophers very highly. Burke could not have had a high regard for a society where *no one* was engaging in the serious study of politics—a study that was, for him, one of the noblest of human enterprises. In short, I do not think Burke, were he alive today, would regard the history of American democracy with quite the same satisfaction that Boorstin does. He might even be somewhat appalled at the enduring *mindlessness* of this democracy.

Professor Louis Hartz has also a new and general interpretation of American history. But there is an interesting difference between Hartz and Boorstin. Where Boorstin emphasizes the

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*non*ideological character of American democracy, Hartz emphasizes its *uni*-ideological character. He, too, stresses the extent to which American political opinion has represented an enduring consensus, but this time it is around an idea, and does not merely reflect, as in Boorstin, a "pragmatic" adaptation to life on the American continent. The idea—the American liberal-democratic idea—is compounded of a few Lockean dogmas. And the history of American thought is little more than the changes rung—the permutations and combinations—within this idea.

Anyone who is even reasonably familiar with European history over these past two centuries cannot doubt the validity of this thesis—cannot doubt that, in comparison with Europe, America has had a remarkable homogeneity of ideology. But what is truly astonishing is that Hartz, after demonstrating the dominion of Lockean ideology, proceeds to insist that ideology itself is of no importance anyway. "The system of democracy," he tells us, "works by virtue of certain processes which its theory never describes, to which, indeed, its theory is actually hostile." This process involves "group coercion, crowd psychology, and economic power"; out of the push and pull of conflicting interests, there emerges an equilibrium that represents a kind of gross public interest. If and when we examine the ideology of this democratic process, and find it faulty or deficient, this is a crisis of democracy's image, not of its reality—a mere "agony of the mind rather than of the real world."

I must say that I was taken aback when Mr. Hartz, who is an intellectual historian of considerable talent and insight, led me to this conclusion. Only in America, I thought, could a historian of ideas—whose major work reveals the very great influence that a particular version of the democratic idea has had upon our history—end up with the assertion that political mind has no dominion over political matter. That the statement is false on the basis of Hartz's own work bothers me less than the fact that it is false in general—I honestly don't see how any intelligent man with even the slightest bit of worldly experience could entertain this belief. The political ideas that men have *always* help to shape the political reality they live in—and this is so whether these be habitual opinions, tacit convictions or explicit ideologies. It is

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ideas that establish and define in men's minds the categories of the politically possible and the politically impossible, the desirable and the undesirable, the tolerable and the intolerable. And what is more ultimately real, politically, than the structure of man's political imagination? Hartz's own book reveals that there is nothing more real; and his book will survive the rather bewildering lessons he has managed to learn from it.

Reading Boorstin and Hartz, one comes away with the strong impression that America has been a very lucky country. I do not doubt this for a moment. But unless one is willing to claim that this luck is a sign of an enduring Divine benevolence—unless one believes that Americans are indeed Sons of the Covenant, a Chosen People—it is very difficult to argue from the fact of luck to the notion that democracy in America is a *good* form of government, or that we have more than an expediential commitment to this form of government. And while, as I have said, I recognize America's good luck, I really cannot believe that Americans are a historically unique and Chosen People. I am myself a Jew and an American, and with all due respect to the Deity, I think the odds are prohibitive that He would have gone out of His way to choose me twice over.

Lucky we have been; but perhaps our luck is beginning to run out. I believe that all of us are well aware that the areas of American life that are becoming unstable and problematic are increasing in numbers and size every day. Yet our initial responses—and it usually remains our final response—is to echo Al Smith: "All the ills of democracy can be cured by more democracy." But is this really true? Is it true of our mass media, of our political party system, of our foreign policy, of our crisis in race relations? Is it not possible that many of the ills of our democracy can be traced to this democracy itself—or, more exactly, to this democracy's conception of itself? And how are we even to contemplate this possibility if our historians seem so unaware of it?

It appears to me that there is a great deal of work still to be done in American history. To begin with, one would like to know *why* the political philosophy of the Founding Fathers was

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so ruthlessly unmanned by American history. Was it the result of inherent flaws in that political philosophy itself? Was it a failure of statesmanship? Was it a consequence of external developments that were unpredictable and uncontrollable? These questions have hardly been asked, let alone answered. And the reason they haven't been asked is, first of all, the dominance of the progressive historian, who sees American history in terms of an ineluctable and providential "Rise of the Common Man," and, secondly, that even the revisionists shy away from raising the basic issues of political philosophy that are involved.

I should like to think that I am as good a democrat as the average historian, with as genuine an affection for the common man. But unlike the "consensus historians," I do not see that the condition of American democracy is such as automatically to call forth my love and honor, although I respect it enough to offer it my obedience. And unlike the so-called "conflict-historians," I get no relief in discovering as many instances as possible of civil strife and mob disorder. Both of these schools of thought, it seems to me, perceive the common man—the one in his potential for merely self-centered activity, the other in his exclusive potential for resisting authority—in terms that remind me of Ortega's definition of the "mass man": the individual who is not capable of assuming responsibility for self-limitation, for a kind of self-definition that is both generous and self-respecting. Interestingly enough, Ortega's definition of the "mass man" is identical with Plato's definition of the tyrant. Which in turn suggests that the idea of the tyranny of the majority—whether it be an essentially mindless, self-seeking majority or a simply rancorous one—is capable of more general application than has hitherto been thought to be the case. And this, in its turn, leads me to wonder whether American historians themselves have not too frequently, and all too willingly, fallen victim to what is ultimately a tyrannical vulgarization of the democratic idea.

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Thank God It Snowed

RONALD L. FAIR

BUT THERE WERE COOL TIMES, TOO. There were the rains that came in the spring and the fall. The rain.

Sometimes it rained so hard that the sewers plugged up within three minutes. We would be outside, playing in a vacant lot, and before we could reach cover we were soaked, and the lot, weeds worn down and away by our persistent feet, was turned to mud. The rain fell like heavy hands on a drum, and the mud thinned, and colored the rain.

We ran. We ran to shelter. Not so much because we were afraid of getting wet, but because none of us wanted to go through that painful experience of having our parents look at us and accuse us of not having enough sense to come in out of it. We ran. And no matter how fast we ran, we could never keep time with the rapid cadence of the thousands, of the millions of raindrops. The rain came on us like a great mysterious, cleansing thing that cleared the air of all dust and brightened and recolored things with a kind of gentle rendering that lasted for days; that sometimes lasted long enough for us to forget how dirty things had been before it came with the sweet breezes from the lake.

The sewers were totally ineffective, and we were delighted, because it meant that we had pools of water for sailing our popsicle-stick boats, the tarred streets and curbs refusing to let the water escape. Those of us who were truly adventurous wandered into the vacant lots and sailed our tiny cruisers on much more lavish waters.

Strange, now that I look back on the rain of my childhood, that I never think of it as being an unpleasant experience to be wet with rain. Oh, we sang songs about chasing the rain away, and we

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had little sayings that were passed on from generation to generation; some of them had probably come to us from as far back as the superstitious people hundreds of years before. When there was a flash of lightning that streaked across the sky, a child would say, "The devil's beatin' his wife." And when the deafening explosion of thunder followed, another child would reply, "Yeah, man, but she's fightin' back." And strange, too, that I think of it as being always a blessing that cooled the city. But I cannot forget the icy rain that fell in the fall and winter, chilling us through our heavy wool jackets and two sweaters, and a shirt, and even through our long underwear. We laughed at each other, mocking the one who shivered the most and then ultimately praising him. "Man, this cat keeps himself warm by shivering. Must be the warmest cat outside today."

Those fall rains were a prelude to the heavy gray cloud that would be with us for months to come. There would be snow after them, but the snow would be transformed almost immediately as it worked its way through the perpetual grit-cloud that hovered over our city, so that the grayness of the outside would blend with the grayness of our worlds inside where we spent the winter months keeping our roaches and rats fat so that they could go on producing their newborns along with us come the spring.

I remember that spring I became aware of the necessity of rain. I remember that spring I realized that had the rain not come, had it not washed down the buildings, had it not methodically worn away the industrial waste from the trees and shrubbery, had it not washed away the millions of tiny particles in swirling whirlpools that only little children can appreciate, had it not brightened, as it fell through the almost invisible powder that formed a poisonous gas working on our lungs, had it not given us pure air to breathe, we would have been asphyxiated by our misery. The spring rains would go on for about two months, and during that time we were distracted from the unpleasantness inside by the brightness and beauty the rain created outside. (Even weeds growing six feet high in a vacant lot can be beautiful when there is nothing else growing.) The rains would continue and we would try to soak them into our souls because soon the heat of summer would be with us, and

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with it would come the extreme depression of that gray grit-cloud that tried to remind us of our place in society.

But of all the seasons, winter was the most impressive. It was always beautiful in the winter. Everything was clean and smelled even better than it did after a spring rain. The temperature was often zero or below, and, with holes in our shoes and no rubbers, our feet were always wet and cold. But it was a good time of year. Most of us carried pieces of newspaper in our pockets and when the paper in our shoes became too wet we would step inside someone's doorway and change the expendable linings. There was snow everywhere and the half-dozen or so sleds on the block were enough to accommodate the thirty or forty children.

Snowplows never came through our neighborhood. It was good they didn't because the snow was a wedge against a reality we were glad not to face. I thank God it snowed as much as it did when we were young. I thank God we were freed from everything that was familiar.

Sometimes it seemed to snow for days; as if the elements had contrived to free us by transforming ugliness into beauty. There were other parts of the city that hated to see the snow come, and their snowplows worked almost daily trying to set the calendar back. But we prayed for it in our neighborhood. There were no landscaped gardens for us. There had been no year of fun on the golf course. There was no grass to be covered up, only broken glass and pages of old newspapers dancing in the wind with the leaves from the big cottonwoods that were always shedding something. There were no rose bushes that had to be protected against the subzero temperature, only weeds that were more than strong enough to fend for themselves. There was really not much beauty at all, only a gray, dirty, sad world we had lived in for nine months, and we were delighted to see it changed.

In the alleys the snow packed down hard on the mounds of garbage and provided us with hills for sliding. It leveled the uneven sidewalks. It even painted the buildings and filled the holes in the streets and in yards, and laid lawns, for once, over all the neighborhood. It was clean. It was pure. It was good.

With the coming of the snow, life became gentler as sounds

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became muffled. The snow was so special that all the children in the neighborhood respected its holiness and played more quietly.

Sampson would still come through three days a week, but he didn't sell much ice now. Who needed ice when every windowsill was a refrigerator? The other four days of the week he would deliver coal. But there was one very cold winter when he figured out a way to sell both at the same time. He built wooden platforms on both sides of his truck and he lined them with ice and then covered the ice with canvas so it didn't get coal dust on it. And then, inside the truck, he dumped two or three tons of coal. He still didn't sell much ice, but at least he was able to travel the alleys in good conscience that year.

When we were very young we ate the snow. As we grew a little older, we washed girls' faces in it. And as we became of age, we rolled it up in little balls and threw them at shiny new cars driven by white people passing through our neighborhood on their way to work.

It was indeed beautiful in the winter. I remember one year the snow was so high that, as we ran down the wavy path that led in front of the buildings, we had to jump up to see over the top. And it was always clean! An empty wine bottle was swallowed up by it, and tucked away so we wouldn't have to see it for a while. Old Jesse, who was always vomiting his insides up early in the morning so that we'd see it on the way to school, was temporarily forgotten because the snow covered over his chili-mack and sweetened the air again. Inside the doorways of the buildings the urine smell was still there, but not outside in the gangways like it was the rest of the year. Outside it smelled like it did everywhere else in the city; like it smelled where people had jobs and money. Outside it was like a dream and it was a pleasure to get soaked with it; chilled and shivering until we could stand it no longer. And even then we didn't want to go in, for inside was a reality that no climatic conditions could change. Even on Christmas Day with snow everywhere and a few toys under the trees and the radio playing Christmas music, and people saying "God bless you" everywhere in the world, even on *Christmas Day* when it grew late and we stepped inside our dungeons we realized that those God-bless-yous were not meant for us.

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The Scholarly Life

KENNETH EBLE

HALF-AWAKE ON THE WAY BACK WEST on the plane, I kept trying to phrase aphorisms. They took the form of definitions mixing the geology of the region to which I was returning with the world of scholarship I had just left. "The Modern Language Association is a vast insular body entirely surrounded by Edmund Wilson." "*PMLA:* a sterile blue lake formed by water collecting in a central depression, i.e., a sink." "Language and Literature: sparsely-vegetated prominences rising from an arid plain, sometimes mistaken for mountains, or molehills."

Shaken from these fancies by the plane's landing and restored to solid ground two thousand miles west of the *New York Review of Books* and eight hundred miles short of Berkeley, I began to think about where I was, where I had been. The Modern Language Association holds its annual convention just after Christmas, of recent years alternately in New York and Chicago, the only cities with hotel space large enough to accommodate the twelve thousand or so interviewers, job seekers, and paper readers who attend. It is the largest and most esteemed gathering of humanists in the United States. Its time of meeting is set, I believe, by the availability of cheaper hotel rates just after Christmas and by the necessity of academic hiring and firing well in advance. So the M.L.A. and the National Council of Teachers of English, which meets through Thanksgiving week annually, take over the major holidays for a great many teachers and scholars in the humanities, thus reducing their sharing in the goodwill, sentiment, and giving of thanks traditionally associated with these seasons. The intrusion of the M.L.A. convention into the season of joy is particularly noticeable, for the hiring that takes place there, the

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"slave market" as it is called, is generally regarded as the most inhumane of these post-Christmas activities.

Last year's M.L.A. convention was an unusual one. Holed up in my hotel room interviewing candidates, I gained most of my knowledge of its explosive character secondhand: the organized protest against meeting in Chicago the next year; the arrest of one of the dissidents for trying to stick a poster on the wall of the Americana Hotel; the capture of next year's second vice-presidency by the dissidents. There was no question that the politics of confrontation had invaded the M.L.A. The full aftermath of these events is still to be revealed. My own attitude places me somewhere between those who would defend the M.L.A. just as it has been and those who would change its character radically. It is in the interest of illuminating the character of the M.L.A., more broadly the nature of humanistic scholarship, that I put together the case history that follows.

The account properly begins with a trip I made, West to East, from the University of Utah where I was a beginning instructor, to Columbia University where I was to defend a doctoral dissertation entitled "Character and Conflict in the Novels of William Dean Howells." The defense of dissertation, the subsequent awarding of the Ph.D. degree, were the means of access into academic work, and it was only after I had the degree framed and hanging on the wall that I could feel that I was a fully sanctioned scholar in the humanities at last. My professional advance in the next dozen years can be measured by the increasing frequency of my attendance at national professional meetings. In part, this was because I became a department chairman. It was also because I was called upon to participate in the reading of papers, which is supposedly what scholarly conventions are for. At the 1965 convention of the National Council of Teachers of English in Boston, for example, I read a paper on "The Improvement of Instruction in College English." The following spring I received an invitation to appear on the program at the 1966 annual meeting in Houston. I answered the invitation as follows:

I do not know if anyone else is as distressed as I am by the great emphasis upon quantity in N.C.T.E. programs as against quality. I can

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assume that choosing me as chairman of a program was based upon merit, although considering that I have no part in making up the program, I cannot vouch for what kind of program it will be. Based on my experience at the last meeting when approximately fifteen people attended the Saturday afternoon session, I suspect it does not make much difference. The implications disturb me. There is too much busy work already in scholarship and teaching, and any conclave of teachers and scholars should justify itself on the quality of its program rather than on the number of sections.

The president of the N.C.T.E. replied to my letter by expressing his own uneasiness over these matters and ending with a hope that cheered him more than it did me:

> Since the convention has featured Saturday afternoon programs only for the past two years, some people have not yet gotten into the habit of attending the "D" programs. However, with the annual dinner, featuring a name speaker, on Saturday night, our holding power will improve. Boston was an improvement over Cleveland, and I am sure Houston will be a definite improvement over Boston on Saturday afternoon attendance.

I do not remember how Houston came out. The program for the 55th Annual Convention at Boston went to 236 pages and listed 108 section meetings, 52 committee meetings, 28 preconvention study groups and meetings, with a half-dozen preconvention conferences thrown in. Since they do things big in Texas, the Houston program must have been even bigger. I do remember seeing Robert Graves waiting for a taxi outside the hotel, and although I missed the tour of the Manned Spacecraft Center, I did get to the Astrodome, billed in the N.C.T.E. convention literature and in Houston as the Eighth Wonder of the World.

The next year I was invited to read a paper in the literature section of the N.C.T.E. convention at Honolulu. I accepted the invitation with some enthusiasm. I had never been to Hawaii, and since it was the fiftieth state, there was a fair chance that my university's rule against allotting travel funds for trips outside the country would not apply. Further, I had been thinking about William Dean Howells and attempting to explain just what it was that made him a dull writer. I had done a good deal of work (to use the academic phrase) on Howells. He was an admirable man, a

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very interesting man, an important literary figure, and yet, it seemed to me, he wrote dull books. I honestly wondered why they came out that way. I shifted my tentative title from "The Essential Dullness of William Dean Howells" to the more academic "William Dean Howells: A Reassessment," and sent it off to the program chairman.

The writing of the paper went well during the summer, and on Thanksgiving eve, I found myself flying across the Pacific into the sunset. The morning after, I was reading my paper in one of the conference rooms of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. I could look out through the palms and glimpse the surf. True, a jackhammer was pounding away somewhere in the courtyard below, and a tape-recorded talk by an eminent linguist was pressing in from one partitioned wall, but scholars, especially those who have been given free transportation to Hawaii, are not easily disturbed. The crowd was not large, thirteen, I believe, before two Polynesians slipped away. (Interest in William Dean Howells in the Islands at any season is probably not very great.) I shared the program with two other respectable scholars of American literature, and the response to our papers, considering the size of the audience, was all we could have asked for. That afternoon and the day following, I spent island hopping, visiting some of the spots on the big island where Mark Twain, Howells' lifelong friend, had paused in his early travels.

As is the custom with papers read at the N.C.T.E. convention, mine was forwarded to the official journal—*College English*—for consideration. Some weeks later I received this letter from the editor:

> The paper is splendid—it struck all sorts of responsive chords in me. Now I have to turn about and say that we can't use it, even at pain of implying that *CE* doesn't like literature.

It did strike me that way, so I looked up the journal's editorial policy, printed in the front of each monthly issue:

> *College English* is particularly receptive to articles of general professional importance in the following areas: (1) The working concepts of criticism: structure, genre, influence, period, myth, rhetoric, etc. (2)

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The nature of critical and scholarly reasoning. . . . (3) The structure of our field; implications of the way we segment it. . . . (4) The relevance of current thinking and research in other fields (e.g., philosophy, history, art history, psychology, linguistics). . . . (5) Curriculum, pedagogy, and educational theory. (6) Practical affairs in the profession. (7) Scholarly books, textbooks, and journals in the field.

The invitation was generous enough; everything a man might conceivably want to write about if he stayed away from literature. "Articles," the instructions went on, "should usually be limited to forty double-spaced typed pages, although shorter pieces are still welcome."

College English, it might be explained, is the official journal of the College Section of the National Council of Teachers of English. The organization itself has always been a little bit dotty, forced into it by the necessity of maintaining relationships between teachers of English at all levels, K through graduate school. It may also suffer, at the college level, from being second to the M.L.A., as Chicago is to New York or Avis to Hertz. To its credit, however, *College English* has published a livelier scholarship than *PMLA* and has always been mindful of the impact of English on its wide audience in the schools rather than on scholars alone. I was disappointed that my paper didn't get the chance to provoke some interest in Howells among this wide audience, but I put the piece away and forgot about it amid the press of my other academic responsibilities.

Some months later, I was invited to New York for a conference among writers, scholars and English department chairmen. The meeting was arranged by the M.L.A. in cooperation with PEN and the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities. It had its own peculiarities, its own high drama, which I will not go into here; its purpose was to explore how writers might be more easily brought into English departments. An uneasiness about the vitality of literary studies as they presently existed seemed to hang over the whole day's deliberations. After the meeting, sitting with a small group in the hotel bar, the Executive Secretary of the M.L.A. leaned over to me and said, "If you were to be given a free hand with *PMLA,* what would you do?" *PMLA* stands for Publications

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of the Modern Language Association of America, the chief repository for scholarly articles in language and literature in the country. I felt somewhat as Howells must have felt on his first trip from Ohio to New England. After he had met most of New England's literary eminences, there had been a dinner with Holmes, Lowell and James T. Fields. Holmes, according to Howells' account, had turned to Lowell and said, "Well, James, this is something like the apostolic succession; this is the laying on of hands." My career has not yet taken the upward course that marked Howells' rise, but he was much younger than I, and my experience is still too recent for its effects to be judged fairly. The fact that I was singularly barren of suggestions for improving the magazine has to be put down as an unpromising sign. Later, the Executive Secretary asked why I didn't send something of mine to *PMLA*. My answer was matter-of-fact: *PMLA* didn't publish the kind of thing I was interested in writing. "Try us, try us," I believe he said, and remembering the Howells piece, I told him I would send it in.

A week later, I spent an afternoon in the library putting in the footnotes. The next day I sent it off. It is necessary at this point to print enough of the piece to suggest its tone and drift if not to disclose its merits and defects:

William Dean Howells: A Reassessment

Fifty years ago, just before William Dean Howells' eightieth birthday, H. L. Mencken called attention to "the Dean" as "almost the national ideal," but a writer of "uninspired and hollow books" whose titles were already as "meaningless as a roll of Sumerian kings." If he did not call Howells' followers "fibrous virgins, fat matrons, and oleaginous clergymen," it was only because Ambrose Bierce had already said it. . . . Mencken's complaint that Howells' books "have not been criticized . . . they have been merely fawned over" has its point with respect to modern criticism of Howells as a writer of fiction. For, although criticism has been a mark of the times since Howells' death, its flourishing has been but an aspect of the larger flourishing of the academic study of literature in which every major and minor author has been granted an often uncriticizable importance. . . .

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Howells' large literary presence does behoove study. Yet, his novels today seem to be rather like one of those huge piles of tailings which mark abandoned mines. Occasionally some foolhardy or desperate chap goes in to see if he can pick up a nugget left behind, but, for the most part, the bulk and solidity of the residue occupy the attention of latter-day miner-scholars, content to explore the tailings without much regard for the presence of ore. . . . I think a reappraisal today needs to focus upon his literary merits. Admit he is a dull writer, I have been saying to myself, and try to account for it. . . .

Arguing Howells' dullness convincingly is vital to my purpose. But dullness requires the kind of duration that this paper cannot provide. I can make a kind of encapsulated case, as Mencken did, by reading titles: *Their Wedding Journey, A Foregone Conclusion, The Lady of the Aroostook, Dr. Breen's Practice, The Minister's Charge or The Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker, Their Silver Wedding Journey*—surely there is not much here to excite one's attention. . . . His great output, impressive at a distance like clouds mistaken for mountains, dissolves into distinguishing features of an undistinguished landscape as we approach. . . .

Take the Shaker novel, *The Undiscovered Country* (1880), . . . Howells' first attempt to develop topical interests into a large social novel. [Here begins a detailed examination of Howells' sixth novel, a work the general reader may be excused for not knowing. The final portion of a long quotation from the novel may suggest one aspect of what I was criticizing:

> "In what way?" he asked, but now a gleam of light, lurid enough, began to steal upon his confusion. Her alternate eagerness and reluctance to be with him; her broken questions, the gestures, the looks, the tones, that had crossed with mystery the happiness he had known with her in the last weeks before her father's death, and made it at its sweetest fearful and insecure, recurred to him, with new meaning, and a profound compassion qualified his despair, and made him gentle and patient. "Is it possible," he asked, "that you mean . . ."

The paper continued by relating Howells' specific shortcomings to the general inadequacies of realism as a literary creed.]

The failure of realism is that it is not only time-bound but that

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it so binds the reader's imagination. Henry James in the preface to *The American* creates the figure of a balloon whose cable must be cut in order to allow the novelist's work to be freed from the conventions of a strict photographic realism. Every reader of James must make the adjustment which goes with relinquishing his grasp on this world and entering into James's special realm. . . . Because of his bulk, his solidity, his social conscience, his considerable skill, his admirable literary presence, Howells has been let off too easily. James in "The Art of Fiction" wrote, "The only obligation to which in advance we may hold a novel, without incurring the accusation of being arbitrary, is that it be interesting." Surely he did not intend to exclude Howells or himself or other realists from this first obligation. . . .

Let there be no mistaking my view. Howells was a thoroughly admirable man, as social critic, journalist, husband (I presume), and novelist. . . . For all that, I cannot shake my conviction that he wrote fairly dull novels. I am equally convinced that he would have wished it otherwise. At seventy-one, he wrote to Mark Twain:

> The other morning, after first waking, I dreamt of talking with a girl in Bermuda. I said that as it was coming spring I supposed she would be going north, but she said, "No, we are going further into the tropics," and I made the reflection how perfectly natural that was, when she added, "We want to see some Pepper Trees, and hear a pigeon sing." Then it occurred to me that I had never heard a pigeon sing, and that it must be very nice.

. . . . . .

Six weeks or so after I sent it out, the paper came back from the M.L.A. The Executive Secretary had added a handwritten note to the formal notice of rejection: "I am sorry! We tried." Enclosed was the report from the first reader (it had gone no further), which I reproduce in full:

> DOES THE PAPER CONTRIBUTE MARKEDLY TO KNOWLEDGE OR UNDERSTANDING? HOW SIGNIFICANT IS THE SUBJECT? PLEASE EXPLAIN.
>
> This paper sheds no new light on Howells as a novelist. The point the author is making is that Howells is "dull." Perhaps he is so to Professor Eble, but this leads one to suppose that Eble is not a Howells reader. Think what Mark Twain would have said if asked to appraise a novel by Jane Austen! Yet many are delighted by "the

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divine Jane," and so also are many readers drawn to the novels of Howells. Therefore, the main contention of this paper is reduced to a matter of taste.

ARE THE FACTS, REFERENCES, AND QUOTATIONS ACCURATE?

IS THE PAPER WELL WRITTEN? IS THE LENGTH APPROPRIATE TO THE SUBJECT?

IN WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES DOES THE PAPER BELONG?

_____1. UNQUALIFIEDLY RECOMMENDED AS TO BOTH CONTENT AND FORM
_____2. RECOMMENDED WITH RESERVATIONS, AS EXPLAINED
_____3. GOOD, BUT NOT RECOMMENDED FOR *PMLA*
__X__4. UNACCEPTABLE

IF THE PAPER IS BETTER SUITED TO SOME JOURNAL OTHER THAN *PMLA*, PLEASE SUGGEST TITLES.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT (PLEASE USE THE BACK OF THIS SHEET OR ANOTHER SHEET IF NECESSARY):

In details, I question a number of words and sentences:

On p. 2, line 2. The use of the word "behooves" is not justified by Webster.

P. 3, line 22. *"A Visitor from Altruria"* should be *"A Traveler from Altruria."*

P. 3, toward the end. The author names five novels and cites their principal subjects:

A Modern Instance—divorce novel
The Rise of Silas Lapham—business novel
The Undiscovered Country—Shaker novel
A Traveler from Altruria—Utopian novel
An Imperative Duty—miscegenation novel

Eble then says that these are "the kinds of novels for which the real interests of his day provided substance," and he goes on to imply that these topics are not of continuing interest in this seventh decade of the twentieth century!

P. 7, lines 4-6. "My reading of *The Undiscovered Country* is one of tedium never quite rising to inattention rather than pathos never quite plunging to tragedy." What does this mean?

P. 10, lines 6-7. "As James called attention to in reviewing *Suburban Sketches* . . . " Grammar.

Pp. 11-12. "Naturalism, when it departs from mere documentation, is likely to be more interesting than realism, for much the same rea-

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son that a house of prostitution is more interesting than a butcher shop, whatever the value of each as social and/or business institutions." This statement represents a strange aesthetic judgment!

P. 12, lines 23-24. And what does this sentence mean? "How easy it is to arrive at a point where the accumulated stuff both inside and outside a man who wrote as much as Howells suspends criticism."

Back to p. 3, the discussion of the five novels. Eble's real point is, of course, that Howells' novels do not carry the reader beyond the particular topic of the novel, which is "dated." Again, isn't this necessarily a matter of individual judgment and not sustainable as assertion?

Other scrambled sentences and snap judgments could be cited.

The report was unsigned (readers have this option), and I honestly have not puzzled over what Howells scholar it might have been. After all, I had met him before, from undergraduate classes on through Ph.D. seminars. Every year I see him at the M.L.A. conventions, quavering over some mix-up at the airline ticket counter, dozing or droning his way through a paper, or rising shakily to his feet to receive a banquet tribute. I apologize for resorting to the stereotypes of senility and pedantry, but the reader's report had treated me in a similar way: some young upstart needing his comeuppance; brash, disrespectful, sloppy in grammar, careless in syntax. I *had* scrambled sentences; *had* made snap judgments, and I was ready, almost, to take my term paper back and see if I could still get a B- out of the course.

But then, I reflected, I'm not that upstart—I'm a member of the club. My dues are paid. I've been on both sides of the slave market. I've read papers before scholarly audiences. I've even had face-to-face conversation with the Executive Secretary of the M.L.A. But the personal, as I said at the outset, is not to the point here. What provoked me to put down this fragment of an American scholar's life is what I think it says about scholarship in the humanities. Some of the conflicts are contemporary versions of traditional quarrels between ancients and moderns, professors and pupils, the contemplative and the active life. Some aspects reflect conditions of modern existence to be compared with events and movements

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lying outside professional scholarship. What gives both importance is the fact that scholarship as it is connected with education at all levels is no longer a select and limited occupation. And scholarship in the humanities, however it lags behind scientific and technological studies, still is large enough to be consequential in resisting our time's drift toward barbarism.

Today's conflict between the ancients and the moderns may be seen in these simplified terms. On the one hand are those who would have literature and language regarded as primarily conveyers of a traditional body of knowledge through accepted models of form and expression that define an acceptable and praiseworthy standard of language. On the other are those who see literature and language as integral to experience, as a means for all human beings to recognize themselves and the world, and not only every man's possession but his creation as well. The first stress the communicating and logical faculties; the other the symbolizing and imaginative. The first think in terms of monuments, canons, exclusions; the other in terms of constructions, revisions, inclusions. The one prize orthodoxy, the other heresy. Obviously, these are conflicts that separate professors from students and scholarship itself from the practice of literature in teaching, writing and criticism.

My response to that "ancient" reader's criticism is conditioned by the fact that last fall, rather than reading Howells aright, I was trying to teach poetry to junior high students in an inner city school. There, overcoming dullness was more important than preserving a literary tradition. Indeed, catching and holding interest of a very large public school and college audience are scarcely possible if one insists upon maintaining the ancients' attitudes and practices. Much of the excitement in language and literature study today comes from an awareness that literature must and can make its impact on different terms from those accepted in the past. "It is imperative," wrote James E. Miller for the Commission on Literature, "that the literature offered to students connect somehow, in meaningful and vital ways, with their lives."

The cant words of the student Left—relevance, involvement, participation, confrontation, innovation, turning on—have antonyms that as rigidly define the attitudes of a large part of the

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academic community. The Modern Language Association—humanistic scholarship—faces a polarization of these stereotyped attitudes not unlike the polarization between white and black, haves and have-nots, Old Right and New Left. That this polarization should have political implications as it did at the last M.L.A. convention can only be surprising to the very "ancients." The whole temper of the current generation of young scholars is against the logical, compartmental, hierarchal mode of operation. Graduate work is not one thing, life another; intellect one thing, emotion another; the M.L.A. convention one thing, Vietnam another. Surely we are not at that apocalyptic moment when all things are one, but the scholar is much more one with the rest of society than he has ever been, and he must act wisely in the face of that fact.

I do not think I quite agree with Howells' pronouncement that "neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or obscurely, tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests." Nor am I made comfortable by the sermonizing of one of his characters: "If a community was corrupt, if an age was immoral, it was not because of the vicious, but the virtuous who fancied themselves indifferent spectators." It is hard to guess which among current scholars would rise more quickly against those sentiments, the ancients or moderns. Certainly the ancients would resent the implication that they must be drawn in, and the moderns, except for the hippie fringe, would cavil at that funny phrase about making the race better and kinder. Both, I think, would find the statements unduly tendentious. And yet, if you give full latitude to the terms "clearly and obscurely," that first sentence might well define the learned man's task, with no apologies whatsoever for those old-fashioned and imprecise terms "better and kinder." And the moralizing in the second is as much the force that brought confrontation with Vietnam to the halls of scholarship as brought Howells into defending the Haymarket anarchists.

Humanistic scholarship must have the support and respect of its young and vigorous practitioners, if it is to make any difference to the world at all. It is the urgency of making a difference even more than the promptings of political involvement that puts many

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teacher-scholars of English against the M.L.A., that provokes me into putting down this case history. I find it hard to criticize the activities of other large and bustling enterprises when so many of the activities of my own profession go uncriticized. I find it hard to argue the vital necessity of humanistic studies when I consider the trivial nature of much of the work in which my colleagues and I are engaged. I find it hard even to hear the claims of humanistic scholarship when so many of its scholars speak in obscure and muffled ways.

The increasing tendency to treat scholarship and its dissemination as one with science, technology and business distresses me. The rise of academic buccaneers and the enterprises they put in motion are to me as mixed a blessing as the substitution of the new grammar for the old. The waste of conventioneering puts me off. The vanity of scholars and scholars' projects lowers my respect for scholarly work. The stepping up of production of M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s to set them to doing tasks they don't really enjoy toward ends they don't much believe in troubles me even as I am engaged in doing it. And finally, I am weighed down by the continuing abuse of literature, not only by the philology with which its formal study began but by every succeeding emphasis: biographical, historical, political, textual, exegetic, analytical, old critical and new, psychological, sociological, anthropological—all adhering to a scientific model of inquiry that ill suits humanistic studies.

Literature transformed from the thing itself into an object of study has not survived that transformation without great harm. Yet, there is no turning back from formal study or, in the large, from the swarming profusion of humanistic studies as a professional enterprise. The need (to sound like an ancient for the moment) is to return to humanistic study as it came to us from the past. The original Greek conception of "humanism," according to Werner Jaeger, was that "process of educating man into his true form, the real and genuine human nature . . . the universally valid model of humanity which all individuals are bound to imitate." The Renaissance humanists established humanistic studies as those particularly concerned with finding and restoring and translating the ancient texts that embodied classical humanism.

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In a literal sense, the major tasks of finding and restoring, even translating, have been done. In a figurative sense, however, the professional scholar still must proceed in the spirit of those amateur humanists who literally went forth to dig up the past. Practicing teachers of the humanities need much help in finding texts that will reach the great and diverse audiences they face. They need help in restoring to traditional texts that which may make them meaningful to the lives of a great many rather than to the professional interests of a few. Accepted traditions of a proper literary culture or accepted methods of transmitting that culture will not work. The most significant scholarship in the humanities today may be that which tries to translate the past to a populace that only listens to the now.

The shame of humanistic study in the face of so much that needs to be done is the vast amount of learning that means little to the person doing it, little to the scholar supervising it, and nothing whatsoever to the society that supports it. Part of the scholar's task must be that of removing some of the undergrowth that scholarship has encouraged to grow up around formal study in the humanities. Another part is to make humanistic scholarship generous enough to attract more of the intelligence, imagination and energy of the young scholars. The confrontation at last year's M.L.A. convention is not as significant to me as the estrangement that graduate students in the humanities characteristically feel toward their disciplines. I experienced that estrangement as a graduate student; I am living through it now as a scholar solidly established in middle age; I hope I can avoid carrying it on into my dotage.

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Portrait

Henry A. Murray

HIRAM HAYDN

The September 1968 issue of *Psychology Today* carried a long interview with Henry A. Murray. Somewhere in the middle of it appeared this exchange:

HALL: What makes someone charismatic?
MURRAY: What do you think? Physique, facial expression and voice may play some part. But more potent is the capacity to put new and seductive ideas in metaphorical terms that tickle the senses, and the emotions even more.
HALL: The people I consider charismatic all use marvelous verbal imagery. Take Winston Churchill, he spoke a great Shakespearian language.
MURRAY: Yes. The charismatic man must also be fervently committed to something greater than himself to bring others along with him.*

Henry Murray himself qualifies resoundingly. When he enters a room, electrons crackle. His physical presence is massive. A little over six feet tall, he seems taller, and he is broad and thick, without any suggestion of stoutness.

I remember one morning in Washington when I came into the lobby of a hotel to find him awaiting a cab. There he stood, legs spread, hands on hips, snap-brimmed hat tilted back on his head, confronting the world. His face, acquainted with hundreds of shadings of expression, was set, eyes narrowed and hard. He looked tough, like a seasoned, raffish hobo who happened to be wearing elegant tweeds. But a transcendental hobo—and I remember thinking: the Intergalactic Tramp.

Then he saw me, and the sun splintered the storm clouds. He is one of a dozen people in my experience whose eyes do really twinkle as, with a broad smile, he comes up to you and takes your hand.

For this is the guideline, the leitmotiv: his consuming interest in people and the warmth and imaginativeness of his intuitive grasp of their discrete individualities.

Yet, for all its warmth, it is a highly discriminating curiosity. Once he discerns the mediocrity of your mind, once your essential superficiality is evident, he remains courteous, but his eyes become hooded and he assumes the mask of granite.

He remains courteous, for the social Harry Murray (now I am *not* talking about superficiality) is courteous: urbane, witty and attentive—so charming as to be suspect. And suspect he is to some people, who see him only as the man I am now describing, a veteran of the convivial tournaments, a master of blarney.

Such people are myopic. For unlike the Artful Dodger (a name given him by one of his colleagues) with whom they think they are conversing, Henry Murray is a member of that fast-disappearing breed, the gentleman. When his charm bubbles over into exaggeration, the sensitive observer will note that it does so out of a genuine feeling, heightened to excess for the moment. And an extended relationship reveals the imaginative considerateness and sympathy that only a gentle man (or woman) can experience and convey.

"Yes, but there is a sense in which I have been an artful dodger," he once said to me. He was referring to his enjoyment of social life being so great that he came to realize that he must refuse many invitations or let his work suffer seriously.

The range of his social presence is wide.

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At one extreme, there is the attentive, quiet listener and questioner (to your astonishment, you realize in retrospect that you have in ten minutes related two or three things literally central to your life). He interrupts only to urge you on with "Hmm-hmm. Yes. Hmm-hmm." Or now and then break in with his unique laugh. He is the only man I know who says "Ho ho" or "Ha ha," the way these words were once printed in, say, a Victorian novel. He will throw his head back and say, "Oh, ha ha. Ho ho. Yes. That's good. Go on. Go on."

He is frequently the practitioner of an elephantine but delightful playfulness. Elephantine? No, that's wrong. His playfulness is more like that of a dolphin or, perhaps, a whale. At any rate, it is the combination of his qualitative massiveness with a childlike sportiveness that produces this effect, to the delight of taxi drivers, waiters and stewardesses.

Who is he, then, this man of multiple moods and faces? His dome-shaped forehead reminds me of one of the philosophers in James Stephens' *Crock of Gold.* His long aquiline nose can be forbidding in profile, as can the deep vertical lines from nose to lips. The brown spots on his face suggest the weathering of not only years, but exposure to life. Yet all that is austere about him breaks up and disappears the moment he is really engaged. The amount of animation that appears then is startling, delightful; the face's mobility is fascinating and uncapturable.

At times I remember the Intergalactic Tramp (the Sidereal Buccaneer?), at times the irrepressibly charming host, at times the grave friend helping me through emotional swamplands, and often the wise and kindly counselor, a sort of immemorial grandfather to the world, whose benevolent eyes peer over half-moon glasses and convey a deep assurance of ultimate values in living, an initiation into the league of human decency, an endorsement of the ritual of search and response. And, once in a great while, I see the original boy in the man, beaming and eager—hopeful.

Who is he, this man whom I sometimes think of as the Great Guru? For distinguished men and women come from everywhere, as one world-famous biologist told me, simply "to sit at his feet." (Told this, Harry Murray looked alarmed. "Do I talk down to people?" he asked.) One of his most distinctive qualities is to shun the limelight, to refuse the crown, and I shall not betray him by name-dropping.

He does, however, hold honorary degrees from the University of Louvain and Oslo University—facts that I had to pry from him with a conversational crowbar. He has been a surgeon, a laboratory biochemist, a psychoanalyst, a clinical psychologist, and president of the Melville Society of America—although its only full member who is not a practicing scholar in some department of literature.

In 1961 he received an Award for a Distinguished Scientific Contribution from the American Psychological Association. His citation read:

HENRY ALEXANDER MURRAY

For his contribution—in theory and practice—to our understanding of man and his works. With the intellectual grasp of a modern Leonardo, he has ranged from physiology and embryology, through personal and clinical psychology, to literary criticism—from the microscopic observation of the smallest of living things to the sympathetic study of an obsession with the largest—from research in the lonely private world of fantasy to a public philosophy of a coordinated world at peace. He has discovered ways of exploring the great themes of human personality and has been moved to do so, not only by the urge to understand but, when occasion arose, by the practical need for the assessment of men. He has steadied the course of psychotherapy in the shifting winds of fashion. With admirable courage he has contemplated the complexity of human behavior without dismay.

Who is this man? In despair of my capacity to tell you, I quote him:

The self-consciousness acquired in the brain is like a tiny coral isle growing in a sea of dreams (containing representatives of the body), which influence its every waking moment and sweep over it in sleep. To understand the mind, therefore, one must search for much that lies beyond the range of consciousness. What a man

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does and says in public is but a fraction of him. There is what he does in private, and the reasons he gives for doing it. But even this is not enough. Beyond what he says, is what he will not say but knows, and, finally, what he does not know. Only a depth psychologist can reach the latter.*

And again, speaking of the difference between the work of the late Gordon Allport, another distinguished psychologist, and his own:

> Gordon's conception of a personality as a whole had only a tiny padlocked cell reserved for the unconscious. For me, personality is an African jungle without boundaries. Gordon stressed maturity and rationality, the conscious adoption of specific aims related to an ideal self-image, structure, the force of habit and the value of self-consistency, and the characteristic style of an individual, and especially his essential uniqueness from first to last.
>
> He was antipathetic to most of the notions that absorbed me: hedonism, instinctual drives, violent emotions, process, unconscious fantasies, change and creativity, social roles, situational determinants, and so forth. . . . He was an authentic Christian, who practiced his faith day in and day out. The *real thing*, no hypocrite.
>
> I am a species of Pagan, or polytheist, who can't bear to think of a male-monopolized heaven.†

There. Hedonism. The Pagan in the Gentleman. This, too, I can vouch for, even if I cannot hope to penetrate that Jungle.

Harry Murray adores women, and they reciprocate. As I write, he has, at seventy-six, been married to a beautiful and impressive woman, Nina Fish, for two weeks. His first wife, Josephine Rantoul, who died some seven years ago, was a woman of great graciousness; their daughter, Josephine Murray, a pediatrician, is charming, alert and thoughtful. He loved the wife; he loves the daughter.

One could almost say that he loves the Female Principle, and that Eros (life-and-love, life through love) is his favorite god. At the end of his interview in *Psychology Today* he quotes Congreve:

> Life without love is load; and
> time stands still:
> What we refuse to him, to
> death we give;
> And then, then only, when
> we love, we live.

Throughout his writings, relevant metaphors and similes appear, as in "Narcissism Re-exhibited," when he describes the "sequence of [his] devotions" at medical school. ("Murr" is his name for himself.)

> . . . A staunch affectionate affair with anatomy and surgery was succeeded by a brief flirtation with physiology, which led to a fairly stable, amorous dyad with biochemistry, a relationship that deepened when the two of them became involved with the wonders of embryological metabolism; but, as Fate (the epigenetical program plus other factors) would have it, this amicable union ended in a separation when Murr contracted a responsible marriage with psychology until death them do part. What calls for an explanation is the fact that although at the start of medical school Murr was simultaneously exposed to three distinguished sister disciplines, two of them, biochemistry and physiology, were wallflowers so far as he was concerned, and anatomy, a subject that is non-seductive to the majority of students, immediately became the target of his libido.‡

Or, more briefly in the same article, after listing his debts to those whose influence led him into the study of psychology, he concluded, "not to speak of a *femme inspiratrice* here and there along the way."

But enough. Let it suffice that when Harry Murray enters a room, there may be a man or two so intent on someone else (or on himself) that he does not notice the arrival. I have as yet to see a woman fail to look up.

To return to his description of charisma, his is also the capacity "to put new and seductive ideas in metaphorical terms that tickle the senses, and the emotions even more." But equally he fulfills the final part of the description: "The charismatic man

* From "What Should Psychologists Do About Psychoanalysis?" *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, Vol. 35, 1940.

† From *Psychology Today*, September, 1968.

‡ This essay appears in *A History of Psychology in Autobiography*, Vol. V, edited by Edwin G. Boring and Gardner Lindzey. Copyright © 1967 by Meredith Corporation. Passages from the essay are reprinted here by permission of Appleton-Century-Crofts.

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must also be fervently committed to something greater than himself to bring others along with him." His almost shattering vitality, the force he calls "the sanguine surplus" in him, has been devoted throughout his life to an exploration of what it means to be a human being, and has been dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge for the benefit of men.

He refers to this "sanguine surplus" in the autobiographical piece, "Narcissism Re-exhibited."

> [It] leads me to start by envisaging every new, appealing undertaking in the most voluminous dimensions, huge and teeming with every possibility of adventure and achievement. I have illustrated this impediment to sound science at the outset because it is one of those temperamental forces which, however exhilarating and fructifying, has rocked or wrecked a whole procession of enterprises, despite the continued existence in my head of the corrective maxim: limitation of aim is the secret of success.

If so, let us praise failure, whether in Leonardo da Vinci or in Henry Murray, who has written the major portion of ten books, of which as yet none is quite finished. It is the ability to complete a given piece of work that has made the reputations of most achievers. But the imagination may be even more stirred by huge fragments of achievement, whether in thought or in art. Unfinished, in one sense, means still in process, and the fact of incompletion then becomes either reassuring or unimportant. "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp."

The mention of Leonardo has relevance, as Murray's citation from the American Psychological Association suggests. For his career has been a complex one, studded with diversity. Following his graduation from Harvard College in 1915, he received an M.D. from Columbia University in 1919 and then an M.A. the following year. Later (1927) he was awarded a Phil.D. in biochemistry by Cambridge University. He served a two-year surgical internship at Presbyterian Hospital, New York. This surgical experience was preceded and followed by several years of experimentation and research relating to the biochemical aspects of various phenomena, including the study of blood as a physicochemical system; changes in the chemistry of the blood found in certain diseases, and as experimentally produced; biochemical, metabolic and tissue changes as a function of age in chicken embryos. During this time he became a member of the staff at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

Despite this program, which would have intimidated if not overwhelmed most men, Harry Murray relates, in his autobiographical paper, "Narcissism Re-exhibited," that meanwhile he "zestfully embarked" on a biography of Herman Melville!

"Zestfully" was the word, and zest is a key to Harry Murray, in tandem with the sanguine surplus.

During the Easter vacation of his year at Cambridge, Dr. Murray spent three weeks of daily sessions and long weekends in Zurich with Carl Jung, "from which explosive experience," he writes, he "emerged a reborn man."

Then, in 1926 the late Dr. Morton Prince, an outstanding psychopathologist, inaugurated the Harvard Psychological Clinic, and invited Dr. Murray to become his assistant. This clinic, established for research, therapy and teaching in abnormal psychology, especially in the psychoneuroses, was the first of its kind in the world. A few years later, on Dr. Prince's retirement, Murray became director. He is now a professor emeritus of psychology at Harvard, with an office in the new William James Hall.

His appointment by Dr. Prince is a good example of what Murray likes to call "chance and the prepared mind." For he had himself already envisioned the establishment of an institution that would combine experimentation and psychotherapy.

Dr. Prince, in choosing to work under the auspices of a department of philosophy and psychology in a university, rather than a mental hospital, had reasoned that research would not have to be subordinated to the more urgent demands of therapy. And so it turned out, but there were other difficulties—serious ones. After being analyzed by Dr. Franz Alexander, Henry Murray became one of the founders of the

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Boston Psychoanalytic Society, and was probably the first university professor to teach a systematic course in Freud's basic theories. At the time psychoanalysis was regarded by most academic psychologists as a new form of sorcery and witchcraft. Consequently Murray was under occasional attack by the academic psychologists.

And he, in turn, was first astounded, then bemused, and finally amused by most of them.

"At first I was taken aback," he writes in "What Should Psychologists Do About Psychoanalysis?"

> having vaguely expected that most academic psychologists would be interested in Man functioning in his environment. But not at all: almost everyone was nailed down to some piece of apparatus, measuring a small segment of the nervous system as if it were isolated from the entrails. I was in the position, let us imagine, of a medical student who suddenly discovers that all his instructors are eye, ear, nose and throat specialists. The phenomena that intrigued me were not mentioned, since these were not susceptible to exact experimental validation, a standard that rules out geology, paleontology, anthropology, embryology, most of medicine, sociology, and divine astronomy. If my chief aim had been to "work with the greatest scientific precision" I would never have quit electrolytes and gases. I had changed because of a consuming interest in other matters, in problems of motivation and emotion. To try to work these out on human subjects was to become a "literary" or applied psychologist, a practitioner of mental hygiene, outside and looking in on the real psychologists who, I concluded, were obsessed by anxious aims to climb the social scale of scientists and join the elect of this day's God at any cost. What else could account for their putting manners (appliances and statistics) so far ahead of ends (importance of the problems studied)?

In 1962, at the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association, Dr. Murray gave what must come close to being the most unusual paper ever presented to that august body: "The Personality and Career of Satan." It begins:

> To those members of the APA who are so strictly dedicated to the doctrine of immaculate Scientism that they must need limit the compass of their professional attention to the simplest and purest of measurable phenomena . . . the title of this paper provides ample cause for dismay or indignation. What will their reference group, the Olympian company of physicists, think . . .

An embattled man, Henry Murray, and still swinging. Small wonder that one of his most intense interests is the study of alienated genius, dissidents and rebels, including Herman Melville. As for the Harvard struggle, it was long and sometimes bitter. There was a small, determined and powerful opposition that wanted the Clinic driven out, as unbecoming a university community, and Harry Murray, as its presiding daemon, exorcised and ridden out of town on a rail.

They couldn't do it. I doubt if anyone could do it. But they delayed the granting of academic tenure until he was fifty-five years old! He told me once that he could live this out because he was fortunate enough to have an independent income. More recently, he said, "I thrived in the face of this challenge because I knew I was right in the long run." I accept that as a necessary amendment.

Impressive is the list of those who have chosen to study and carry on experiments with him, men such as Nevitt Sanford, Robert White, Erik H. Erikson, Jerome Frank, Robert Holt, Kenneth Keniston, Gardner Lindzey, Donald McKinnon, Saul Rosenzweig, Edwin Shneidman, Silvan Tomkins, Frederick Wyatt, and a score of others, some Europeans, some women.

It is generally admitted that Henry A. Murray is one of the few who have really shaped the history and structure of psychology in the United States. What are some of his most significant theoretical and methodological achievements?

Students and colleagues collaborated in paying tribute to him on his seventieth birthday by producing a book, *The Study of Lives: Essays on Personality in Honor of Henry A. Murray* (Atherton Press, 1963).* The dedication reads:

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To
Henry A. Murray
this book is presented
on his seventieth birthday
May 13, 1963,
by students and colleagues
past and present
who will always remember
with excitement and gratitude
their sojourn in
the high invigorating climate
created by his infectious zest,
wide-ranging awareness,
bountiful powers of creation,
and staunch fidelity
to the increase
of human understanding.

In his preface, Robert White, who edited the volume, begins:

This book of essays on personality has been given its title with a view to capturing something of the flavor of Henry A. Murray's thinking and influence on psychology. "The study of lives" is a phrase he has often used to describe his own work, and it suggests his central conviction that living beings must be studied as living wholes. Personality, he has repeatedly pointed out, is a dynamic process—a constantly changing configuration of thoughts, feelings, and actions occurring in a social environment and continuing throughout life. If small parts and short segments of human affairs have to be isolated for detailed scrutiny, they must still be understood as parts of a patterned organic system and as segments of a lifelong process. This has never meant for him that all research should take the form of collecting life histories, although his contributions along this line have been outstanding. It implies simply that isolating, fragmenting, and learning just a tiny bit about a lot of people tend to carry us away from what is most worth studying. The significant things about personality are part of the whole enterprise of living.

In his own research, Murray has followed the plan proposed in 1938 in his *Explorations in Personality*. This plan calls for stating a series of specific research problems, designing experimental situations to explore them, and using a relatively small number of subjects, whose life histories become known through other tests, interviews, and imaginative productions. Whatever the focus of interest—family relations, superego, the role of imagination, sentiments, ego strength, fitness for dangerous tasks, commitment, values, dyadic interactions —the specific findings can then be seen as aspects of lives. When several workers pool their efforts in this way, the results obtained by each enrich all the others, and there may be the additional bonus that some subject, like "American Icarus," will disclose a pattern of development not hitherto recognized. Research done according to this plan is neither rapid nor easy, but it has the supreme virtue of being adapted to the nature of its subject matter. It keeps specific findings from falling out of the life configurations that give them significance.

The book is divided into four parts, and their headings reflect some of Murray's greatest interests. Part I is entitled "Growth and Change in Personality"; II—"Procedures and Variables for Studying Personality"; III—"Creative Processes in Personality"; IV—"Values in Personality."

These titles suggest the humanistic and affirmative stance that he has taken throughout his life and work. They also reflect, in scope and in emphasis, his opposition to "the prevailing orthodoxy of positivistic behaviorism"—of which his Harvard experience is only a local manifestation. In Murray's own words, he has always had a "bent of empathy and curiosity toward all profound experiences of individual men and women."

In contrast to those psychologists who have used the physical sciences as their "reference group," Murray has found more relevant models in biochemistry and biology. Dr. White points out that he drew from medical practice "his convictions with regard to the 'multiform method' of assessment, the scientific value of detailed and systematic case histories, and the necessity for careful classification of entities and processes."

On the other hand, he found his basic concepts in chemical embryology. Dr. White continues, partly quoting Murray:

"Studying the earliest manifestations of vitality in the chick embryo, peering through a microscope, through a little fabricated window in the egg's shell, spellbound as any libidinous voyeur, I witnessed the procession of momentous transformations that mark the hours when the embryo is no bigger than an angel perching on a pin point. The embryo manifested an inherent spontaneity of cellular activity, which re-

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sulted in a continuous sequence of orderly changes; it was PROACTIVE rather than merely REACTIVE, and it was inherently creative."

Such observations clearly made for scepticism of the stimulus-response formula. The model for that formula, the basis of the reflex theory of behavior, was the isolated nerve-muscle preparation—a model that presupposed the reactive nature of behavior and that eliminated surgically the possibility of important proactions. It is difficult nowadays to take seriously the claim that this artifact was fundamental or that the wiring diagrams of the nervous system which grew out of it were conceptually appropriate. If one wants to establish a claim to what is fundamental, it is well to remember that the nerve-muscle preparation had to be taken from a living creature that was once an embryo by another living creature that was also once an embryo. Murray's deductions from chemical embryology are indeed fundamental to any scientific study of living processes. They establish "the necessity of including formative (constructive) processes in one's scheme of variables."

Among his methodological triumphs is his *multiform system of assessment*. Speaking of its use in his book, *Explorations in Personality* (Oxford University Press, 1938), he writes,

the more practical part of [this system] consists of multifarious procedures administered by multifarious specialists to each of a number of subjects, followed by staff meetings in which the data obtained from one assessee is presented, discussed, interpreted, and organized (by an appointed personographer) into an explanatory formulation of the history of that assessee's personality. The general design of this system of operations was determined by a mere transfer of learning from medicine to psychology, with the crucial difference that the terminal process is not simply the assignment of each subject to a known diagnostic category, as it commonly is in medicine, but a novel, creative composition (consisting of universal, typological, and unique features) the validity of which is susceptible to judgments in terms of various criteria. These lengthy personographies based on data obtained from some forty procedures and revised to take account of the diverse judgments of other generalist-assessors canceled for Murr all further confidence in the rating of any variable by a single test or in the representation of a personality by a list of traits or, indeed, in any representation (except a truly creative one) that has escaped exposure to a variety of insights. But the point, overlooked by most readers, is that the superordinate purpose of these assessment procedures, repeated in modified versions with other assemblages of subjects, is to permit the periodic exemplification, testing, correction, expansion, and reconstruction (and hence the continuous evolution) of a personological system of concepts and theories.

In short, given the initial conviction that much of human personality is proactive (creative) rather than reactive, and that growth and change do not occur simply as reactions to environment, but may also be induced by spontaneous, autonomous activity within the individual—given this conviction, new methods of assessment were called for. Or, as Dr. White puts it,

Murray conceives of personality as a dynamic system. He sees it as an evolving configuration of thoughts, feelings, and actions set in a social environment with which it continuously interacts. Even when considered at a single point in time, it is plainly the outcome of a long process of growth, and by studying lives at various points in time we may be able to uncover some of the secrets of this growth. . . . Murray's conception of personality has required the development of new strategies of investigation. If we are to learn about our subjects' significant thoughts, feelings, and conceptions of themselves, it is necessary to create conditions that will encourage affective involvement and willing self-disclosure. Situations devised to elicit circumscribed, impersonal responses cannot shed much light on what people consider important about themselves. An atmosphere must prevail in which the subject finds the psychologist interested in him as a person, respectful of his virtues, and sympathetic to his troubles. The highly motivated situation of psychotherapy cannot be reproduced in the study of well people, but, especially with young people, the investigator can often avail himself of a keen desire for better self-understanding and at least an unconscious wish for help in achieving it.

Murray's most telling contribution to method is that of using the same subjects for the whole program of a research group. Dropping in frequently at the research center, the subjects quite naturally become friendly with the in-

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vestigators, and the investigators with the subjects. This plan has the advantage of exposing the subjects to different workers who bring out different aspects of personality, and it permits the research staff, meeting as a diagnostic council, to pool its findings and arrive at its conclusions jointly. But Murray has also been much occupied with creating concrete situations of an emotionally involving character. Several of these are described in *Explorations in Personality*, and several even more dramatic ones, devised in a time of national emergency, are reported in *Assessment of Men*. He has devoted particular attention, moreover, to imaginative productions as a means of inferring the vital secret wishes and unconscious fantasies which subjects are not able to communicate directly. The Thematic Apperception Test is merely the best known of many procedures leading to this end.

This Thematic Apperception Test, created in 1935 in collaboration with Christiana Morgan, was designed to draw forth, from the individual being studied, words, sentences or stories as ground for inferences with regard to important components of the personality that the subject was unwilling or unable to volunteer.

A comparable undertaking on which he worked with many others from 1943 to 1948, while serving on the Assessment Staff of the Office of Strategic Services, resulted in the book, *Assessment of Men*. The book is a full account of the various ways in which they developed techniques for discovering the probable conduct of individual men under the stresses of war.

It is out of these wells of the personality, also, that the creative and imaginative achievements of men and women are drawn. And creativity, to Murray, is "an intrinsic property of living systems." We have read his vividly worded description of the chick embryo. How much more exciting the human parallel had to be, to the man I have been describing. He finds creativity in the peculiar styles and choices a person may make in everyday life. But, like Freud, he is ultimately fascinated by "conspicuous creativeness . . . works of high imagination in the arts and sciences."

Again, setting his face in yet another way against the uneasiness of many scientists confronted with the concept of values, Murray worked with Clyde Kluckhohn, the anthropologist, in an attempt "to make values intelligible as objects of study in personality, society and culture." (White)

Finally, all these theories, concepts, methods and techniques relating to the study of personality are but parts of a projected comprehensive system for the understanding of lives, so vast an effort that only a "Super-Sanguine Surplus" could have conceived it. I have read what Murray calls "Preparations for the Scaffold of a Comprehensive System" with awe; my awe was intensified when I considered that what I had read was only preparatory to a scaffold preparatory to the ultimate system.

Aware that I have simply grazed the peripheries of this man's mind, I despair of doing justice to him. I take a little comfort from the fact that this series of AMERICAN SCHOLAR PORTRAITS was devised to give our readers a sense of the *person* within the scholar. So I return from the lofty peaks of his achievements to the more familiar task of watching him in empirical actuality; from the study of personality to the observation of *his* personality; from the detailed consideration of individuals to the haphazard perusal of *this* individual.

One of Murray's favorite passages from William James reads, "Individuality is founded in feeling; and the recesses of feeling, the darker, blinder strata of character, are the only places in the world in which we catch real fact in the making, and directly perceive how events happen and how work is actually done."

It set me to wondering about the paradox that must lie at the heart of Murray's exuberant health and vitality. The sanguine surplus, the zest, point to an essential optimism that seems unshakable. Yet the emphasis on "the darkness below" suggests a vein of pessimism about the nature of man that is seldom evident in his presence or his writing.

Paradox, I think, rather than contradiction. For surely the optimism is so strong *because* he has dared to dip down into that dark murky broth of the deep inner self, emerged, and descended again, many times.

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Hence his optimism is built on the deep facts (in James's sense) of his life. And hence, while (since he is profoundly, idiosyncratically human) he is subject to being frightened, he can no longer be terrified. As Milton said of the attainment of true virtue, "Not without dust and heat." Murray has faced his pain, guilt, shame, lust, hate, grief and pride, lived with them, and survived to find life good.

What can have shaped such a man? What was the course of his early, formative years? From whom and what did he come?

His heritage was Scot on the paternal side, English on the maternal. His paternal great-great-grandfather, the Earl of Dunmore, was first the governor of New York, and later of Virginia, where he was the last Royal Governor and final occupant of that great house dominating restored Williamsburg even today. A far cry from the arrival of Henry Murray's father in New York, penniless and without a college education. But he was to marry a daughter of a life insurance company's president, and thus make his fortune.

Henry Murray was born on May 13, 1893, in New York City—into, as he says, the childhood of "an average, privileged American boy of that era." He was the second child, having an older sister and younger brother.

His father? "Even-tempered, undemanding, unpretentious and jolly. Firm, but never authoritarian. Just a hell of a nice fellow. Freud's conception of the father-son side of the Oedipus complex did not apply. Of course I could see objectively that Freud's formulation applied to a great many people; but for me this was a cool truth."

And, continuing about the Oedipus myth, "The child grows to prefer the parent who clearly prefers him or her. In our references to the Oedipus myth, we omit the fact that death wishes arose primarily in the father and were directed toward the son rather than the other way round."

And, "Psychoanalysis has provided convincing explanations of numerous abnormal states that date from childhood; but it has not proved capable of describing the supremely healthy, effective, joyous or creative aspects of an ongoing personality. . . . Freud was an incomparable genius; but even he could not construct a whole scientific system in one lifetime without omissions and without defects. . . . One radical defect, for example, is the absence of any sufficient concept for the constructive and creative processes that operate within the organism and within the psyche, and also between two or more persons."*

Back to the roots. His mother? A different matter: "Quite a while before the traditional oedipal hunting season, I had come to the grievous (and valid) realization that I could count on only a limited, third-best portion of my mother's love." (He meant *after* his sister and brother.) And since his protests and pleas led only to frustration and shame, he "proudly withdrew into a private, maternal-like claustrum" of his own making.

Results? "A marrow of misery and melancholy repressed by pride and practically extinguished in everyday life by a counteracting disposition of sanguine and expansive buoyancy . . . a profound attraction for tragic themes in literature . . . an affinity for the darker, blinder strata of feeling . . . for some thirty years of my life, a hypersensitivity to the sufferings of other individuals, especially women . . . coming out of pride, denial, and repression, the conviction that I could get along well enough with a minimum amount of aid, support, appreciation, recognition, or consolation from others."†

That "counter-acting disposition . . ." He loved the outdoor life, and has enjoyed it through his days, having learned to live with solitude. He is a great walker. And he strove mightily at athletics—without much success at such sports as baseball and tennis. He found his sport when he made the crew at Harvard, eventually becoming captain, and later rowing at the English Henley in 1920 on the Boston Union Boat Club crew, and again in 1925 on the Cambridge Trinity College crew.

There were specific reasons for his diffi-

* From *Psychology Today*, September, 1968.
† From "Narcissism Re-exhibited."

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culties in some sports. I quote again from "Narcissism Re-exhibited":

A Sensori-motor Defect. Memory (nine years old): Returning from school innocent as could be one day to find the dining room transformed into an operating room, with two white-gowned surgeons and an anaesthetist awaiting my arrival, and my mother confronting me with the option of a pain-eliminating general anaesthetic or an aquarium as prize for getting on without it. *Explanation:* Four years earlier, my mother, ever on the lookout for deviations from the norm, detected a slight crossing of my eyes (internal strabismus) which became steadily more accentuated despite the therapeutic efforts of New York's most eminent ophthalmologist, and so now the time had come for this worthy to cut some of the hyperactive orbital muscles. *Consequences:* Although I was pleasured by an aquarium of enchanting fish, it turned out that I had been somewhat disadvantaged by the expert surgeon's having cut a few more muscle fibers than was necessary to correct the crossing of my vision, and I came forth with the opposite defect, an external strabismus, which, though far less obvious than the previous condition, left me nonetheless as incapable as ever of focusing on a single point with more than one eye at a time, and hence incapable of stereoscopic vision. But I was entirely unconscious of the significance of this defect until as a medical student I went to the office of Dr. Smith Ely Jeliffe, a spectacular New York psychiatrist, to consult him about my stuttering which had set in shortly after the operation. To my amazement, Dr. Jeliffe's first question was: "Have you found any difficulty in playing games, such as baseball, tennis, or squash, which necessitate catching or hitting a fast moving ball?" "Yes, I certainly have," I said, "but how did you know?" "Well," Dr. Jeliffe replied, "I noticed that one eye was not looking at me directly but turned out a bit, and that would be enough to unfit you for games of that sort and also for swift, precise manual movements." The doctor's astonishing powers of observation and of inference succeeded in casting a penetrating ray of illumination into uprushing memories of humiliating incidents, particularly in baseball games, when I had struck out or let an easy one slip through my fingers, and so forth and so forth. Dr. Jeliffe went on to relate this elementary sensori-motor defect to my stuttering, but whatever wisdom he had to offer on that issue has long since passed beyond recall. Today I am partial to the notion that a primary suffocation experience which . . . involves a panicky incoordination of sucking, breathing, an inturned eye, and hands lunging at the breast could have established a predisposition to all three of the disabilities I have mentioned. But to return to Dr. Jeliffe's office, what surprises me now is that it never occurred to me that the revelation I had been vouchsafed had any bearing on my intention to become a surgeon; and it was not until three years later that the realization that my manual dexterity was definitely limited became clear enough to fortify my decision to devote myself exclusively to research.

Harry Murray's stuttering was one of the first things that endeared him to me. It has been my fate (perhaps everyone's, in our time) to have been exposed to more than I think my share of facile people, including many of great glibness. I dislike this tendency, even when, as is often the case, it seems to have come "naturally" to the person in question.

Hence I liked my Great Guru's stutter, although by now it is slight and infrequent. (A hint at Harry Murray's quality in crucial moments is that he played quarterback in high school football and never stuttered a signal.) As for that external strabismus of the right eye—I find it a symbol: he sees all around the rest of us.

And that symbol, in turn, leads me, by association, to a better understanding of the way in which I have written this essay. I now see that I have been circling all around my subject, trying to build a net around him, in which I might finally snare the whole man, "the marrow" of his being, as he puts it. To have set myself such a task, I must have my share of the sanguine surplus.

There comes a point in *Moby Dick* when Melville, through Ishmael, ponders the enthusiastic response of the crew to Captain Ahab's exhortation to pursue the White Whale: "How all this came to be—what the White Whale was to them, or how to their unconscious understandings, also, in some dim unsuspected way, he might have seemed the gliding great demon of the seas of life,—all this to explain, would be to dive deeper than Ishmael can go."

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Call me Ishmael. I am ready to capitulate; the task is beyond me. Yet there are speculations I find interesting; they may perhaps afford some incidental illumination.

First, let me quote Henry Murray on the Satanic personality. The passage is from that double-toned paper on Satan—double-toned because under the irony, wit, satire and parody lies a deep, serious and—necessarily, to some degree—personal theme. For, as Murray has often stated, any creative act must to some extent come out of the creator's own inner knowledge. Otherwise, it would not be what he calls "a hot truth."

An abstract of the Satanic personality. I say "Satanic personality" instead of "Satan's personality," because my goal is a theoretical formulation which is congruent not only with the Devil's character and career as represented to us by the scholastic theorists, but with the development of a compound of thematic dispositions which is manifested to a varying extent, covertly and overtly, by numerous persons of our own day, and which I have had the opportunity to investigate in a few cases. In attempting this, I shall be extending the speculations of the ecclesiastical theorists only so far as to propose, first, that absolute evil cannot be derived from a mild form of pride, but only from the most extreme form, which I shall call *absolute malignant pride,* or *malignant narcism,* and second, that the *potentiality* for absolute pride was necessarily present in Lucifer's personality from the day of his creation.

In briefest terms, my reconstruction involves the following familiar components: (1), an extravagant growth of four varieties of narcism originating and reinforced in the earliest years of childhood, at the core of which is the subject's tacit assumption that *his own supreme worth entitles* him to a *monopoly* (or at least the lion's share) of whatever goods, services, attention, adulation, honors, privileges, power, and prestige are to be had in his environment; (2), a series of shocks, frustrations, or punishments which are narcistically felt to be unforgivably malicious insults; (3), the transformation of the initial state of complacent self-esteem into a suspicious focal hatred of the insulting object, generalized into a diffuse misanthropy and distrust; and (4), a fixed determination to revenge the injury which, if unsuccessful, may lead to nihilism, self-hate, and suicide, the narcist against himself. I suggest that the first phase of narcistic expansion—illustrated, say, by Lucifer in his prime—is not malignant, but a possible precursor of malignancy, the development of which depends on whether the suffered narcistic wound is taken in good grace (impunitively or intrapunitively) or as an outrage to be avenged with extrapunitive fanaticism. All of this is congruent with orthodox belief regarding Satan's personality and career as given earlier.

The distinctive underlying characteristics of the Satanic personality, then, are a) a secret feeling in the subject of having been harshly, treacherously, unjustly, or ignominiously deprived of his deservedly large share of benefits, rewards, and glory; b) a basic state of alienation, resentment, and distrust; c) a hidden envy coupled with expressed contempt of the notable achievements of others; d) repression of guilt feelings; and e) the adoption of one or another strategy—sly, slippery, and subversive or openly destructive—of giving vent to his self-consuming hatred. His negative characteristic, by which he is most easily identified, is the absence of any capacity to experience or express authentic selfless love, gratitude, admiration, or compassion.

Question. How is it that psychoanalysis has not emphasized malignant narcism, or Satanism, as a complex to be repressed? How is it that Oedipus reigns supreme as the epitome of evil in the id of Freudian theory? In Adlerian theory, to be sure, Satan's need for superiority, his envy and rage are adequately conceptualized; but not his invulnerable stockade of pride, as described in *Paradise Lost* or *Moby Dick,* for example. Why is that? Or, to put it in another way, why did not the early religion-makers accuse Satan of lecherous excesses? It is true that some of them did consider for awhile that concupiscence might have been the sin by which the Angel fell, and later, in the days of Witchcraft, hundreds of women, under torture, testified to the Devil's diffuse and inexhaustible libido; but more deadly than all that was malice coming out of pride. And yet today we have no psychology of pride.

"And yet today we have no psychology of pride." Pride has obviously fascinated Murray. His love and study of Melville have included, of course, a deep encounter with Captain Ahab, who pursued with Satanic vindictiveness Moby Dick, "the King of the children of pride." As Murray once wrote me, "To me, Ahab himself is the

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personification of the spirit of 'the King of the children of pride.'" The paper on the Satanic personality is the culmination of an abiding concern.

It could be tempting to tag so ardent a pursuit of one kind of personality as self-identification. The more so, perhaps, since Murray has also said, "For me, personality is an African jungle without boundaries."

But it would also be fatuous. In the first place, Henry Murray's presentation of the Satanic personality is a genuinely scholarly, a meticulously constructed, objective study. Moreover, those who know him well are continually aware of his unusual modesty. His tendency to pooh-pooh any statement of appreciation, while constantly making such statements to others about themselves, his preternatural modesty and avoidance of the central place, of "fame, that last infirmity of noble mind"—these tendencies have been diagnosed as a radical inversion of pride. But I see them quite differently, and propose tentatively another analysis.

No doubt as a boy, the rejection by his mother and the shocking sequence of the operation on his eye gave a rude blow to his sense of *"his own supreme worth."* But the natural exuberance inherited from his father seems to have preserved him from the suspicion and hatred of the "insulting object" and the vindictive obsession with revenge that constitute the third and fourth steps of his case study of the Satanic personality.

Instead, he has, I believe, turned that primal energy that Ahab used so destructively, so suicidally, into constructive channels: the great body of his work, love, friendships, and his ongoing absorption in the study of "instinctual drives, violent emotions, process, unconscious fantasies, change and creativity, etc., etc." Far from identifying with Ahab, he has chosen Moby Dick as his favorite symbol, his *mark,* so to speak. His house is filled with carvings of whales. A drawing of a whale decorates his stationery, and he occasionally reproduces it as his signature, accompanied by his initials, HAM.

What Murray's White Whale is, I know not. I *suspect* that it is, on one level, the Comprehensive System for the Understanding of Lives. As one of his colleagues, Edwin S. Shneidman, has put it, what could Captain Ahab "have done, to what purpose would any further voyages have been if he *had* killed the symbol of his search?" Remember, too, Murray's unfinished books.

If one sees life as growth and change, as ongoing process, one must never catch the object of one's hunt. If one's vision of life is of its beauty, its diversity, its vastness, then one must pursue it in all its forms, never catch it and kill it. Nor will it kill one, unless importuned madly. "Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt?"

To return from this long digression to the effect on our benign Ahab of his less happy boyhood experiences, I believe that the sequence of rejection and betrayal, withdrawal and emergence, did enable him to understand the warping that his personality might have undergone, had he not possessed the requisite strength to survive them. Instead of being driven compulsively by pride and hate and revenge, he has transformed and harnessed their driving power to a positive purpose in his therapeutic work and his systematic thought.

This capacity for self-knowledge has stood him in good stead throughout a life that has had its share of conflict, disappointment and pain. It has, I think, engendered in him also a magnificent resilience, one that puzzles people at times and even makes them suspect that he does not have deep feelings, since he "comes back" so quickly.

If Harry Murray does not have deep feelings, I wonder what to call those of the rest of us. Here is a man who has lived hip-deep in engagement with and commitment to the waters of life, confronted the Great Beast, and won his own unique vision.

Finally, and characteristically, he has come up with a comprehensive plan to defeat the Ahabs and the Satanic personality-at-large—what his citation refers to as "a public philosophy of a coordinated world at peace."

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This specific proposal was first made in his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in 1959. "Many times in the past," he said, "the direction of events has been affected by the publication of a single book." And he proposed a book that might make a profound contribution to the attainment of world peace, an "imagined testament" that would "carry us beyond the mythology of dependent and compliant childhood, same as that of the dependent childhood of our society in colonial days, that is, the authoritarian father-son mythology of the religion we inherited, and also beyond the mythology of adolescence, same as that of the adolescence of our nation, the mythology of protest, rebellion, independence, rugged individualism."

He explained that he was not "forsaking yesterday's idealisms," there being a time and place for authority and the founding of character, and ones for liberation from authority and the development of self-reliance. Then he continued, "But, as I see the human situation, we are in need of a mythology of adulthood, something that is conspicuous for its absence in Western literature, a mythology of interdependence and creation, not only on the level of imaginative love, marriage, and the forming of a family, but on other levels, especially that of imaginative international reciprocities. Have we not pretty well reached the age when we can well afford to go beyond the glorification of vanity, pride, and egotism, individual and national?"

The book?

It would be the product of the interdependent judgments and imaginations of numerous composers, drawn from different cultures and from different callings. The initial task of these presumably creative and judicious thinkers would be to select from the vast libraries of the world, arrange, and edit, whatever past and present writings in poetry or prose were suitable to the appointed purpose. Except for more abundant stores from which to draw their substance, a larger scope and longer span of time, these testament-makers would proceed, we may suppose, as did the compilers and editors of the canonical and noncanonical books of the Bible. They would certainly be advantaged by the example of those forerunners. Like the Old Testament, this new one would contain numerous variations of subject matter and of style: narratives, historical and biographical, stories, parables, legends, and myths, songs and poems, psalms of praise, codes and ordinances, premonitions and philosophical reflections.

Most difficult for the testament-makers would be the task of loosely integrating, as in the Bible, the selected parts in terms of a philosophy of social evolution—cycles of creation, conservation, decay, or induration—tending, in the long run, toward the fulfillment of that dream of human fellowship which centuries of deep and loving people have recommended to our hearts.

This testament would differ radically from the Bible inasmuch as its mythology would be consonant with contemporary science: its personifications would all refer to forces and functions *within* nature, human nature.

Also, it would differ radically from previous testaments of the Near East and West—the Bible, the Koran, and the Testament of Karl Marx—by describing and praising, with even-handed justice, forms of excellence, achieved by each and every culture. There would be no bowing to special claims, made by any single collectivity, of unique superiority, of divine election, of infallible truth, of salvation for its members and damnation for all others. There would be no ovation for the apocalyptic myth, either in its ancient form—Persian or Judaeo-Christian—or in its modern Communistic form; the myth of the inevitable and final Great Encounter between the all-good and the all-evil, resulting in an eternity of bliss for chosen saints or comrades, and death or everlasting torments for the enemy. There would be no acceptance of the necessity of inquisitions, persecutions, brain-washings, or concentration camps.

In a sense, the world testament would be a parable, a parable of parables, expressive of the universal need for peace, for interdependence, for fruitful reciprocations among those manifold units of mankind which are still proud and quarrelsome, still locked in clenched antagonisms. Its symbolisms would commemorate on all levels the settlement of hostilities between opposites, their synthesis, or creative union: man and nature, male and female, reason and passion, understanding and imagination, enjoyable means and enjoyable ends, science and art, management and labor, West and East. Its ultimate, ethical ideal would be the resolution of differences through mutual

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embracement and subsequent transformation. In the words of Henry James, senior: "It is no doubt very tolerable finite or creaturely love to love one's own in another, to love another for his conformity to one's self: but nothing can be in more flagrant contrast with the creative Love, all whose tenderness *ex vi termini* must be reserved only for what intrinsically is most bitterly hostile and negative to itself." In the judgment of America's most profound philosopher, Charles S. Peirce, this sublime sentence "discloses for the problem of evil its everlasting solution."

Finally, in contrast to the unrelieved sociological language of the outmoded testament of Marx, this world testament, heir to the secret of the Bible's everlasting magic, would consist in its best parts of moving and revealing poetic passages. Some devout Christians overlook the fact that the stirring and sustaining influence of the book they dream and live by depends on the marvelous words, the vivid imagery and figures of speech with which its wisdom is transmitted. This is one of the chief qualities by which a religion can be distinguished from a moral philosophy or system of ethics. If the New Testament, for example, had been written by a modern social scientist in the jargon of his profession it would have died at birth, and Mithraism, or Manichaeanism, or Mohammedism would have taken possession of the European mind. A religion is propagated by the alchemy of the aesthetic imagination, in striking parables and metaphors that solace, cheer, or channel our profoundest feelings. A code of morals, on the other hand, can appeal only to our intellects and to a few of our more shallow sentiments. . . .

Works of the magnitude of this imagined testament have been composed in the past, notably in India. Much of what is needed has been in printed form for years. Ample energy and genius are available—literary critics, historians, social scientists, philosophers, and poets—in different quarters of the globe. Enough money for the effort is in the keep of men who are aware of humanity's dire strait. A provisional first edition of the testament would not be very long in coming. Translated into all languages, it might turn out to be the book this age is waiting for.

Kenneth Keniston has said of Henry A. Murray, "[He] is the most imaginative and the most creative man I have ever known in my life." Amen.

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A Walk Through the Graveyard

MARY OLIVER

Now as the cold November wind
Sweeps against the matted hills,
I walk where the crackling weathers shake
The many birds, the manifold leaves,
And try to find a thing that grieves
To hear the cloth of snow come on,
To hear the panting, boneless step
Of death that waits to take the world—
And learn how nothing, nothing cares.
To the tree, the river, the dreamless hill
That have spilled their seed and fruit away,
Death is the brimming of the cup,
Time's simple and most natural close.

Though it is easier not to dream,
To bother as the hard years fall,
To take no friend or hope or brother,
How will we know that we have lived
In a world apart from leaves and wind?
The rich who give their days to toys,
The proud who cannot learn to break,
The greedy with no hearts at all
Will win the tinsels of the earth
And rot in tunnels soft as snow.
Those alone, who took the chance
And practiced love, and dared despair,
Will never fall from shapes of grace;
Those alone, who came to care
The way it was with other lives,
Have struggled above rock and beast,
Have set their grain against the rest,
And, beautiful as trees still green,
Argue the winter of this place.

✪ MARY OLIVER is author of *No Voyage, and Other Poems.*

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The Revolving Bookstand . . . . . .

The Book, the Bibliographer and the Absence of Mind

JACQUES BARZUN

One of the advantages of living in the twentieth century is that there is no longer need to worry about the *cogito ergo sum.* Today, a reference book supplies the desired proof of actuality, gives the best warrant of true existence. If something sought or something thought turns up in some Index or other, then it *is.* Look it up and it's real; look me up, *ergo sum.* I tested this by leafing through the *Yellow Pages for Manhattan* (1968), and was rewarded with the evidence that even philosophers are solid entities: that unimpeachable book of reference certifies the existence of two metaphysicians—no doubt one Platonist and one Aristowhatsit.

Extending the test, those of us who have long enjoyed mystery stories *sub judice* can now dwell secure in the knowledge that the genre is, in metaphysical parlance, a *tertium quid.* It has found its referencer who points with his thick Index and says in effect "Thar she blows!" Thanks to his marching columns of print, the literature is no longer fugitive; it occupies permanent shelf-space, its survival is more certain than that of many a former fact of nature—the taste of ripe fruit or the difference between the sexes.

The new Index numbers 834 large pages —half a million words—a tome that the future archeologist will dig up and use to demonstrate the general proposition that by one avenue of interest or another, we in this century were fundamentally tomists. My play on words is inspired by the apt one in the title of the book before me.* The publishers are to be congratulated for their courage in making it and thereby recognizing the progeny of Poe's great creation of one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

It may surprise that I congratulate the publishers rather than the author. One good reason is that it is their material product, four pounds net of paper and cloth, that confers the reality I celebrate. There is a second reason, equally good, which later comments will disclose. Here I want to describe what the new volume brings. It opens with 420 pages of double-column alphabetical listing by authors. Under each name are the titles of the writer's works, with publishers' names and dates of publication. According to the compiler, the "books have been classified as (D) Detective, (M) Mystery, and (S) Suspense. . . ." But this is inexact. The *authors* have been so classified and designated, with a resulting inaccuracy about *books* that is to be deplored.

Following the main section is a series of shorter ones, under the misleading caption "Bibliographic guide." One section

✪ JACQUES BARZUN is University Professor at Columbia University.

* *Who Done It? A Guide to Detective, Mystery, and Suspense Fiction.* By Ordean A. Hagen. R. R. Bowker. $20.

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purports to group some of the tales by subject and setting; another lists the films and plays based on, or created as, stories of the kind; still another gives a roster of heroes, *et cetera*. Finally, we reach more genuine bibliography in the listing of anthologies, collections, and critical writings on the genre. After this comes a miscellany—quotations, anecdotes, biographical paragraphs—and at the end an index of titles. In this last feature lies the chief merit of the work: errors excepted, it links some twenty-five thousand titles with their authors.

While the work was in preparation, a note about it in a literary weekly stated that the compiler had begun reading for it two years before. That was the fatal step. The assumption was that one could make a reference book out of other reference books—the catalogues of the Library of Congress and the British Museum, the Penguin and other publishers' lists, the catalogues of specialized secondhand dealers, and various writings on the genre that included bibliographies.

Trusting these, the well-meaning adventurer fell dupe to the metaphysical fantasy with which I opened this review. The many, many errors of fact and blunders of judgment in these 800 pages come from taking as real what is said in some other books, mistaking information on index cards for knowledge of the literature. Anyone can see why this procedure breeds howlers in rabbit-like profusion—the card leaves no trace in the mind, no distinct idea, no sense of the plausible, no familiar substance by which errors already in print can be rectified and new ones avoided.

For example, in his grouping of a few tales by scenes and subjects—in itself a good intention—the compiler has the category Hospitals. Under it we read: "Rhode, John, the Dr. Priestley novels." Now anyone who has ever read a Rhode story knows that Dr. Priestley is a mathematician and physicist, not a "doctor." The serious student knows further that of the more than one hundred Rhode novels, not one is laid in a hospital, although at least three concern physicians. Compounding his error, our classifier omits Josephine Bell, a physician-author who has used the hospital scene in several stories, and has a novel explicitly called *Murder in Hospital*. Last and worst, there is no mention of the masterpiece that comes first to mind, *The Nursing-Home Murders*, by Ngaio Marsh and Dr. Jellett. But then one must have read the book to know that "Nursing-Home" is not what the title may suggest: the story takes place in and around an operating room.

Such essential details cannot be summoned up out of catalogues and they do not figure reliably in this one. Nor is the consequence peculiar to our subject or any other. Any violation of the simple rules of scholarship has fated results of the kind that make one ask about the present work: "Will it help anyone at all?" One wonders for whom it was compiled: Will it not confuse the seeker and dishearten the browser?

Consider the last first. Some readers are attracted more by the scene of a story than by its kind: they will read anything about an academic institution or a fashion designer's shop. If such a reader turns to the group Universities and Colleges, he will find two titles that denote but one story, another that doesn't belong there—and (if one may be said to find what is missing) several classics overlooked. Again, there is no class Fashion, although there should be, if only to transfer a title mistakenly put under Advertising. Likewise, Schools (a larger and better group than Colleges) has entirely escaped the compiler's notice. Note that these deficiencies are culled from one small section of the work, which is built throughout on the same shaky foundation.

It is discouraging. I find no pleasure in detailing the inadequacy of what must have cost many months of drudgery. I know how bewildering and baffling the state of the literature is. What with the paperback stampede and the different notions of England and America about what sounds enticing, many stories have appeared under two or more titles; identical titles (or nearly) belong to different stories; and the proliferation of pseudonyms is numbing to the mind. But these are the very reasons why a bibliography is needed and why it

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should never have come from an innocent card shuffler. It was proper work for a rum-soaked reader of detective fiction, preferably one hundred and twenty years old.

A reader so qualified would long since have met and solved the worst bibliographic puzzles by sheer longevity. Difficulties iron themselves out if one waits attentive in the right spot. A typical confusion from *Who Done It?* will make this clear. The works of Father Ronald Knox are not easy to find, and their frequent double titling is a cause of perplexity. What our "guide" says about a pair of his works is unfortunately not true. Knox's *Double Cross Purposes* is not the same as *Settled Out of Court* (which is *The Body in the Silo*).

Such an error may seem trivial relatively to a large number of titles, but a bibliography should, after all, tell us what is what without differentiating between large and small facts. A title is a clue for hunting down a book. Well, without purposely looking for duplicates—how *could* one?—my eye quickly spotted fourteen stories that are made to look like twenty-eight by being listed again under different titles. Think of the time wasted looking for one more (non-existent) tale by a favorite author.

Our bibliographer, moreover, gives no indication when a title covers a collection of short stories; nor does he care whether he leads you into subjects not germane to his announced concern. He has listed far too many novels that have nothing to do with detection, mystery or suspense. There are at least five under Joanna Cannan, five under Jacques Futrelle, six under Georgette Heyer, three under Eden Phillpotts, and singletons under a multitude of other authors. Nonfiction is also intermixed, for example: *She Stands Accused* (MacClure) is a series of biographical sketches of women criminals; *The Green Bicycle Case* (Wakefield) is the analysis of a famous English homicide of 1919; *Crime in Our Time* (Bell) is a sociological study; *Fingerprints* (Browne and Brock) should have given itself away as a treatise.

Some other books are well-known novels of other kinds. *The Four Feathers* (Mason) is a story of courage and fidelity; *The Cypress Man* (Lewis) is a novel of artistic egotism; *The Sorrows of Satan* (Corelli) is a one-time best seller about religion. As for the popular *Wallet of Kai Lung* (Bramah) it is, as everybody knows, a collection of humorous anecdotes in pseudo-Chinese, and the wallet is not, as the bibliographer apparently imagined, a temptation for the thief. Nor is *The Thief* (Croft-Cooke)—any more than two others under his name—a detective story, but a study of character and circumstance.

At this point the purchaser even more than the reviewer will ask: Who guides the guide when he's lost? The frustrated user will easily gauge the extent of his own bediddlement. Amid the promised (D) (M) (S), he will find technical criminology (Cherrill), sea stories (Hammond Innes), ghost stories, famous trials, adventure stories (*Beau Geste*), stories of ethical struggle (Balchin, Cozzens), as well as the bare listing of the complete works of O. Henry, Ambrose Bierce, Henry James and Jorges Luis Borges. Is this bibliography? But editorial insouciance does not stop there. Since, as is well known, everything in French literature is mysterious, we are given titles at random from the translated works of Michel Butor, Marcel Aymé and Alain Robbe-Grillet; and for good measure, the somber sexual-religious tale by Georges Bernanos called in English *Crime*.

It was of course a conceivable plan to bring together with mystery and detection certain neighboring genres: true crime, famous trials, the practice and theory of detection, criminal psychology, historical mysteries and ghost stories. The juxtaposition would have served a wide yet unified public, *provided* the books were clearly designated for what they were, lest the vacationing philosopher in his hammock break his teeth over criminal psychiatry when he was only eager for crime.

In the present book not only is no clear distinction of this sort made, but none is made between the dissimilar works of a versatile writer. And worse, the jumble of various kinds of authors that we have just

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sampled is not consistently carried out. If Kipling's *Phantoms and Fantasies* shows the wish to represent the ghost story, why no entry for M. R. James, one of its greatest masters? If H. G. Wells supplies the taste for science fiction, why is Conan Doyle's suppressed and Jules Verne's unlisted, to say nothing of their numerous followers? Why the fiction of Chekhov and nothing by Dostoevski? Why the skimpy choice from Bulwer Lytton and nothing from Balzac, who is full of crime? Dickens is there with *Edwin Drood,* but why *Bleak House* beside it and not *Our Mutual Friend*—or the short pieces about ghosts and policemen? Arnold Bennett shows up with his war horse, but one wonders why Muriel Spark appears at all.

Again, if a marginal relevance suffices, why not Trollope's *Eustace Diamonds,* Julian Hawthorne's series about Inspector Byrnes, and the interesting ventures in mystery of Lord Dunsany and Donn Byrne, Brander Matthews and A. P. Herbert? The so-called selection made here is worse than capricious—it is downright careless, as when we are invited to read Henry James's *Two Magics* only to find the second tale in it to be a love story. We might have preferred the ghastly crime in *The Other House,* which is not listed.

The probable answer to all these queries is that our bibliographer is not at home in general literature either. But then why not stick to his last and make a systematic effort to take down from the shelf the books in the three genres defined by his subtitle? It is understandable that he could not read twenty thousand run-of-the-mill stories, many of which have perished; but there were five thousand about which genuine information would have been worth having. It is no excuse to say as he does in his Preface: "There may even be books in this bibliography which are not mystery, detective, or suspense titles." Quite so. Only a miracle, no doubt, kept out *Moby Dick,* with Melville labeled (S).

If correct information about books (and their titles) is too much to expect, what about the real dope on authors? Librarian-fashion, authors are listed in these pages under their real names, which is not a serviceable scheme for *readers,* it being normal to associate one's literary pleasures with the writer's literary name. George Eliot is a great novelist; Mary Ann Evans is only the pedant's girl friend. Similarly, it is John Rhode (not Major Street) who is so indefatigable and Joanna Cannan who is so charming—not Mrs. H. J. Pullein-Thompson. Moreover, in several important cases of double or triple pseudonyms that go with different types of story, the reader is greatly inconvenienced by their merger under one name. He may, for example, prefer Barnaby Ross to Ellery Queen and have to comb through three and a half columns headed Dannay to find the four books he wants.

Besides, the questionable system is not consistently carried out. Anthony Boucher's works are listed under that pen name, although the author was William Anthony Parker White. More mysterious still, Neville Brand heads the book entry when just above is the rubric Charles Neville Brand. The depth of absurdity is reached when we are told that Hilaire Belloc is a pseudonym, the "real name" being Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc.*

As for the chaotic handling of the women writers' first names, married names, and pseudonyms, it defies description. No married name is given for Dorothy Sayers, although Margery Allingham's is acknowledged; Ngaio Marsh's first name (Edith) is not given, although others are; and when we track down "Joseph Shearing" and his co-pseudonyms, we get the following: Shearing refers us to "Long, Mrs. Gabrielle"; Marjorie Bowen to "Long, Gabrielle Margaret"; George Preedy to "Long, Mrs. Gabrielle Margaret";—we're creeping up on it!—finally, under Long, we find: "Mrs. Gabrielle Margaret Vere Campbell." I do not care one way or the other about these nameful orgies, but if our attention is drawn to them, the bibliographer owes us the courtesy of order and system.

* Equally absurd, Gelett Burgess is misrepresented as a pseudonym for one "Justin Sturgis." A Julian Sturgis did exist, the author of two books not related to any subject at hand.

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His failure here is the proof for all time that the pure-card method, unencumbered by any knowledge of books, is meant by the gods to land one in the gravest kind of folly: Matthew Head is the pseudonym of the art critic John Canaday. One of his excellent detective stories, based on wartime work in Africa, is called *Congo Venus*. By the librarian's rule this book is listed with others under Canaday. But the roving eye starts from its socket on finding that same title under "Allison Barbara Neville," an English writer of crime stories involving doctors. It is unlikely that *Congo Venus* would be appropriate for any work of hers. What is the explanation? It is that the Englishwoman's pseudonym is Edward Candy—Canaday-Candy: the mixing of slips is the making of slips.*

Dare I go on, still with the potential browser in mind? Heartfree and hopeful, what are his needs? Clear directions. A bibliographer knows that omnibus volumes and collections of short stories overlap endlessly in contents and titles—but not this bibliographer. The result is that half of the twenty titles under Raymond Chandler are of no use as they stand. They have been dumped there, not *entered*. Just as it helps to know the English and American titles for any one story, so it would help to be told that Chandler's *Simple Art of Murder* covers two unlike groupings of tales and other prose, and that some of the short stories recur in collections with unlike titles. If bibliography is not to disentangle just these snarls, it is nothing.

Beyond that elementary service the reader is entitled to reasonable completeness. Yet on every page of this inventory the connoisseur will find omissions. Obvious gaps occur in such entries as: Anthony Armstrong,† Leslie Beresford, George Birmingham, Joseph L. Bonney, Eric Bruton, G. V. Galwey, John Goodwin, M. R. Hodgkin, Mark Twain, A. A. Milne, William Mole, Simon Nash, Oliver Onions, Jeremy Potter, David Sharp, and a dozen more.

If one wanted to be really demanding, one would also look for the forerunners of the detective genre, none of whom appears in the guide: Voltaire, Beaumarchais, James Fenimore Cooper, Alexandre Dumas, William Leggett. The treatment of Poe himself is bibliographically speaking a crime. Here is the founder of the genre, and the three references given consist of a paperback (hence hard of access), a selection not in print, and the Everyman edition of the *Tales*. The date given for this last volume (1908/1931) would suggest that it too is out of print, whereas the latest reissue is 1966. Meanwhile there are on the market a dozen excellent reprints of the stories; and on the library shelves some twenty-five older editions.

In a large work of this kind—especially in its first printing—it is inevitable that many typographical errors should have escaped the author in proofreading, and even earlier, in typescript. But a proper question about typos is—how many and of what kind? In *Who Done It?* the number is excessive and some of the kinds unforgivable. It is merely irritating that the putting or omitting of *A* and *The* before titles should be fitful, but when the articles are interchanged, the result can be infuriating, for example, John Masterman's *An Oxford Tragedy* is made inept by being recast as *The Oxford Tragedy*. Other errors are as

* I cannot tell how many similar confusions bespangle the pages of *Who Done It?*, but in my one run-through I have found two besides the one above: (1) Doris Ball = Josephine Bell, and Harold Blundell = George Bellairs. Result: Bell's *Death at Half Term* appears again under Blundell. (2) Because there is a Janet Caird and a Catherine Aird, K. H. McIntosh, who = Aird, is made into a Catherine Caird and credited with one of the two Aird stories.

† I am using my preferred system of naming authors by the names they chose. In this connection the compiler would have done well to consult (or to acknowledge consulting) Lenore S. Gribbin's admirable *Who's Whodunit*, University of North Carolina Library, 1969. It seems clear from internal evidence that the compiler also ignored or did not know of the important collection at that library, where books unlisted by him exist on shelves, while he lists many that are doubtless unobtainable anywhere.

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bad: Bruce Hamilton's *Too Much of Water,* which is a quotation from Shakespeare, becomes silly as *Too Much Water.* Likewise, one resents seeing Bellairs' *Case of the Seven Whistlers* changed to *Whistles;* Crofts's *Futile Alibi* turned into *Future Alibi;* Bowers' *Deed Without a Name* with *Deed* changed to *Dead;* and Crispin's *Dead and Dumb* caricatured as *Death and Dumb.* And readers will stare when they get hold of the books after tracking down Brock's *Dagwort Coombie Mystery* (for *Combe*) and Crofts's *Mr. Hefton Murders,* whose title is: *Mr. Sefton, Murderer.*

Indeed the letter *s* flits without warrant from one title to another, but literal malpractice does not become really offensive until it attacks proper names. It is bad to have John Beynon misspelled Benyon, because it changes the alphabetical order; normal care would have ensured the right spelling of Victor MacClure and the correct sequence and spelling of Barbara Alison Neville; it is worse to have Marion Rous Hodgkin (wife of Alan Hodgkin, the famous scientist) turned into Hodgin, and it is outrageous to find Bennett Copplestone (with an extra *t* in Bennet) preceded by an imaginary Bennett Cobblestone six pages earlier. The same slovenliness creates a place for one Dermet Marrah (falsely tagged *M* as a writer) fifteen pages before the actual Dermot Macgregor Morrah, rightly tagged *D,* but deprived of the Michael to which he is entitled.

The handling of names and ranks is in fact culpably erratic throughout. The bibliographer, as we know, professes to give the multiple names of married women, but suddenly G. D. H. Cole's wife and collaborator is "M. I.," with no indication that M. I. is a woman.* Elsewhere titles are set down or omitted capriciously—C. P. Snow and John Cecil Masterman without Lord or Sir, but "Baron John Buchan Tweedsmuir" (properly, "J. B., baron T."). Other barons—Gorell, Charnwood, Clanmorris—receive their full spread, but with no knowledge of the system, and with a good chance that we shall go and ask for the works of "Lord Barnes." Again, a pair of entries gives us Hamilton, E. W. and Hamilton, Lord Frederic Spencer, although both were lords, the sixth and fourth sons respectively of the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Ernest being the author of that little masterpiece: *The Four Tragedies of Memworth.*†

Finally, we stumble across the odd entry: Collaboration. Under it two titles are listed which show that the heading means: "Various Hands"—one tale by half a dozen writers. The best examples *(Ask a Policeman* and *Floating Admiral)* are not among those listed, of which one is very likely misplaced. *Ask a Policeman* our bibliographer erroneously puts much farther on, under Anthologies, and in his description forgets three of the famous collaborators, including the architect of this well-knit work, John Rhode.

Time after time, then, the guide fails to guide. One finds holes in the listing of plays, of film actors, of theorists about the detective genre. The delightful *Handbook* by members of Mystery Writers of America and edited by Herbert Brean is missing; and so is the collection of essays gathered by Michael Gilbert; the work by Martienssen on the British police is mislabeled a critique of fictional crime, and there is no reference to any of the detailed studies of our glorious tradition by such foreign writers as Caillois, Wölcken, Michaud, Narcejac and others.‡ Lastly, in his skimpy glossary of terms of art the bibliographer does

* Nor are we told that *The Brooklyn Murders* was written by G. D. H. alone, the first of the fifty.

† After this battle over names, I ought perhaps to contribute a small fact that may vanish if I do not transfix it. The late Cornell Woolrich, who also wrote as William Irish, has recently been getting reclassified as Hopley-Woolrich, owing to some legal necessity emanating from the Antipodes. I can testify that in the mid-1920s, when for two years he and I occupied neighboring seats in English classes at Columbia College, he was Cornell Woolrich plain and simple; what we then wrote did not dare be pseudonymous. It is a deprivation to see an old friend and classmate removed from his usual place in the alphabet and reappearing, double-barreled, elsewhere.

‡ To make up for this, perhaps, an essay of mine appears twice.

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not give the origin of the warning letters HIBK; and he is wrong on the current English use of "thriller," as well as on the source and primary meaning of "gunsel."

In the two hundred pages of back matter exclusive of the Index, the compiler has ventured on opinions. With the best will in the world one cannot say that these redeem the rest. The theorist is jocose and deals in commonplaces, one of which affords perhaps the *locus classicus* of tautology: "Detective story—one in which a detective or detectives solve the crime." Elsewhere, the light touch which is obviously intended is only dull colloquialism (". . . they bore the daylights out of you"). This was to be expected, for the light touch can only come from intelligent familiarity, and the entire compendium, as I have been forced to show, has been done on the opposite principle, the principle of remote control.

The moral—and it is no trifling one—is that in works of the mind remoteness nullifies control. This would-be bibliography is a product of uncontrolled promiscuity among twenty-five thousand cards. Both the text and the compiler's acknowledgments to his family and friends suggest that the work was put together from notes absentmindedly taken, then transcribed by amanuenses who were willing but uncomprehending slaves (see Cobblestone).

True, for the last thirty years the academic world has done everything to make possible this apotheosis. Although achieved single-handed, it gives us a foretaste of the scholarship of the future, when ingenious but ignorant computer programmers will cast their secondhand data in a meta-language designed to yield new knowledge without leg- or brain-work—the armchair detective indeed, asleep in his chair. Fortunately for the comfort of those future scholars and their readers, everybody by then will be as happy as if the results squared with direct experience. For that experience will be deemed primitive, superseded, irrelevant, the consumers of books having long since forgotten that knowledge grows only out of knowledge and not out of information.

A Bold Philosopher's Timely Book

THE PARADOX OF CRUELTY. *By Philip P. Hallie. Wesleyan University Press. $6.95.*

Reviewed by R. J. KAUFMANN

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The book is short but demands close attention, not because of technical language or abstruse reference but because our cultural reflexes are so quick and defensive. It is so easy to think about cruelty as merely circumstantial and marginal to the normal moral life, or, conversely, with affronted and encapsulated piety in its historical moments of utter outrage. Moreover, there is often a disagreeable flavor of chic in literary commentaries on cruelty. Or, worse, a psychological brand of *Machtpolitik* in which we are "adjusted" to the expectable bloodlust and aggression of the animal, man. Few aspects of human behavior so critically depend upon a firm and

✪ R. J. KAUFMANN returned this fall to his native Southwest as a professor of English at the University of Texas at Austin. Over the last two decades he has lived in the East teaching literature and intellectual history at Princeton, Wesleyan and Rochester. He writes frequently on Renaissance and modern literature and culture, and is currently completing a world history with three, far-flung colleagues. He received a national award for Distinguished Teaching from the Danforth Foundation in 1968.

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honest tone to be effectively discussed. Hallie's attitude to his materials is sane, unembarrassed and immune to cheap thrills. *The Paradox of Cruelty* is engrossing by reason of these qualities. It also provokes our gratitude, because it deploys fastidious intelligence and unquestionable human concern to promote the *beginnings* of serious thought on matters before which normal consciousness is awkward, even stupid.

The book forms a dialectical progress. First, the author obliges us to study two of Hogarth's great didactic sequences: *Marriage à la Mode* and *The Four Stages of Cruelty*. These harsh exposés of the thoughtless ways in which men promote "the terrible waste of life" are scrutinized with expert attention. They establish Hallie's method while articulating the first stage of his cumulative definition of cruelty. The method is of the "contemplated example," the use of *presentational* as opposed to *discursive* argument. This initial essay in definition shifts the stress in "cruelty" from the "absent-minded" egotism of the victimizers to the potential for resistance in the victims, "Ethics is the way the weak limit the strong, not simply the way the strong philosophize amongst themselves." Thus the book begins to define itself as a pragmatic appraisal of cruelty's consequences rather than declaiming—as so many discussions of cruelty incline to do—the evil intentions of those who exploit and "smash" others. One of the few notable defects of the book may be indicated here in passing: the plates are not large or clear enough to support as well as they might Hallie's telling explication of their iconographic and symbolic content. Hogarth's "pictur'd morals" are an attack on obliviousness, a pointed annotation of the fact that the quality of English life was too low, and thus connived at cruelty "that is the maiming of ways of living." Hogarth believed that cruel and unilateral behavior is autotoxic and guarantees its own counteracting resistance. The world Hogarth diagrams is harsh and thankless, but it is lighted by a strong rationalist hope. His art endorses a poetic justice germinating in the aroused and offended hearts of the residually decent members of the social order. For him all acts are contextual; they cannot be performed in isolation from imperfectly organized but definite forces of restitution and reprisal.

Chapters on the Marquis de Sade and the Gothic Novelists follow. With quick, sure-handed strokes, Professor Hallie extracts the kernels of obsessive intention and the precise address to reality from Sade's vast, self-indulgent and often self-contradictory philosophy of behavior. He shows deftly how much a geometrical insulation of his fantasies, and monomaniacal belief in the sacrosanct primacy of the vented passions render Sade's public behavior and the tactics of his books consistent. Sade subtracts all power of resistance from the victim *without* making him a willing participant in the sadistic erotic rituals for which he is drafted. Thus cruelty depends upon the utter absence of either positive or negative initiative on the part of the victim. There is no appeal possible for the victim, either within or beyond Sade's stylized, godless, desocietized and subhistorical world. Cruelty becomes more definitely an incapacity to accord a consistent quotient of reality (feeling, initiative, dignity, *et cetera*) to other "sets" of beings. Hence, the curiously flat, repetitive and spiritually sterile Sadistic mode.

The complementary chapter on the Gothic novels of the preromantic era (especially Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer*) develops the countercase—a wishful one I would say, although Hallie does not, but nonetheless paradigmatically instructive. In these tales not only is demonic and unprincipled energy released in terrifying fashion, but equally numinous and undeniable powers support the weak and victimized figures in these dark worlds where paranoiac fantasies are rendered *ad literam*. As Hallie shows, "unlike Sade" these tales have "a simple conventional morality" behind them; "Innocence, kindness, reciprocity of service, these are the positive morality of the horror tales." The secret of these tales—and their energizing moral for Hallie—is that "the resistance of the vic-

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tim is so great that the villain is always the loser." These tales are gigantic and fascinated gestures of exorcism—every form of violation is paraded as an immediate threat, but the intended victims refuse to enter into these experiences. There is a sense in which cruelty depends upon the availability of the victim. As Juliet says memorably in *Romeo and Juliet,* "If all else fail, myself have power to die."

This insight brings the book swiftly to its inner and most timely burden: the undeniable and prolonged fact of our institutionalized cruelty to the Negro. This is where the morally poised tone of the book pays off. Hallie's argument gives a new dimension to the mortal struggle in which we all are either intelligent or cowardly participants—these are the remaining alternatives—for there is now an irreversible awareness among Black Americans that they *will be* enfranchised as moral beings.

Starting from an elegantly compact explication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* which he uses as a touchstone and symbolic referent, and proceeding through an unusual medley of historical, literary and anecdotal evidence, Hallie proceeds toward the present. He uses the face (the icon one might almost say) and the testimony of the great American Negro, *l'homme revolté,* Frederick Douglass, as a primary index of what is possible when a man refuses to be annihilated as a moral agent by a social machine designed to enslave and victimize. Hallie's analysis is at once as plain as a grandfather telling the truth to a favorite grandchild *and* keenly sophisticated in its awareness of the psychological mechanisms and legal strategies of prejudice. Among other things, the book as a whole, and in this final section, "The Black People and Groceries," particularly, is a great teaching performance. Hallie shows that a philosopher can *care* without declassing himself and without abandoning his most finely articulated tools of analysis.

The notion that cruelty is a form of "unselving" others is richly earned by example and argument until we arrive at a statement too notable to leave unquoted: "the opposite of cruelty is not kindness; nor is it Christian love . . . *The opposite of cruelty is freedom.* The victim does not need the ultimately destructive gift of kindness when offered *within the cruel relationship.* He needs freedom from that relationship . . . He needs to find a way similar to the way other more fortunate men are moving their bodies, and their lives." This is well said and its implications do not escape the author. This book in its measured and meditative but utterly involved fashion, accepts the revolutionary implications of its own analytical findings. The American black is justified in using stern, activist means to disarm his victimizers of their thoughtless and cruelly exercised power, if those victimizers persist in refusing the black man the freedom that inheres in objective respect and that genuinely restores to blacks the only dignity worth having, the dignity of true moral initiative. This is a noble and hard-hitting book.

The Anderson Papers

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS: A CRITICAL EDITION. *Newly Edited from the Original Manuscripts by Ray Lewis White. University of North Carolina Press. $15.*

TAR: A MIDWEST CHILDHOOD. *By Sherwood Anderson. A Critical Text. Edited with an Introduction by Ray Lewis White. Press of Case Western Reserve University. $7.50.*

Reviewed by SUSAN J. TURNER

Because these volumes belong to that recently created genre in American letters and scholarship, critical texts and editions of our classic nineteenth- and now twentieth-century authors, they demand and deserve a recognition of their form, which is an inescapable part of their interest and significance for all readers. Of the two volumes for review, *Sherwood Anderson's*

SUSAN J. TURNER is a professor of English at Vassar College. She has written on literary figures and literary criticism of the 1920s.

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Memoirs is by far the more noteworthy, for it adds new, impressive pages to the canon of Anderson's work, and something new and in a sense strange to our knowledge of it. *Tar,* a direct, sustained and beautiful account of a "midwest childhood" very like Anderson's own, less fabricated although less brilliant than the childhood of *A Story Teller's Story,* has not been reprinted since 1931. Many readers will know it first only in all the panoply of a modern variorum. All three volumes—Mr. White brought out a similar edition of *A Story Teller's Story* last year—represent an attempt to establish reliable texts—to come as close as possible to what Anderson really intended before "misediting" and corrupt reprinting concealed it; and they offer variants and relevant commentary. Clearly these publications raise questions concerning the art of that first-generation, great literary figure of the 1920s and for the cultural values and taste of our own time. Furthermore, reading them—in all their science—can yet remind us that there are many truths about authorship and that fortunately they remain elusive.

Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs, "newly edited," is almost a new work, but it is not a new *book.* (Some reviewers, disregarding its nature and provenance, have made snap judgments, banking their estimate of Anderson's reputation on this newly revealed thing and finding it either tediously repetitious or a sure sign of his stature as an artist.) Mr. White's Introduction, describing the materials used and the editorial decisions involved in the composing of a new volume from manuscripts for a work that Anderson left unfinished and multiversioned at his death in 1941, makes his position clear:

> The organization had to be chronological and close to Anderson's final outline, but the writer's distinctive emphasis on the meaning rather than the facts of his life required that strict chronological order be discounted in favor of Anderson's intended loose structure, which considered each essay complete and separate from contiguous material.

To achieve an approximation of this organic structure, some redundant versions of an episode or essay were cut but, on the other hand, all variants "on such great matters as the composition of *Winesburg, Ohio* have been included," as have all three prefaces, written by Anderson at various times from 1933, when he first conceived of his autobiography. As Mr. White says, "getting at the book that Sherwood Anderson intended is . . . now a difficult matter." Such is the nature of this critical edition. *Tar,* planned and published as a finished book, presented fewer problems.

It is impossible to convey the whole interesting and complicated rationale behind the composition of the new *Memoirs* in Mr. White's Introduction, but one feature I found astonishing—the account of the relation of this edition to the old one, edited and published the year after Sherwood Anderson's death by Paul Rosenfeld, his friend and literary mentor, who had lived through Anderson's career with him. The *Memoirs* of 1942 present a coherent, consecutive story—read since by almost everybody who read Anderson at all, one of the primary sources as it were and embedded in many a footnote. A little stiff, the book, although we knew the author had not completed it, represented the later Anderson, whose major phase was in the twenties. Now we learn, with parallel passages to prove it, that Rosenfeld, under pressure of a contract Anderson had already made with the publisher, had provided and bolstered up a coherent structure for the *Memoirs* by combining passages or adding episodes from earlier work, and had even written within the original manuscript paragraphs and sentences. One version of a familiar passage that we get suggests the free, colloquial and delicate immediacy of some of Anderson's later prose as he wrote it on the page (in this case about a house the Anderson family once lived in):

> The corn field began just back of the big old frame house. It seemed big to us. They said it was a haunted house, that a certain Mama Culver rode through the house at night on a ghostly white horse. They spoke of the clanking of chains, of groans and sighs.
>
> We did not hear them, Mamma Culver, astride the white horse, did not come but I

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have no doubt that, because of her reputed inclinations to take her night rides through the walls of the house, we got it at a low price.

Compare the Rosenfeld *Memoirs:*

The corn fields began just back of the big old frame house. The house seemed big to us. The neighbors said it was haunted, that a Mama Culver was occasionally in the habit of riding through it at midnight on a ghostly white horse. She was said to ride right through the door and walls. They spoke of the clanking of chains, of the heavy feet of the white horse on the floors, of groans and sighs. We heard none of this while we lived there. Mamma Culver astride her white horse did not bother the house, but I have no doubt that it was because of her reputed inclination to take these nightly rides that we Andersons had gotten it at a low price.

Would Anderson have revised the passage? We do not know; but into this and the many more examples given, it is tempting to read the lifelong, friendly debate between Midwesterner and Easterner, native artist and intellectual, that marked the correspondence between the two men. Anderson would chide Rosenfeld for the strictures about form in his reviewing of books, or he would disavow any intention on his own part to "make words rattle like dice in a box," as Mencken did; and he wrote once of feeling "no responsibility to anything but his own inner sense of what is beautiful in the arrangement of words." Even so he sent Rosenfeld his manuscripts and regarded him in some ways as the better craftsman.

One other matter concerning the relation of the new *Memoirs* to the old. Mr. White makes references in footnotes to similar accounts of episodes when they appear in Anderson's other autobiographical writings, his editions of *Tar* and of *A Story Teller's Story;* but there is no suggested comparison with Rosenfeld's edition, no quick way to see what can and cannot be found in the old classic, although, curiously enough, parallel passages in these books are compared with it.

These confusions illustrate what is inevitably unmanageable in such a monumental scheme of alternate versions, explanatory notes and references to relevant commentary offered in the scholarly apparatus of these new editions of Sherwood Anderson—part casebook, part bibliography, part biographical dictionary. The footnotes list, it seems, everything that has been studied or might be studied about Anderson and his autobiographical works —every critical essay, every dissertation and master's thesis, published and unpublished, without much sorting out of their worth. These notes provide, by their suggested analogies, materials for numerous term papers for students who want to work on the "creative process," and there is an attempt to identify every allusion. Do the young people who will read and study these editions really have to be told who Greta Garbo is, or Theodore Roosevelt? Perhaps this is no longer a rhetorical question, but do they have to be told in this connection? A solemn, unfocused quality in the annotations detracts from Mr. White's contribution to our knowledge and enjoyment, in the case of the *Memoirs* a notable one. This contribution is, of course, the substance of Anderson's work and what we learn about the circumstances of its production. The assumptions about modern education implicit in the annotations are familiar. Again we are reminded that so much scholarly industry is likely to stimulate only more industry—not thought, curiosity and imagination. Selectivity is creative and encourages creativity in other men. Santayana's picture of the Harvard in transition in 1890 comes to mind. He wonders how original thought can thrive and be encouraged in others when a lecturer like James or Royce, facing immature graduate students "attentive and determined not to miss anything," must interrupt his discourse to say: "Charles Darwin, author of the *Origin of Species,* 1859; epoch-making work." Santayana's concern is a serious one, not just sardonic snobbery. Half-European, he, like many European critics of America, admired her energy but deplored, as we know, the separation of energy from intellect as a corruption of the spirit within her. One of the challenges of all the abundance, ingenuity and rush of the new scholarship

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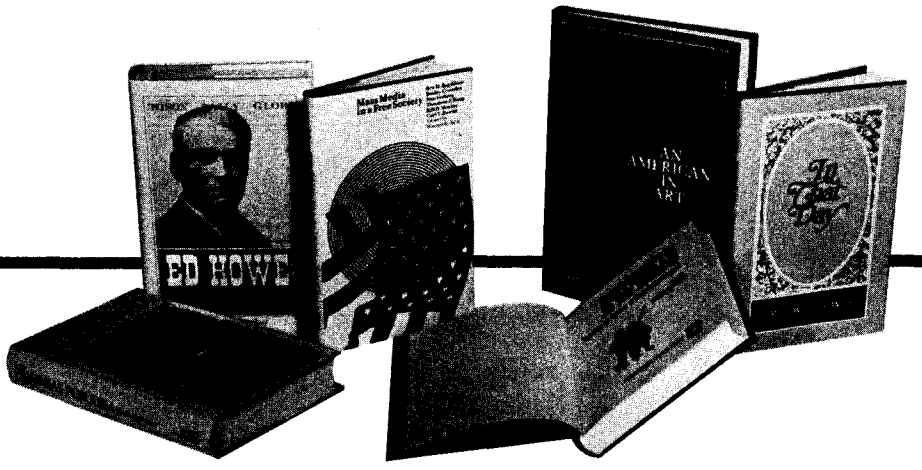

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may be *not* to produce this separation again—what Santayana meant by a genteel tradition.

As for the writing itself in *Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs*—I refer to the whole work, not just the somewhat difficult-to-identify new writing—there is much that is strong and free and good and that helps to extend one's view of Anderson's originality or to see better his relationship to some of his contemporaries (for example, William Carlos Williams and Dreiser) as well as to Whitman and Twain. There is added evidence here for the range of Anderson as a comic writer. His affinity with Twain in the "high and delicate art of how to tell a story" comes out more strongly when one can see in the narrative of the soldier boys in Cuba the same quiet, subversive humor of Twain's "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed"; and the new version of the story of Jacques Copeau's shirts touches the wild hilarity of Faulkner's humor. The narrative of Stella, the sister who took on the family after the mother's death, shows something in Anderson that has not, I think, been sufficiently remarked upon, an insight into human experience that goes far deeper than any cliché of buried lives. At the moment it occurs in the story, Stella's furious, quick slapping of the brother for whom she gave up her youth when he demands that after her reward of a few lazy years at the University of Chicago, she go to work is a dazzling epiphany of shock at human ingratitude. And after reading this narrative of a young woman's deprivation, one understands better Dreiser's narratives of his sisters and their needs and fulfilled desires. The story of sneaky Pete shows us an Anderson who did not mute the ordinary, mindless brutality present in small-town life, as one feels he did in straining places like Winesburg through the inner lives of his characters. On the negative side, there is more evidence of that striving after a purity of style, the excesses of which Faulkner so brilliantly described:

> His was that fumbling for exactitude, the exact word and phrase within the limited scope of a vocabulary controlled and even repressed by what was in him almost a fetish of simplicity . . . he worked so hard at this that it finally became just a style.

And there is much of a kind of primitivism that seems dated and simplistic.

One promising plan cited for his memoirs, Sherwood Anderson only partly fulfills. It was "to do an autobiography in a new way, not the life of the teller but in the lives that touch his life," and Anderson adds, "much as I used George Willard in *Winesburg* but carrying the idea into more mature years." It is interesting but not surprising that he should have used the analogy of *Winesburg,* which committed him to simple people, always the major concern of his writing, and not that of Henry Adams, whom he read, studied, and in a sense relied on (really unsuccessfully) as a model for the latter half of *A Story Teller's Story* (1924), when he was in rapport with the sophisticated intellectual life of his time. There are few personages described in the memoirs that Anderson was preparing the years before his death when he had retired to rural Virginia, but the accounts of his literary contemporaries, of Sandburg, whom he despised as self-centered and an opportunist, and of Faulkner and Hemingway, are witty and good. These descriptions suggest that Anderson has written another *Memoirs* in his letters and that it is here that we must look for the best commentator on his period, his writing, and himself. For these letters, published and unpublished, show a man responsive to the day-by-day literary events and to the writers of a most interesting time; they show a progression of his thoughts and feelings in a prose that, given the mannerisms of his set in the twenties, is alert and concrete, and a mind that, with all its baring of the psyche and avowed, indeed real, self-distrust, is also self-reliant, self-respecting, and full of a knowledge about his art that his critics, then and now, have not yet quite probed the nature of.

Mr. White writes of a time to come, after the "definitive studies" of Anderson have been completed and when "the national literature is judged honestly and well" that will find for Sherwood Anderson a "place of

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enduring major importance." Anderson has often been judged honestly and well, although he has also been judged narrowly, or sentimentally, or for reasons that are extraneous to his writing. William Faulkner, in 1953, looking back in appreciation, wrote that when he remembered *Winesburg, Ohio* and *The Triumph of the Egg* and some of the pieces in *Horses and Men,* he "knew that he had seen a giant in the earth populated to a great—too great—extent by pygmies, even though he did make but the two or perhaps three gestures commensurate with gianthood." Faulkner, with his wonderful writer's sensibility, is setting straight the record of his own indebtedness, youthful rejection, and mature understanding of a friend and literary kinsman. But the making of a canon and the need, somehow moral and urgent, to come to terms with the scope and integrity of his imagination, has marked the best criticism of Sherwood Anderson from the first days of his career. The canon and verdict may vary, but the need has testified to the outlasting power and puzzle of his art. The new *Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs,* and *Tar* reprinted, will keep us thinking about it, and that is enough.

Our Quadrennial Drama

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA: The Presidential Campaign of 1968. *By Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson and Bruce Page. Viking. $10.*

Reviewed by NELSON W. POLSBY

In his latest collection of essays, Alistair Cooke writes: "Very soon after Lyndon Johnson took over the Presidency, I had a cable from an English editor saying, 'WOULD APPRECIATE ARTICLE ON TEXAS AS BACKGROUNDER JOHNSON STOP COWBOYS COMMA OIL COMMA MILLIONAIRES COMMA HUGE RANCHES COMMA GENERAL CRASSNESS BAD MANNERS ETC.' " Cooke, evidently a man who knows general crassness bad manners etc. when he sees it, declined the assignment, and he does not say whether anyone else took it up. But the impulses that inspired the cable will, no doubt, be richly gratified if the editor reads *An American Melodrama,* the English entry in the 1968 election retrospective sweepstakes, by three members of the London *Sunday Times* "Insight" team.

As though the events of 1968 were not appalling enough, we now have an appalling eight-hundred-odd page book to remember them by. Inching glacially along in the accepted you-are-there style, it deposits a midden of itty-bitty details, half-digested sociological studies, sloppy deep-think, news bulletins, gossip and ransackings from hither and yon. What gives the production coherence, aside from the helpful linearity of last year's calendar, is a barely suppressed tone of lip-smacking *Schadenfreude,* suitable, one supposes, for festivities celebrating the dissolution of empires, and other events confirming the natural superiority of observers over participants.

We are given to understand early in the book that America in 1968 has a lot to atone for, such as its hubris, as revealed in the plight of its urban poor, its inability to extricate troops from Vietnam, its optimism, its faith in progress, and its hyperbolic advertisements, including some patriotic doggerel that a Washington, D. C., men's clothing store seems to have placed in a newspaper on what Americans incomprehensibly refer to as "Independence Day." Other symptoms of America's underlying sickness in 1968 are also ticked off: a "naïve" Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, who "revealingly" sponsored the use of jargon like "inputs" and "outputs" in the Pentagon; "unskeptical" Lyndon Johnson, whose misfortune it was to escape the heady learning experience of the Bay of Pigs, thus arriving at the end of his third decade of service in Washington unaware that a government bureaucracy might mislead him; an inadequate Presidency, whose institutional structure had been weakened

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"since Eisenhower's time"; a lack of subtlety and courage in social thinking that kept the White House from self-evident truths at home and abroad. ". . . Johnson's aide Joseph Califano was a great one for producing lists showing how many fewer poor people there were this year than at some earlier time . . ." "As poverty is relative," Messrs. Chester, Hodgson and Page helpfully explain, "so there can be no useful 'attack' on it that does not involve the effective redistribution of goods, services, and wealth." No doubt the well-fed look that all three authors have mustered up for the group picture on the book jacket was, under the instruction of this dictum, accomplished not by their own exertions at table but by putting a squadron of Rockefellers on a diet.

After thus setting the scene, the authors commence their recitation of who said what to whom in various hotel ballrooms, restaurants and airplanes, pausing occasionally to launch into digressions as the main dramatis personae stumble on stage. In due course, we meet mysterious Eugene McCarthy, he of the gnarled psyche and gnomic utterance; lovable, boyish Robert Kennedy, torn between practical politics and ambitious idealism; malevolent, hulking Lyndon Johnson; Hubert Humphrey with his putty nose and floppy shoes; and a raft of other vaudeville favorites in cameo roles. Only one character momentarily eludes stereotyping: Richard J. Daley, who turns out to be only partly ogre. A lovable, boyish side comes out when he bargains in the back room as a semi-ally of the Kennedys.

In the little set piece on Richard Nixon, the retailing of clichés gives way to the wholesaling of *déjà vu*. Here is a passage from the sympathetic biography, *Nixon: A Political Portrait,* by Earl Mazo and Stephen Hess, describing Nixon's senatorial compaign of 1950:

> After Smathers' primary victory in May, Nixon carefully studied it and adapted what he could to his own campaign. (Thus, "Red Pepper," a slogan in Florida, became "Pink Lady" in California) . . . Nixon's greatest windfall, of course, was the mass of accusations his fellow Democrats had hurled at Mrs. Douglas in the Spring. Chotiner and his associates gathered them all, added an embellishment here and a nuance there, and played it back in the fall campaign.

Adding an embellishment here and a nuance there (but without mentioning the Mazo and Hess book), the authors of *An American Melodrama* write:

> The first "red smears" against Mrs. Douglas came not from Nixon but from her party colleague Manchester Boddy during the campaign for the Democratic nomination . . . Boddy's smears against Mrs. Douglas were sufficiently comprehensive that Nixon did not need to add too many of his own. Some of the techniques he did borrow came from another Democrat, George Smathers of Florida. . . . As Smathers' opponent was called the Red Pepper, so Nixon and his manager, Murray Chotiner, nicknamed Mrs. Douglas the Pink Lady. Smathers swamped his state with a booklet entitled *The Red Record of Senator Claude Pepper.* It was effective, and Nixon, who studied the Smathers campaign with great care, followed suit.

Mazo and Hess write of Nixon's oratorical style:

> It was what seemed to be said that paid off, not the intricate lawyerlike interweaving of facts and qualifications. Nixon did not exactly call Secretary of State Acheson a "pink" for instance. But he did refer to "Acheson's color blindness—a form of pink eye toward the Communist threat in the U. S." . . . In 1954 he charged that "real Democrats are outraged by the Truman-Acheson-Stevenson gang's defense of communism in high places"; and Truman, Stevenson and Acheson were "traitors to the high principles in which many of the nation's Democrats believed."

In *An American Melodrama,* a passage reads:

> Nixon's style therefore appears as a mixture of fury, caution and legalism. This is to be found in all those famous phrases which attempt to link Democrats, and especially liberal Democrats, with Communism; Dean Acheson suffered "color blindness—a form of pink eye toward the Communist threat." "Real Democrats" were "outraged by the Truman-Acheson-Stevenson gang's defense of Communism in high places." He went close to the edge with

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his claim that Truman, Acheson and Stevenson were "traitors to the high principles in which many of the nation's Democrats believed."

The point of exhibiting these funny coincidences is, of course, not to suggest that *An American Melodrama* is literally plagiarism. Rather, it is pastiche, pulled together from a variety of unacknowledged sources and informed by a point of view that owes little to the inductive comparison of insight with observation and much to the bombastic repetition of received press corps opinion, some of it rather stale and thoughtless.

The fact that the authors are foreign observers makes this weakness of the book especially poignant. American readers have been spoiled by visitors like Henry Fairlie and Alistair Cooke, whose prose gives evidence of having been composed in order to express the thoughts of orderly, lucid and skeptical minds. We have come routinely to expect of foreign journalists a freshness of perspective permitting glimpses of inward truths about our political men and institutions that those of us who have grown up with them might easily have missed. But nothing of the sort is visible in *An American Melodrama.*

Perhaps the most signal failure of the book is in its portrait of Hubert Humphrey —and to a lesser extent also in that of Edmund Muskie. Muskie's quiet and effective work in the Senate for over a decade is dismissed as though he had all that time been engaged in basket weaving in the House of Lords. For Humphrey, all too predictably, the authors reserve their ripest scorn. The work of a political career in behalf of civil rights, welfare, disarmament, federal aid to education, and so on, barely attracts the notice of these authors, who think to put it in perspective by summoning Lyndon Johnson to praise Humphrey's ephemeral deeds. "Friends and apologists," they note, were unaccountably eager to defend Humphrey, and kept irrelevantly pointing to the record. "Humphrey's friends," they pout, "lay heavy stress on his practicality, his effectiveness."

Humphrey himself is proud of his ability to get things done. "People say to me," he says, "whatever happened to that liberal program you stood for?" "I say to them, 'we passed it. Does that upset you?'" . . . There it all is in two dozen words: bragging, defensiveness, and crass incomprehension both of the nature of political dissent and of the mood of America.

Whence all this crass incomprehension? "To bask in the acceptance of [the Senate]. . . . These are heady delights for any man, and for the country boy from Huron, South Dakota, who loved all his life to be loved, they were intoxicating. For this, surely, is the key to Humphrey . . ."

And the key to McCarthy? ". . . a bored, proud man, contemptuously aloof from the masonic bonhomie and the routines of the life of the Senate around him. . . . There is something about McCarthy, some mark of an enviable inner self-confidence. . . . You would start with a sense of security if you grew up in Watkins, Minnesota."

We may term insights such as these examples of the emerging science of geo-psychiatry. Clearly they betoken an attempt on the part of the authors to probe beneath the surface of events. But is is a puerile attempt. Swift visits to childhood home towns cannot substitute for detailed knowledge of what adults have made of themselves, or (and this is the deficiency I see as most glaring in *An American Melodrama*) the institutional constraints and opportunities within which they must currently live. Although the authors learned enough about the electoral process to be properly skeptical of Robert Kennedy's chances of victory if he had lived, their understanding of our governing process is too weak to sustain a hardheaded assessment of Kennedy's chances of delivering on his promises if he had somehow won the nomination and the election.

They seem to understand something of the reasons behind Nixon's Southern strategy, although they never resolve the partial contradiction between their assertion that Spiro Agnew had been Nixon's secret choice for the Vice Presidency all along and the strong implication that he was yielded up as a means of placating Strom Thurmond when Ronald Reagan became a

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threat at the convention itself. Liberal Republicans—especially Nelson Rockefeller—receive sympathetic portraits, but the authors do not second guess their maladroitness—as they do practically everyone else's maneuvers—at the Republican convention, although it seems plausible to suggest that liberal Republican inability or unwillingness to bargain with Nixon may have thrown Nixon into the arms of the South.

They are able to see the complexity of relationships among party insurgents but not among party regulars. One little setpiece describes Robert Kennedy's entourage as a feudal retinue. Another describes it as a sectlike group held together by "charisma," a concept that is given its full Weberian exposition. Still another interlude describes in detail an inner dialogue between young New Left and old John Kennedy holdover factions, later reproduced in what seem to be alternate sentences in a Robert Kennedy speech.

If Robert Kennedy occupies both the traditional and charismatic boxes in their rather odd paraphrase of Weber, perforce the regular Democratic coalition must occupy the bureaucratic box. Labor "automatically" transfers its allegiance from Johnson to Humphrey. Congressmen, Senators, assorted state party leaders, the staff men of the "bureaucratic" candidate are "faithful" "retainers" and "admirers," men of no independent judgment, having no discernible justification for their preferences beyond loyalty to the "machine." The emergent description owes less to Max Weber than to W. S. Gilbert.

The book illustrates that it is hardly possible to write with discernment about American elections without an understanding of American government. This curiously nonobvious truth makes Presidential elections, of all the political institutions of contemporary America, singularly difficult to capture. It is not merely the confusion of events, or the multiplication of actors and supernumeraries rushing to and fro, the impossibility of being everywhere at once, or of knowing in advance which meeting out of a hundred will matter a few weeks later. These present problems of technique and logistics, and they are formidable. It is, for example, a serious methodological flaw that inner struggles and dilemmas of the Kennedy camp are painted in this book in such beautiful and elaborate and flattering detail, whereas the equally great complexities of the Humphrey and Nixon groups on the Vietnam issue, say, or on the choice of a Vice Presidential candidate, are sketched with perfunctory haste.

But the heart of the difficulty lies elsewhere, in the fact that American mass politics as played out in an election year is not the whole of American politics. To understand the characters as they pop up in the quadrennial drama it is necessary to see them also in the light of a longer view, encompassing knowledge of their participation in the ongoing, everyday context of our other political institutions and against a background of detailed information about the fundamental commitments of their careers as revealed in their actions when the limelight is off as well as when it is on. Unlike dramas that are written for the stage, the encounters of a Presidential year cannot be counted upon to serve as perfect illustrations of the lives and characters of the men involved. A fortunate few politicians may have the gift of so contriving their images, or of having such images thrust upon them. But such matters are fortuitous. It is, needless to say, in the interests of journalists who give accounts of Presidential election dramaturgy to portray these events as deeply symbolic of our national life and as importantly emblematic of the true inner beings and ultimate worth of the persons who are enmeshed in them. It takes great integrity in an author, great sophistication, and rare devotion to hard work to resist forcing American politics, American society and American culture into the mold our spectacular Presidential elections provide.

I do not see that integrity, that sophistication or that devotion in *An American Melodrama*. I do see evidences of desultory homework, of casual learning, but in the end no commitment to the pursuit of the truth or to its illumination in this frivolous and lumpish book.

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In the Center Ring

THE FIRST CIRCLE. *By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. Harper & Row. $10.*
CANCER WARD. *By Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $10.*

Reviewed by EARL ROVIT

Since contemporary literature is at least as paradoxical and perverse as every other aspect of our culture, I suppose we ought not to be overly surprised to notice that all of a sudden, while our attention was being captured by such sideshow trivia as black humor, absurdism, and apocalyptic prestidigitation, the center ring has been rather fully occupied all the time. And—to get the circus fanfare out of the way—we find ourselves with two great novelists in the world—both of whom are Russian. And further, we note that this geographical definition of birthright, and the dedication to Pushkin—which being born a Russian seems inevitably to bring—are about the only things that these two writers hold in common. I am referring, of course, to Vladimir Nabokov and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—as unlikely a coupling of talents, powers and prejudices as could delight a critic's taste for oxymoron and the marvelously erratic directions in which genius flows. Nabokov's reputation is, at this point, relatively secure; Solzhenitsyn has yet to make his way through and beyond the cliché that welcomes him to the West as an anti-Soviet Soviet. I think we shall come to recognize, however, that *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward* are "political" only in a peripheral way (like Dostoevski's *The Possessed*) and I should not be surprised to find that we will have to reckon with the imaginative thrust of these novels as parts of a major artist's vision of the universe that all of us equally inhabit.

But it may be instructive to follow the antithetical coupling of Nabokov and Solzhenitsyn a moment longer. A full generation older than Solzhenitsyn, Nabokov has been a quixotically experimental artist—almost in inverse proportion to his ideological and social conservatism; Solzhenitsyn, on the other hand, nurtured on the stuffy aesthetic notions of social realism, is a relatively conventional revolutionary. The one, a permanently isolated exile whose masterful flirtations with many languages and cultures are balanced by an intractable tendency toward aestheticism and solipsism; the other, so intimately scarred by the Soviet experience of the Stalinist thirties and forties as to be massively dangerous to the apologists of any revolutionary ideal. The one, a dispossessed aristocrat of the 1917 Revolution who has chosen to ignore that Revolution as merely a personal hiatus in his own fortunes, turning toward worlds and forms of his own indefatigable creation for a stability and beauty that history was unable to supply. The other, a dispossessed but still illusioned idealist, determined to make the world of his art a moral illumination of the momentum of history, and by his own efforts force that history to justify itself in terms of an ethical imperative. A generation gap, an ideological gap, the gap of crucially different conditioning experiences—everything sets Nabokov and Solzhenitsyn apart in opposed factions, opposed styles, opposed categories of artistic craft and belief. But what makes me link them momentarily is not only the casual fact that they are both native Russians, but—more important—that they are authors who have refused to surrender the traditional novelist's authority over his world.

Except for Joyce, Mann, and perhaps Faulkner, the twentieth-century novelist has generally been overwhelmed by a terror of space; the very core of his creativity has been haunted by a paralyzed dread that should he open his eyes too wide, he might find himself adrift in a vast uncoordinated fragmentation. This fear has led him—if not compelled him—to avoid a whole view of the universe. He has experienced so much that is incomprehensible and he has believed in so much that has turned out to be indefensible that, again and again, he has chosen to reject as arrogant and unworkable the storyteller's Godlike position

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of omniscience in favor of the fractured focus of the moment and the momentary. Whatever novelists might once have been able to assume as objective and absolute, he now regards as subjective and relative. He becomes wonderfully adept at shattering the illusory unity of space into brilliant angles of refraction and shards of deeply felt but indeterminate epiphanies. But when the storyteller ceases to be God and becomes merely a man with unusual talents, his creations cease to be sacred—cease to be scriptural. The authority over meanings (and what else is the sign of Godhead?) passes out of the hands of the individual creator and into the jurisdiction of each of his readers—much as the Protestant Reformation liberated the Bible from the custody of the Church at the eventual cost of depriving the text of its authority. All this, of course, is stalely familiar to us who have been conditioned to the new dispensation. We have learned—not so much to read modern fiction—as to read meanings into it or out of it. And our authority-less authors have responded by offering us fictions to interpret rather than to bear witness to. Nabokov and Solzhenitsyn manage to do something else, however, and I am not certain that we will know how to handle this unaccustomed fire.

Nabokov denies the terror of space by assuming a veiled Godlike view (perhaps just beneath the concealed cloud of a real Russian Orthodox God) from which he manipulates his masks and disguises, his wordplays and doubled poses, his inimitable interpenetrating layers of fantasy-pretending-to-be-reality and reality-pretending-to-be-fantasy. But this total scintillating universe of his creation is as firmly under his control as are the subtle chess puzzles that he is fond of constructing. Nabokov arranges and controls space through a religiously precocious attention to words and to the numinous resonance of metaphors. He can control space because he is under no need to create it; God (the All-Time Undefeated Chess-Master) has already done the job to perfection and Nabokov is free to bring his own artistic worlds into play in reverent mimicry of the unity and variety of what he knows to be the real thing. To be sure, Nabokov's reader is constantly lured into the frustrating game of interpretation. But Nabokov, ultimately some peculiar mutation of religious allegorist, has cunningly fixed the game. He has planted all the traps and snares and dangled the red herrings crisscross over the trail; everything has been constructed within the surety of his own firm design and he himself is the sole bestower of meanings. To appreciate this properly, we have but to contrast him with Kafka who could hardly have read his own fables with any more confidence in their fixed meanings than his most bewildered readers.

Solzhenitsyn's assumption of authority is a good deal more direct, traditional and secular than Nabokov's. Perhaps because of his experience (his distinguished service in World War II was followed by an extensive term of imprisonment in Stalin's labor camps and his last two novels have still not been published in the Soviet Union), Solzhenitsyn seems to possess a quasi-permanent resting-place within the fluidity of space—a metaphysical locus, as it were, supported partly by an ineffaceable hatred of injustice and partly by an irrational hope in the capaciousness of the human spirit. From this position of moral arrest —Solzhenitsyn's artistic personality is almost quintessentially defined in terms of resistance—he can withstand the terrors of space without succumbing to them. He can play the part of the third-person Godlike narrator because his arrogance is almost always tempered by compassion and his attraction to relativism is offset by a sharp determination to uphold ethical norms ("The wolfhound is right and the cannibal is wrong."). His authority is undiminished by the mutability of social and psychological forms because he conceives of the struggle to serve righteousness as a universal condition of life. While Nabokov's main weaknesses are a tendency toward preciosity and a kind of hermetic misanthropy, Solzhenitsyn is sometimes tempted into sentimentality—into an overweening trust in folk wisdom, in proverbs, in the peasant strength and faith in which Tolstoi and

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Chekhov occasionally indulged. But like those two writers (with whom Solzhenitsyn has strong and clear bonds), his view of the world is large enough to be able to absorb even his own sentimentality—as though in recognition that it too is a part of the human world.

As evidenced by his three novels and two of the three novellas that have been published in English, Solzhenitsyn's characteristic strategy for subduing space is to temporalize it—to transform it into time—which is, after all, a good deal more manageable. That is, he chooses to deal with the complex currents of multitudinous human flow within small bursting moments of time: one day in a Stalinist labor camp; one week in a penal scientific research institute; two months (actually, two single-week sequences) in the cancer ward of a provincial hospital. This transformation of space into time allows Solzhenitsyn to present a variegated group of people who are caught in a collective situation of relative isolation by following them through their daily routine. By means of this device, he can project a wide gallery of characters who will serve as mirrors of all the levels of social life as well as the breadth of different psychological types. And, at the same time, these forcibly restricted milieus provide a natural and persuasive metaphor for life itself—not only as a political metaphor of social repression, but as a philosophical metaphor of the adamant limitations that the conflict of human needs and human greeds place on the very soul of man.

The First Circle and *Cancer Ward* are very large books—large in what they aim to encompass, large in the pervasiveness of their inevitable allegorical patterns, large, above all, in their insouciant assumption that the novel is still a productive handmaiden of history. How or why Solzhenitsyn is able to succeed in what we have taken for granted to be an obsolete and unworkable *modus operandi,* I do not know. It may be his unsparing passion to get things right (his academic training is in mathematics and physics); it may have something to do with the quality of his suffering and the constancy of his faith that justice is the only accurate gauge of social relationships; it is probably finally a matter of genius—which is to say, mystery. But the novels rise above the questions they propound and serve—as great literature always has done—to be both a challenge to and a triumph for the free spirit of man wherever it allows itself to exist.

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THE CASE THAT WILL NOT DIE: COMMONWEALTH VS. SACCO AND VANZETTI. *By Herbert B. Ehrmann. Little, Brown. $12.50.*

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BEN SHAHN: THE PASSION OF SACCO AND VANZETTI. *By Martin H. Bush. With an Essay and Commentary by Ben Shahn. Syracuse University Press. $10. Paper, $4.50.*

Reviewed by IRVING DILLIARD

This coming spring will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the start of the most renowned American *cause célèbre*—the Sacco-Vanzetti case. On April 15, 1970, it will be just a half century since the double killings at South Braintree, Massachusetts, for which "the good shoemaker and the poor fish peddler" were indicted, prosecuted, convicted and, seven years later, electrocuted under the laws and criminal processes of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The setting of the case goes back into the preceding year, for on November 7, 1919, United States Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer staged the first of his notorious "Red raids," and on December 29 he ran off the second. The official political climate, bordering close to hysteria against

IRVING DILLIARD, for forty years a newspaper writer and editor, is now Ferris Professor of Journalism and Public Relations at Princeton University.

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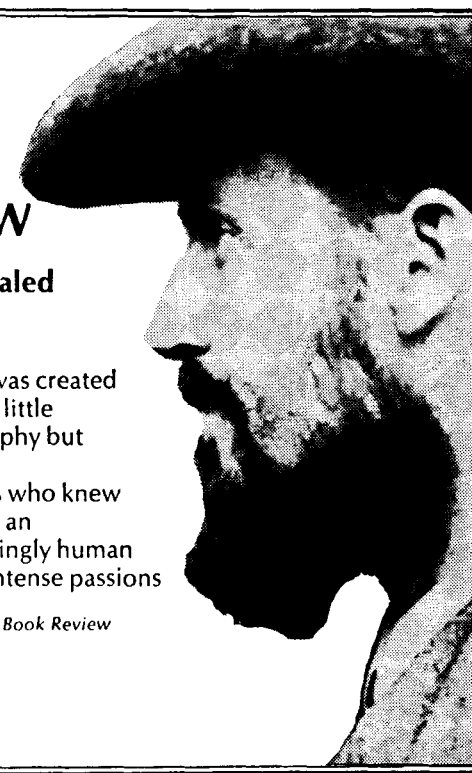

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any thing or any person remotely foreign, was as much a factor in the case as the circumstances of the murders and testimony against the alien agitators from Italy. When Attorney General Palmer declared that "each and every adherent of this [radical] movement is a potential murderer or a potential thief and deserves no consideration," he had in mind just such "troublemakers" as the immigrant war-resisters, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

After five decades their case is still very much alive. It is, indeed, as the title of the first of these varied publications so aptly styles it, "The Case That Will Not Die." It is so alive that Paul P. Appel, discriminating publisher of Americana and out-of-print books, has brought out a new and greatly improved printing of the official record of the case—in six volumes totaling 6,300 pages. It is so alive that the last published work of the late distinguished American artist, Ben Shahn, issued shortly before his death, is a handsome collection of what Shahn not only painted but also said about the case.

Paul Appel's new printing of the record is an event of which librarians, historians, law teachers, judges, sociologists, political scientists and newspaper editors all ought to take thoughtful notice. It is safe to say that relatively few libraries of any kind obtained the original limited printing back in 1928, and doubtless only a few of these sets have survived and can be referred to today. For the many colleges and universities established in recent years here is a work with a vast storehouse of information on American "law and order," on our criminal jurisprudence, on our system of justice.

The Appel printing includes everything in the 1928 edition plus new material. It retains intact the preface to which eleven outstanding members of the American bar (among them Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner, Charles C. Burlingham, John W. Davis, Charles Nagel and Elihu Root) signed their names. In prophetic words they said, less than a year after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, August 23, 1927:

> The Sacco-Vanzetti case is without doubt an historical trial. As such it promises to be the subject of controversy and discussion for many years to come. It is important that the complete record of all the proceedings in the case should be available and accessible to historical students. Very few copies of the record are now in existence, and these practically not within reach of inquirers. Without the record, comment and criticism must be partial, if not partisan; with it, there can be no excuse for misrepresentation through ignorance or design.

The never-before-printed material includes an arresting prefatory essay by Justice William O. Douglas who makes it clear that, whether Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty or innocent, they did not have a fair trial; a forty-one-page bibliography of writings about the case in books, pamphlets, and periodicals and in creative projects of fiction, poetry, drama, art and music; and a strangely omitted section of testimony on the switching of gun barrels—that is, omitted from the proceedings as reported in the original edition.

Efforts by defense counsel to get the Sacco-Vanzetti case into the United States Supreme Court were unavailing, for neither Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes nor Justice Harlan F. Stone saw a way to accept the appeal. Justice Louis D. Brandeis disqualified himself because he had permitted Mrs. Sacco and her son to reside in the Brandeis home in Dedham during the trial. The Justice was convinced of Sacco's innocence. But that was 1927, not 1969. Justice Douglas writes:

> If the Sacco-Vanzetti case had arisen in the late '60s, rather than the early '20s, it certainly would have been reviewed by the United States Supreme Court on several Federal grounds. What the result would have been, no one can of course predict. But certain points raised by counsel present substantial Federal questions in the light of the evolution of the law in the ensuing half century.

The prejudiced way in which the jurors were chosen would not stand up today without review, so Justice Douglas notes. He also points out that the weak identification of the defendants would get closer scrutiny now than it did a half century ago. Still another currently reviewable area

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is that concerning "the suppression of the truth by the prosecution." And yet another was "the saturation of the trial with the radicalism of the defendants," for the prosecution made a great deal of the political views of the accused men, as if their political beliefs had anything to do with their guilt or innocence on the murder charge.

Doubtless there are those who will think that this is pretty late in the day to be raking over old Sacco-Vanzetti coals. To them particularly should be addressed Justice Douglas' summary words that "the records of the Sacco-Vanzetti case should bring home to every reader the shattering realization that convicting the innocent is easy where circumstantial evidence is used and constitutional procedural guarantees are tossed to the winds."

No living man had more to do with the case than Herbert B. Ehrmann, author of *The Case That Will Not Die.* Then still in his twenties, he was a rising member of the Boston bar—a graduate of Harvard and its law school—when the shoe factory's paymaster and guard were killed. As a concerned lawyer he followed the proceedings with intense interest and during the last two years, 1926-27, was associated with William G. Thompson, as junior defense counsel. Although Ehrmann has engaged in a host of legal and civic activities since then, we can be certain that Sacco and Vanzetti and what happened to them have never been long out of his mind in the last half century.

Considering the fact that A. Lawrence Lowell was a lawyer, a veteran professor of government, a celebrated educational administrator and one of the country's leading citizens, the president of Harvard University probably comes off worse than anyone else in Ehrmann's recounting of the case and its personalities. As chairman of the Massachusetts Governor's special advisory commission on clemency, Lowell, along with two colleagues, was supposed to give the world-noted controversy a fresh and fair hearing that would reassure an ever-growing number of doubters that justice would be done.

But almost from its eleventh-hour appointment, defense lawyers were convinced that the Lowell Commission was pretty much "hopeless." Its members required almost no time to check over the record or to look at the new evidence, some of which should have been compelling. "Like the jury at Dedham, they knew the answers before their deliberations began." Further the record shows, for example, that Lowell was so determined to support the guilty verdict that he went noticeably out of his way to prop up unreliable testimony, seemingly only because it was directed at the accused.

After reviewing the case step by step from its beginning to the Charlestown death chamber, Ehrmann puts a hard, solid, serious question to the reader—and to the country. His thought deserves to be expressed in his own words. He warns us:

> We can explain what happened as the unperceived effect of an anti-Red hysteria and prejudice. When we do this, however, we arrive at a final question, with ominous overtones. If the twin passions of fear and hatred can pull the Commonwealth of Massachusetts away from its historic standards of behavior, they can do this anywhere, in any country, at any time. Nor is their power limited to the cracking of long-accepted standards of justice. They can be equally as destructive of ideals of honesty, of humanity, of peace.
>
> Therefore, the most troubling question that the Sacco-Vanzetti case asks of us is not what kind of men the accused were. This question may be important to a judgment about the case. It may help to clear the names of the dead men, as Vanzetti requested. Its implications, however, are limited to the case itself. For us, the Sacco-Vanzetti case poses an infinitely greater question. It probes to the very heart of human behavior. Have we the stamina to hold fast to our professed standards of conduct under the stress of transient manias and emotional excesses? For us, therefore, the question is not what kind of men the defendants were, but what kind of people are we?
>
> The future of civilization may hinge on the answer to this question and, possibly, even the continued existence of the human race.

One American who made his life count on the side that would continue the human race was the great artist of the people, Ben Shahn. Two years after the execution

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of Sacco and Vanzetti came the economic crash of 1929. Let Ben Shahn's commentary, in the handsome Martin H. Bush book, tell how depression came to him:

> As the artists' never-very-visible means of support dwindled, the sympathies of patrons were stirred, and a number of committees were formed to devise helpful projects. One of the first of these was undertaken by The Museum of Modern Art. Painters were invited to submit mural sketches and details toward the objective of several rather vaguely described, possible commissions.
>
> My own submission was no Paris-inspired achievement of pure form. It was a huge panel, taken from a series of paintings that I had just completed dealing with the deaths of Sacco and Vanzetti. This was my first skirmish against injustice via the paint brush. I was happy about it artistically, elated about it in spirit.
>
> The picture was not warmly received by the Museum. It so distressed that great and admirable Institution that I found myself, in turn, threatened, cajoled, persuaded, and finally, in a delicately roundabout way, offered a handsome price for the painting, if only I would forget about my invitation and withdraw it. It is only fair to mention that it was not withdrawn and was reproduced in the catalog.
>
> That provided me with the stunning realization that patronage is not always pure.

Before that, Shahn had seen tugboats named *Sacco* and *Vanzetti* plying along the Seine. He found that working people were naming children for the executed men. Suddenly it came to him that "this was a crucifixion itself—right in front of my eyes." He picketed in Boston and became more and more convinced of the injustice of the trial and outcome. Then in 1932 he submitted his depression entry panel which was taken on national tour, but did not sell until it was bought by the Whitney Museum of American Art for its permanent collection in 1949.

It remained for Syracuse University to invite Shahn in 1965 to participate in its mural program and again he turned to the theme that had never left his mind. The result is *The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti,* a grouping of graphic Shahn panels, produced in mosaic by Gabriel Loire of

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Chartres, France, and secured to an eminently public outdoor wall of the Syracuse University Law School. The excellent color reproductions in Dean Bush's book will serve until the reader can get to Syracuse and see the Shahn depiction of the lily-bearing Lowell Commission standing by the open coffins of the executed men. The Harvard crimson on Lowell's academic gown is balanced by a red scarf on a demonstrator on the opposite side of the mural.

A salute to Syracuse University and to the authors and publishers of these books for making sure that the case of Sacco and Vanzetti *is* a case that will not die.

An Exacting Critic of the Culture

THE THIRD THEATRE. *By Robert Brustein. Knopf. $6.95.*

Reviewed by STANLEY BURNSHAW

Although offered "frankly as a collection of pieces written between 1957 and 1968," this book has compelling unity, not only of taste and judgment but also of what might be called, for the sake of brevity, vision. The fact is rather humbly concealed in the preface, where the author confesses his "obvious reluctance to discuss works of art without some reflection on the civilization that gave them birth." This, he says, is the source of the only unity he can find among the essays "aside from the unity of style." And perhaps he has had no choice but to let the reader discover for himself how the two coincide. As I read and reread this book, I kept thinking of Remy de Gourmont's remark, *"Le véritable problème du style est une question de physiologie,"* which, as I understand it in its total sense, is the basic way of describing a writer's mind.

✪ STANLEY BURNSHAW's forthcoming book, *The Seamless Web,* "an exploration of the arts as the expression of the creator's total organism," will be published in February by George Braziller.

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ODYSSEY OF A LIBERAL, *Memoirs by Freda Utley*

Miss Utley's memoirs begin with her childhood in London focusing on her parents and their friends within the Fabian Socialist Set including George Bernard Shaw, Beatrice and Sidney Webb and T. W. H. Crossland. She describes her education both in England and on the continent and her subsequent interest and faith in communism. Her marriage to a Russian, their life in Russia and his arrest and subsequent death in a Siberian concentration camp are depicted in poignant detail. Miss Utley's discussion of her attempts to discover the fate of her husband includes original correspondence with George Bernard Shaw and Bertrand Russell. Her emigration to America and the descriptions of life here include a notable chapter entitled "Friends in the Village" dealing with such notables as Dwight MacDonald, Norman Cousins, Granville Hicks, Sydney Hook, Norman Thomas, and Isaac Don Levine. Throughout there are delightful anecdotes about VIP's of the social and political worlds whose company she has always kept, told with the clarity and objectivity of a woman who understands people and politics.—$10.00

EUGENE McCARTHY: ACCIDENTAL INSTRUMENT *by Richard T. Stout*

In 1965 escalation of the war prompted an escalation of moral concern over the nation's role in Vietnam. The demonstrations began to be peopled by middle-class Americans who had never protested before. In 1966 a sprinkling of "peace" candidates ran for Congress and in 1967 middle-class Americans canvassed their neighbors to register anti-war sentiment. A movement had begun in opposition to the war and to Lyndon Johnson. When it became apparent that demonstrations, petitions and public statements would not change policy, some segments of the movement began to look for a candidate. Until November 30, 1967 no politician of stature would take the risk of opposing an incumbent President. Then Eugene McCarthy came forward and the movement had a candidate. ACCIDENTAL INSTRUMENT tells the story of how the movement and the man came together and of the extraordinary campaign they mounted, and why, though their candidate was ultimately rejected, the movement played a major role in bringing the nation closer to peace. The book examines in detail the people who made up this movement and their motives in backing Eugene McCarthy. The book also tells of the unusual man who was both focus and instrument of the movement.—$7.95

I also kept thinking of the confused situation of the author of *The Third Theatre,* who is generally mistaken as a critic of theater and drama only. Yet how is one able to break out from the image of a public self formed by one's earlier books and one's workaday career, particularly when reviewers keep raining down their superlatives? How prevent one's larger self from being drowned by yet more praise? How, above all, can you lead your readers to understand that, when you write about a specific play or movie, your "incorrigibility about intruding cultural generalities on artistic subjects" issues inevitably from your vision of the culture as a whole of which the work at hand must therefore become a reflection, a sign, a portent, along with whatever else it may be in itself?

Although a writer does as much as he can, it may not suffice; there is no solution to a problem of this kind but within his readers. And perhaps this book, better than the two that preceded, will enlarge the extant image of this public self to reveal Robert Brustein as he actually is in his writings: a subtly balanced, affirming yet exacting critic of the culture. There is more than sufficient material in *The Third Theatre* to make this evident to anyone attentive enough to read it in entirety and considerate enough of his own understanding to be ready at times to reread, to compare, and to think.

"No More Masterpieces" offers a useful example. In the sense that each age looks at its heritage with its own new eyes and interests, it must reinterpret and remake the classics of the past. The theater, however, unlike the museum or concert hall, has problems peculiar to itself as a medium of public communion. And of the various proposed solutions, Brustein rejects as "a particularly noxious form of streamlining" the "jollying up" approach that first took hold with Shakespeare plays at Stratford-on-Avon to become immensely popular in England and America. With equal scorn, he rejects the standard type of revival that puts its faith in the safety of academic norms. In place of both, he looks toward the possibilities demonstrated by Brecht

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with the Berliner Ensemble. Brecht characterized in part his "new vision" by proclaiming the need of the theater "to speak up decisively for the interests of its time." Brustein, sensitive to the narrowing effects of ideology on art, focuses on the opportunity for widening the classics in the "possibility of refreshing the past by fortifying it with a new vision . . . of rejuvenating a classical idea by discovering for it a strong modern equivalent"—such as he found in Peter Brook's Royal Shakespeare production of *King Lear* and Jonathan Miller's production of Lowell's *Prometheus Bound.*

But while seeking "analogies in the modern experience" for classics of another time and place, Brustein stresses

> the dangers in this line of attack [in which] everything depends upon the tact, taste, and talent of the director. If new values are not unearthed by a new approach, then the whole effort is worthless; and if these new values are merely eccentric or irresponsible, then it is careerism rather than art that has been served. . . . But when something in the play itself stimulates the director to pursue a radical new line of inquiry, then even the most radical transformations can be justified. . . . [Moreover, we must stop] regarding each new production as definitive. . . .

The essay, dense with suggestiveness, drives along swiftly. And if an inattentive reading makes people imagine that Brustein's touchstone is contemporary relevance in any narrow sense, I urge that they reread the final paragraph twice, then skip 210 pages to the essay on "The Memory of Heroism" where, in one of the most eloquent paragraphs of the book (pages 244-5), he discusses "the essential difference that separates the Greeks from ourselves" and why "we need Greek drama."

A volume of this sort stirs argument, questions. I doubt, for example, the virtue of the title, which applies to only part of the whole. I see the "problem of revivals" with different eyes. I question the bases of Brustein's hope in the young of the university community for the kind of theater needed. And indeed one expects—and enjoys—disagreement with any such vital "collection of pieces" from this confidently speculative critic who has few peers.

Biography of a Double Life

TORMENTED LOYALTY. *By Christopher Sykes. Harper & Row. $7.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ROSEN

Adam von Trott zu Solz, the subject of *Tormented Loyalty,* was probably the most complex figure of the German Resistance. He was executed, at the age of thirty-five, a few weeks after the abortive July 1944 plot on Hitler's life. His biography should be of particular interest to readers in England and the United States because of Trott's close ties to both countries.

On the maternal side, Adam von Trott was a descendant of John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States. His friends in England, where he spent a term at Mansfield College in 1929, and two years as a Rhodes Scholar at Balliol College, Oxford, 1931-1933, included A. L. Rowse, Sir Maurice Bowra, R. H. Crossman, Sir Isaiah Berlin, David Astor (son of Lady Astor), John Cripps (son of Sir Stafford Cripps), and two women undergraduates, Miss Diana Hubback and Miss Shiela Grant-Duff. Correspondence with the latter, who became a journalist (and to whom he at one point proposed marriage), offers significant insight into his ambiguous political thinking during those crucial years between Hitler's assumption of power and the outbreak of World War II.

Christopher Sykes develops the story in great detail, beginning with Trott's birth in 1909, as the son of a Prussian *Kultusminister* (Minister of Public Worship and Education) whose family could trace its history in the state of Hesse back to the Middle Ages. Although this aristocratic family was staunchly conservative, an older brother had turned Communist and Adam showed strong socialist tendencies in those last years of the Weimar Republic when he

ROBERT S. ROSEN teaches at the City College of New York and is a translator.

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was a student at the universities of Munich, Göttingen and Berlin. Yet somehow he was able to combine attendance at socialist discussion groups and contributions to a left-wing weekly paper, *Neue Blätter für den Sozialismus,* with membership in the Göttingen Saxons, his father's college fraternity where duelling was still in fashion. His field of study was law, and the philosopher Hegel, on whom he wrote his doctoral dissertation (*Hegels Staatsphilosophie und das Internationale Recht*) was his major intellectual passion.

Devotion to Hegelianism, which did not sit well with a number of his friends, contributed to a deterioration of his valued friendship with A. L. Rowse, whose comments are of interest:

> We diverged deeply. He gave himself up to Hegelianism; it profoundly affected his mind, though his mind must have been inherently disposed to it: for all external appearances Adam was deeply German. With him black was never black, and white white . . . Nothing was clearly defined from anything else; nothing was ultimately different from anything else; the boundaries of everything were unclear, nor was there any certainty anywhere in the universe. . . .

It should be recalled here that the historian Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, in *The Nemesis of Power,* his brillant study of the German army in politics, records a similar impression:

> Von Trott . . . had about him a certain confused political mysticism, a vague Hegelianism, which induced in him, not, to be sure, the worship of the *Führerprinzip,* but a deep veneration for German military and political traditions and what he believed to be the innate integrity of the German soul. There was also not lacking a false sense of realism, and a belief in power politics and his own part in them.

In the summer of 1933, Trott returned to Germany, after two years at Oxford, to embark on a three years' apprenticeship necessary to qualify for the law examination for assessorship. During this period he attempted, as Sykes puts it, "to compound honorably with Nazism and found that he could not." There was, however, the first of a series of indiscretions that were to mar his reputation: in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*—the posting of which he later regretted—he took issue with two articles dealing with the persecution of Jews in Germany.

In 1935, he published a selection of Heinrich von Kleist's philosophical and journalistic writings, for which he wrote an introduction that contains some veiled criticism of Hitler. Also, his efforts in behalf of some political prisoners and his association with Jews constituted defiance of the Nazis.

With financial assistance from the Rhodes Fund and Sir Stafford Cripps, Adam von Trott spent the better part of 1937 and 1938 in China, as a postgraduate student. On a brief stopover in the United States, he met people from the Institute of Pacific Relations, Roger Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union, Justice Felix Frankfurter and other influential people.

The annexation of Austria and the threatening crisis in Czechoslovakia, which fell into the period of his absence from Europe, evoked from him some oddly mixed reactions, which contributed to a growing distrust of his motives. Some even came to regard his Far Eastern studies as a Nazi fraud. Actually, he was opposed to the Hitler regime, which he believed would fall if war could only be avoided. After his return to Europe, late in 1938, he set about to accomplish this impossible task with all the means at his disposal. It was inevitable that his close identification with the "Cliveden Set" should lead to further misunderstandings, since the policy of appeasement—after its repeated failures to achieve the pacification of Hitler—was becoming increasingly unpopular in England. Then, too, there was a curious air of mystery about some of his movements, and a deplorable lack of candor with some of his Oxford friends, which made him appear to be playing a duplicitous game. Mr. Sykes is at great pains to explain Trott's actions and succeeds in putting them into proper perspective.

After war had broken out, Trott used

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his position in the Foreign Office in Berlin to make numerous trips to neutral countries, where he never ceased trying to make contacts with the English as spokesman of the growing German Resistance movement. His objective was to obtain assurances from the Western powers of acceptable peace terms, and, after the Casablanca Conference, an abandonment of the "unconditional surrender" policy. Such assurances were considered essential to enlist the necessary army backing for a *coup d'etat* against Hitler. At this point the story raises some fundamental questions about the German Resistance, which has been a subject of controversy for some time. It is almost impossible to establish to what extent the reluctance of the British to deal with the German anti-Nazis contributed to the failure of the movement.

David Astor, in an article in *Encounter* (June 1969), "Why the Revolt against Hitler Was Ignored," accuses Sykes of failure to examine the British side of the story and to interpret properly some of Adam von Trott's motivations. David Astor refers not only to the book, but also to an article in *Encounter* (December 1968), "Heroes & Suspects: The German Resistance in Perspective," which Mr. Sykes wrote just after he had completed his study for the book. A serious investigation of the British end of this story, David Astor charges, "might be unflattering to us," and he chides the British for their unwillingness to open their archives, which would make such an investigation possible. I do not argue against his suggestion, which has merit, but I seriously doubt that such additional material as might come to light would appreciably affect the portrait of Adam von Trott as drawn by Christopher Sykes. It would indeed be surprising if Trott's family and friends in whose behalf, as related in his *Encounter* article, David Astor approached Sykes to do this book, were totally satisfied with all of it; sponsors of a biography seldom are.

In the opinion of this reviewer, Mr. Sykes has approached his subject with remarkable honesty and sensitivity. All facts concerning Trott's public life are presented in well-documented detail, and those of his private life with utmost delicacy and discretion. Hero-worshiping claims, he feels wisely, are to be avoided, for the fact must be faced, as Mr. Sykes puts it, in *Encounter:* "that Trott was no political genius, and that, since his authentic political sense was never sharpened by adequate practical experience, his political thought rarely rose above the enlightened commonplaces of the day. . . The complexity of his personality, with his occasional tendency to be fantastic, sometimes confused himself and often perplexed those whom he approached. . . . The suspicions about him were and are ridiculous, but some suspicion was inevitable, given the fact that (for the highest motives) he chose to lead a double life." In putting these suspicions to rest, he pays fitting tribute to Adam von Trott. The book tells not only the events of this one life, but of the whole incredible era in which it was lived.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

I would like to express my appreciation of the outstandingly fine issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Autumn, 1969. The article by Daniel P. Moynihan strikes me as incomparably fine—profound, lucid, cogent, illuminating. I should very much like to have permission to copy it so that I may distribute it to the faculty of this College.

CALVIN D. LINTON, Dean
Columbian College of Arts and Sciences
George Washington University
Washington, D. C.

* * *

What a disturbing surprise to find THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR publishing Edward Cone's paper "Beethoven New-Born" (Summer, 1969). If this paper was aimed at reminding the reader that the Third Reich was anti-Semitic, I am sure it succeeded. If, on the other hand, it was aimed at portraying the deep structure of German feelings today, it has for the most part failed. Anyone with newspaper knowledge of current Germany cannot help but be aware of the serious attempts by most leading German intellectuals to reconstruct the German conscience, and by its politicians and civil leaders to make amends for Nazi crimes. And only a cursory look at German youth today should convince even the skeptical that the Third Reich will most probably never be repeated as long as they are alive.

It is inconceivable why Mr. Cone chose to risk vilifying a whole nation in the single figure of Herr Beugenohren. If mankind has learned anything in the twentieth century it has been that generalizations about nations and races without due attention to differences within them (and similarities between them) are about as destructive of human relations as anything can be. Cone's parting lines of *"Sieg Heil! Heil—"* reveal not only a lack of taste, but also a strange fixation that responsible persons simply should not take the luxury of expressing publicly.

The time today in Germany is like it is anywhere else—1969. Mr. Cone should acknowledge this. He should go to Germany and see it as it is. If he does, I am sure he will develop a distaste for vindictive stereotypes and this in itself will be a step toward a better understanding between peoples.

WILLIAM CHARLESWORTH
New Brighton, Minnesota

MR. CONE replies: I am dismayed that even one reader could misinterpret my intentions so disastrously as Mr. Charlesworth. Herr Beugenohren, far from being a representative of Germany today, takes pains to dissociate himself from its government (see page 399). His chief influences, by his own admission, are American and (if one looks behind what I admit to be a poor pun) Polish. What I hoped the interview would reveal is that artistic and political irresponsibility are not unrelated, that there are certain disheartening similarities between the conduct of our own New Left and of the Old Right that once gained control of Germany, and that, in Herr Beugenohren's words, "When the world is round, Left and Right often end up at the same place."

* * *

As a twenty-two-year-old cerebral palsy victim, I found myself dissatisfied with Leonard Kriegel's "Uncle Tom and Tiny Tim: Some Reflections on the Cripple as Negro," in the Summer SCHOLAR. He did not say enough about those who are handicapped from birth. These people differ from other handicapped persons because they never have the slightest idea, either mentally or physically, of what being normal is. Thus, they have no urge to improve their state, unless someone who is normal imbues them with being normal as a goal. I feel my life has been an illustration of the point just made. Had I been left to myself, I would be a vegetable in a wheelchair. But I have a family and teachers who have always insisted

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that I move, learn, and work to become a person and to accomplish normal patterns of living. As a result, I have graduated from college, live in my own apartment and am trying to become a writer of children's books. Most of those handicapped from birth are not so fortunate, and no one bothers to inspire them with the goal I have described. For example, I know a seven-year-old cerebral palsied child who is curled up like a fetus, who cannot speak although capable of making sounds, and who is treated like a wax doll by her parents. Her cerebral palsy is the same type as mine.

Mr. Kriegel proposes that the cripple, like the black, must become a seeker. But nowhere in his article does he state what the search is for. He negatively defines a few things that are not to be sought: typical societal roles, the company of normals. True, the handicapped person is depressed and ashamed in the presence of other handicapped because he knows too well that he and they share the same problems and limits. By extension, all men should feel discouraged in the presence of other men because all men have the same struggles. Does Kriegel expect the handicapped person to search for a whole complete self? Even normal people find it impossible to discover that elusive persona. Perhaps the effort of seeking is enough for Kriegel, but it's not enough for me.

Well-meaning patronage has victimized both the black and the handicapped, but all that proves is the fact that so-called normals are the true cripples. They are afraid to give to others like themselves what they unthinkingly give to the handicapped, even if that turns out to be officiousness and scorn. Lashing out at well-meant useless advice blocks the very lines of communication Kriegel is trying to open. I feel that rejection of persons and society is not the answer, especially as a handicapped person seldom, if ever, escapes dependence on others.

Kriegel contends that the cripple can never become a hero or identifying figure for his particular subgroup. What is so bad about F.D.R. for those fighting polio? The National Theatre of the Deaf is worthy of emulation, and so is the example of Helen Keller. Ray Charles and José Feliciano are public figures whose striving for success should inspire anyone handicapped by race as well as physical disability. It seems to me all that is needed is more publicity for persons like the ones I have mentioned.

It may be that I notice these people because I am handicapped. I think a black would say the same about his predicament. If more attention were focused on the wrong kind of help given to both groups, there might be less reason for alienation. In spite of my dissatisfaction with Mr. Kriegel's article, I think he is helping to provide the right kind of publicity.

JUDY SAMPSON
Tucson, Arizona

* * *

David Riesman, in "The Search for Alternative Models in Education" [AS: Summer, 1969], gives some interesting ideas for experimentation and discussion. On page 382 he notes that "discussions would focus on a single topic of interest to a significantly large proportion of students and faculty." He has touched on one of the precepts underlying the seminar format utilized in Friends World College, which started as an experiment in international education as long ago as 1965. Its purpose is to provide an education relevant to our times, to our urgent need for increased world understanding, and not merely to imagined student needs.

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If there is any group in society which should be able to accommodate varying points of view and to understand the positions and aspirations of others, it is a college community. It should be valid to assume that, even though educated people have the same kind of emotions as other people, they should be more trained than most to be reasonable in their dealings with other people.

—Ralph H. Demmler '25
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Dorothy B. Kerr

work of the community, such as garbage collection, dishwashing, painting and carpentry.

The design of the program is to treat the world as a campus. After an orientation semester at the North American campus, with headquarters in Westbury, New York, students spend at least a semester each in Latin America, Europe, Africa, India and Japan, returning to the home campus for the final semester. During the final evaluation period students complete a senior thesis and take an oral examination by an outside educator. During the four-year experience, each student keeps a journal, which may take many forms—poetry, essays, reviews, critiques, photography, music, art, even a novel.

As the school has no formalized courses, required textbooks or tests, students participate in seminars and field study, learning through experience as well as through reading and discussion. Many undertake independent projects of great depth, primarily related to social concerns but also to anthropology, music and art. The theme of humanity runs like a thread through the entire school, including the staff: the registrar corresponds chattily with students overseas and the vice-president issues a weekly newsletter to all students and staff to keep them informed.

Mr. Riesman's article did not include the search for alternative models in primary and secondary education, where need for change is evident and in many cases about to erupt. We fervently hope that some of the Friends World College graduates may be inspired to participate in such constructive change. Some already have become involved in teaching English at the overseas centers and in working with emotionally and mentally handicapped children.

Although the college had its first graduation in August, 1969, the school is still experimental. Each semester there are new orientation programs, new language learning approaches, an increased effort to internationalize the student body, and an effort to become financially self-sufficient.

Perhaps the following little episode reflects the character of Friends World College. The Admissions Committee, made up largely of students, decided this fall to scrap the old application blank with its many pertinent and impertinent questions. The new application blank throws the candidate on his own from the very beginning with a blank sheet headed, "This space is yours."

LEAH KARPEN
Friends World College
Westbury, New York

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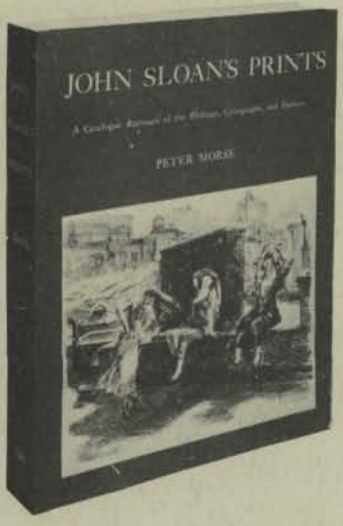

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